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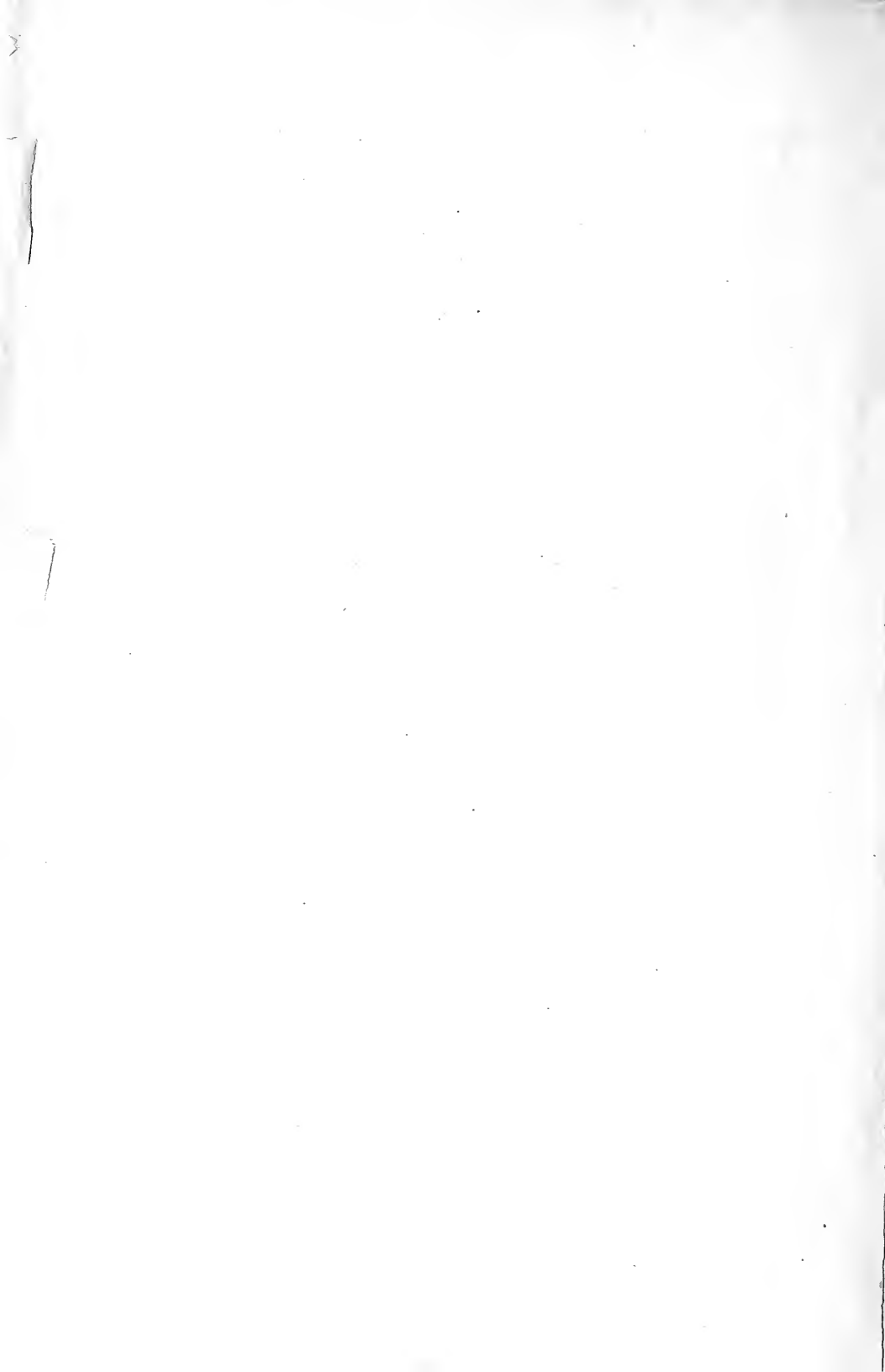
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## THE RIVER ROAD

The heat was stifling, and the mountains and pastures panted in the glare of the sun, which was slowly sinking towards the western horizon. I gave another despairing shove at the pedals, and then my bicycle stuck fast in a sandy rut; I was poised a moment in mid air and then gently dropped into the middle of a raspberry patch by the road side. It was late July, and the berries were large and juicy, so I left the bicycle where it had fallen and made my way to a stone wall on both sides of which the bushes grew. Painfully I got astride of it, but once there, with the choicest berries in reach and my back propped against a tree, I felt like a king. On my right hand was the little New Hampshire road winding along the hillside dotted here and there with old rambling farm houses, on my left a pasture sloped down to a little stream and beyond the mountains loomed big and hazy in the hot, misty air. For a long time I sat watching the changing lights on the hills and munching raspberries. I saw the farm boys driving home the cows, and here and there a hay wagon moving in the direction of a distant barn. Once a dog barked, but except for that and the twittering of the birds, everything was very silent in the breathless air.

I began to think about my trip and its purpose. All my life I had heard the farmers and the inhabitants of the summer resorts of my family referred to as the "natives" or the "farm hands" with undisguised scorn. I was frankly interested in these natives and farm hands, and I had always tried to make them my friends, but with small

success. They seemed to mistrust a man from the outside world, a world of hubbub, machinery and cities. Occasionally one of their number would venture forth into it only to be swallowed up and never to return. The more I thought about these people, the more interested I became in them. For a long time I had thought a good deal about life in the abstract and its whys and wherefores. Now I was determined to go out and find out what these people I had theorized about so long, thought of the problems of life themselves.

It was quite dark before I thought of moving on. I scrambled to my feet and stood up with difficulty on the crumbling old wall in order that I might get a better view for deciding at which farm house I would ask to spend the night. Just beyond where I was standing, the road forked, one branch passing on around the mountains, the other leading down to the stream. About half way down the latter stood a tiny, ramshackle house with a high sloping roof. I had thought that it was deserted, for the barn at the back was caving in, and I had not seen a sign of life around the house, but as it grew darker a light appeared in one of the windows. From the first glance I had felt drawn towards that house, half hidden among the tall lilac bushes. The tiny light appearing in spite of its apparent desertion lent an air of mystery, and I felt that there perhaps I might learn some of the secrets of the silent country.

The road grew rougher as I approached the house. The branch which led around the mountain was by far the more frequented of the two, and the little river road was overgrown with weeds and grass. The heat and silence seemed pressing down upon me, and the rattle of my bicycle, crossing the crumbling old bridge across a ditch, made me start. The light of the old farm was hidden by now, and I thought that probably I had imagined it, I promised myself with a sense of relief that if I did not see it again at the next turn I would go back and find another lodging. But it was there, and I could not turn back now.

The house stood a little way back from the road and up an incline which was banked around the bottom by a crumbling stone wall. Rude steps made of flat stones led up to the front door. Leaving my bicycle under a convenient bush on the other side of the road, I mounted the steps and knocked on the door. Inside I heard a chair pushed back from a table and the sound of approaching steps. The door opened wide, and I was faced by the tall, gaunt figure of a woman. She was standing in a narrow hallway which was lighted only by the lamp from a room on her left, the door of which was ajar. A narrow stream of night shone through the crack in the door across the woman's face. It was a face I shall never forget, large



boned, with a harsh, sunburned skin; her thin black hair streaked with gray with drawn tightly back from her broad forehead. There were lines of care and sorrow in her face, and her lips were thin and pinched, but the most striking thing about her was the calmness and severity in her small gray eyes.

"Who're you looking for?" she asked abruptly. "No one's been wanting me these ten years, you mast ha' come the wrong way." With some embarrassment I explained my errand. "Well! I 'spose you might as well stay here as anywhere. Come in! I ain't got no supper such as the likes of you are accustomed to, but you can share what I've got and welcome to it."

She led me into the room from which the light streamed and drew a chair up to the table for me. It was the most scrupulously tidy place I have ever seen, though everything was pathetically old and faded. The uneven wooden floor, the worn oil cloth on the table, the cracked dishes and the old tin forks shone in the light of the lamp. The row of geraniums in neat tin cans which stood by the open window swayed lightly in the hot breeze.

There were two places at the table when I entered the room, and my hostess busied herself with setting a third for me. When we were seated and I was well under way with a plate of hot beans, a heavy silence settled over us. The woman showed no desire to talk, but I felt I should go mad unless something was said to break the oppressive stillness. In desperation I broke out with, "Do you live here all alone or is that place across from me for some one?"

"It's for my son."

"When will he be in?"

"God knows." The sad note in her voice made me look up.

"Is he a farmer in these parts?"

"No, he went away to the city ten years ago. I bide here alone. My husband died before my child was born."

I couldn't stop asking questions, and the woman didn't seem to mind.

"I should think you would have gone to the city with your son."

She looked at me in some surprise.

"I ain't made that way, I couldn't bide in the city a week. My father lived and died in the hill country, and his father before him. I couldn't rest easy in no city. An' when I died most likely they wouldn't bother to bring me back here to bury me. No, I wouldn't go away." She shook her head sorrowfully and said no more till after supper. Then she took a candle from a shelf and remarked, "Most likely you're tired and want to go to bed, come with me and I will show you."

She seemed anxious to get me out of the way so she could return to her accustomed solitude, and I acquiesced silently. At the back of the kitchen was a door which I had noticed during supper. I decided that it must lead to a little shed attached to the house, which I had seen from my seat on the stone wall in the afternoon. She opened this door and stepped into the shed; I followed her silently looking about me with interest. The flare of the candle wasn't strong enough to light the whole room, but I could dimly see an old-fashioned wooden bed made up with a lurid patchwork quilt, a wash stand on three legs, and in a remote corner the eerie shadows of a vast wood pile.

"I always keep this bed for my son, but you can sleep here to-night," she paused and looked at me with a troubled expression, "it ain't likely; but if he should come you wouldn't mind his coming in with you, would you?"

The wistful tone in the stern old woman's voice was strangely pathetic. I reassured her, and she left me with a cold "good night." The shed was stifling, for every vestige of breeze was on the other side of the house, and not a breath came through the little square window. There was a distant roll of thunder in the air, and occasional flashes of heat lightning brought the mountains on the horizon into strong relief. I went to bed at once and worn out by my long ride and the heat I was soon asleep.

I don't know how much later it was, but I suddenly found myself wide awake, a heavy thunderstorm raging overhead. A high wind had sprung up which was lashing the rain in sheets against the roof.

Suddenly I heard the door of the house blow to with a crash and a startled cry from the front room. I lay still for a moment, uncertain what to do, then I got up softly and opened the door into the kitchen a crack. The room was lighted only by a flaring lamp which my hostess held in her hand. She was drawn back into the farthest corner of the room looking towards the door which led into the hall, horror in her face. I followed her eyes and saw standing by the door the dim outline of a man's figure.

"Mother," his voice was hard and broken, "will you take me in? God knows I need your help." He drew towards her, and the flickering lamp shone across his face—a haggard unshaven face, white and thin from privation, with bright feverish eyes. The light of the lamp brought his head into strong relief against the storm-shaken window, and the large nose and weak receding chin seemed almost grotesque. A hard gust of wind shook the house, and the light went out. I heard a woman sob, and then a long silence broken only by the fury of the storm.

"Why didn't you come to me before?"

"You said you were tired of giving me money, and then, I couldn't leave my wife and child."

"Your wife, where is she now? and your child?" A long silence, and then:

"Dead, mother!" in a hard, dry voice.

Thunder shook the house again and again, and in the blue flashes of lightning I saw the two figures standing against the window. For a long time I heard nothing but the low, confused sound of voices. At last there was a lull in the storm, and I heard the son talking in a high-pitched, strained voice. "Why did I kill him, Mother! I had no food, no money, no fire; my child was dead and my wife dying. For months I had worked, but always a better man took my place. I was slow, 'a damned down east farm hand,' they said, and turned me out. Then they struck, and I went in to work. All day the strikers hounded me, and they killed my wife with terror. I found the man who did it, and I strangled him with my two naked hands. They say I did it in cold blood, or else perhaps I was mad, mad, yes, mad with agony and starvation. I'm glad I did it ——."

A flash of lightning followed by a piercing thunder clap and I heard no more. I crawled back to bed, and somehow or other I went to sleep.

The next morning I was awakened by the sun pouring through the little square window. I had a dim sense of having been troubled by a terrible nightmare, then slowly what I have just written down came back to me. Was it true or was it merely a dream brought on by my misgivings about the little house?

I was possessed with a desire to get away as quickly as possible, and my hostess did not urge me to stay. She did not seem troubled or agitated, but there were dark circles under her eyes, and her face was white and drawn.

Had I dreamt it all? I stood at the bottom of the steps and looked up at the bold outlines of the hills against the rain-washed sky. I was inclined to believe I had, but suddenly I saw lying in the mire of the road a man's blue cotton handkerchief. Had that been lying there for weeks or had the strange visitor of last night dropped it?

SUZANNE ALDRICH,

## SONG

Give me a long canoe  
And a clear lake now—  
The ghost of a wind to break  
Ripples under the bow—  
Breadth and lustre of twilight  
To compass her swinging prow.

Vega, Deneb, Altair,  
(No stars posted higher)  
In the mid-depths of the lake  
The blade troubles your fire—  
Far from beaches, befriend me,  
The Eagle, the Swan and the Lyre.

But, when paddling home  
Under the hill's shoulder,  
Dipping the hand at each stroke  
In waves blacker and colder—  
Algol, low on the hemlocks,  
Show where the camp-fires smoulder.

JEAN FLEXNER.

## THE KNIGHT OF THE FOOLISH QUEST

As I sat on the brow of Pickle Hill a knight in full armour came riding by on the bridle path below me, his head bowed low over a shining shield.

"Why so sad, Sir Knight?" I cried. At my voice he halted his horse and looked up.

"I am the knight of the foolish quest, and my shield is writ over with the names of the multitude that I seek. I seek the untold stories not found in printed books. Nightly I sat by my lady's side, and she would lay her fair head on my shoulder and say 'Tell me a story.'

"Then I would set the spindles in my mind going and spin her three stories. 'Choose,' I would say, 'will you have the story of the hollow tube, the blue flame or the golden shoes?'

"Perhaps she would choose the blue flame. I would tell her the story and the others would disappear, and I would forget that they had ever been. Each night for many nights I spun three stories and told her the one of her choice until a night came when I made a condition before I would tell a story. Now woe unto the man that makes a condition before he obey the request of his beloved!

"'Beautiful,' I said to her, 'I will tell you a story if you will tell me what you do with all the long lonely days.'

"She spread her golden hair upon my breast and answered me. 'Oh, beloved, tell me a story but tonight, and tomorrow I will show you what I do with all the long lonely days.'

"Then I could not refuse her, and I spun her three stories so fair that she could hardly choose among them. At last she chose the third. It was a strange story and differed from all the others in that it had an end. Always before we would fall asleep so that the stories were never finished. I had grown drowsy over the telling of my story, but suddenly I awoke with a start and knew that I had dreamed the *end* of my story. The thing was monstrous, it was impossible, but it was true!

"All day long hunting in the forest it haunted me, and when night came I sought my beloved with fear in my heart. She met me more radiantly beautiful than ever before in a starry blue gown like the night sky in summer. 'Now I shall show you what I do with all the long lonely days,' she said and took me by the hand and led me to our accustomed seat by the fire. When she had kissed me she left me, but she came again soon bearing a veiled shield whose brightness shone even through the veils. 'Look!' she cried and pulled aside the veil.

"I beheld a shield so bright that at first my eyes were dazzled and

I could not read the lettering upon it. Presently I saw that there were many, many names there all embroidered with her golden hair, and in the very center I saw the two fair names of the stories she had not chosen the night before. Then it was I knew that she had remembered all these tales that I had forgotten and preserved them on this shield. 'It is a quest,' she said, 'take this shield and go forth this very night for henceforth you shall tell me no new stories. Find all these and bring them to me, and I shall love you more dearly than ever knight has yet been loved.'

"'How great a thing is the curiosity of woman!' I cried out in my sorrow and bade her farewell.

"Then she kissed the shield and gave it into my hands. As I rode away she called after me, 'How little a thing is the memory of man!'"

When the knight of the foolish quest had finished his story, he bowed his head over his shining shield and rode on, and I know not to this very hour if he ever found the untold stories that are not found in printed books.

HELEN IRVIN MURRAY.

#### INCONSTANCY DESPISED

I do not scorn you, though I see  
That you have grown untrue to me;  
The fickle lover I disdain  
Is I myself, who feel no pain.

DORIS E. PITKIN.

## SOAP AND SOUP

The whole trouble with the Bolsheviks is, they've lost their self-respect. Take you, for example—hold still and be taken for an example, please—when your hairpins lose their grip and your cuffs look like ex-tissue paper, i. e. when you've the Krumpled Kitten aspect and lunch consisted of pneumatic oysters and mown grass, you're anti-social. Hence how much more so must be the Russian peasant with his whiskers, his black bread and his rags. Also, your state, if public opinion has effect, is temporary; his seemed to be everlasting. You say you feel the contrast between "before" and "after" food and scrub, and that's what annoys. But how much greater the contrast between the R. P. and the aristocrat; and he has had no satisfying "after." Therefore his indignation meeting was a bit rough, and he's looking for his "after" now.

And that "after" won't be fundamentally a form of government where each two people elect one to represent them in the council where each two people . . . etc. to the final Soviet, nor will it be propaganda to the effect that "Misery loves company. I'm miserable. Keep me company and I'll love you." No! That "after" is soap and soup. They really want their whiskers trimmed, their clothes washed and their collars starched. They want black bread ad lib., I suppose, and in the land of caviar, they want some caviar.

This leads us to the solution of the problem both there and here. Granted that soap and soup are the primary aides to self-respect, and that, as James would have it, one's property is oneself, the whole is quite simple. The Russian proletariat en masse, when scrubbed and nourished as a community finds out how nice it feels, respects itself, its property. "But," you say, "how about the other fellow's property?" Drive them all into the community à la Russe, treat it with soap and soup and eventually all property will be respected. I do not mean *drive* à la Russe by torches, knouts and clubs, but *community* à la Russe with its common kitchen and its public baths. Now for us.

We have two kinds of Bolsheviks—parlour and common garden variety. Presumably the first doesn't need the soap-soup treatment. They need a sense of humor. If they had one they'd exist no longer, but how to inoculate them is a problem beyond the scope of the present article. Their treatment? That usually accorded to harmless and mildly entertaining lunatics. For the other kind, "soap-soup," and if you please, sapolio.

H. H. MCC. STONE.

## SAPPHO'S SONG

(From a Narrative Poem)

Each year the lean brown farmer plows his fallows  
When the swift fickle birds to Greece return—  
Each year he reaps his harvests when the mallows  
Droop on their stalks and the late bonfires burn.

The merchant-travelers dare dangerous valleys,  
Their caravans, they cast them south and north  
To ultimate last peaks where the wind rallies—  
And yet they garner what their hands put forth.

Even the fisherfolk, who try the laughter  
And tumult of a shining, treacherous sea,  
Labor is theirs, but foison follows after—  
The barren waste they vintage certainly.

But I put out on unimagined courses,  
Impracticable ways no man may reap,  
To gather at the Phlegethon's blind sources  
Next year's nepenthe in the fields of sleep.

KATHARINE L. WARD.



## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

One hundred dollars to spend—a glorious possession! Barnes had saved it, a dollar a week for more than two years—for sometimes he had had to use some of the little account. But now it was a round sum, and he had drawn out a hundred dollar bill that he might not be tempted to change it.

For his ambition was to spend it all at once, on books. Barnes belonged to the fortunate class of bookworms. Life held little for him after his return from the office but the treasure of some book from the Free Library. He would sit doubled up under the gas light reading until one o'clock, and then, with a sigh, turn out the gas and stagger to bed where he might dream of all that he had read.

Now came the chance of owning books, beautifully calf-bound books with gold tracery. The joy of choosing was infinite. He carried the money to Leary's daily after he got out of the office—hitherto he had decided only on Shakespeare and Thackeray, but the editions of these were so numerous and so alluring that he changed his mind a thousand times and was pushed out of the shop every day at closing time without having made any purchases.

Saturday was delightful, for he had all afternoon. Like Barrie, he spent most of the time reading everything else in the place while he was choosing. He sat on a stool before a pile of bargain poets and soaked in religious, moral, atheistic, stiff, fantastic, silly and serious with equal satisfaction. For the test of a bookworm is not quality but quantity.

Suddenly a smoothly mellow volume caught his eye. It was a copy of Scott's poems. Tom was naturally a romanticist. He caressed the book and studied the elaborate pictures. The pages were thrillingly spotted, stiff and finely engraved. He looked as usual for a picturesque bookplate; instead his eyes fell on this note in feminine hand and Carter's Writing Fluid:

"If this dear little book falls into any kind gentleman's hand, let me implore him as a lover of the true knight, Walter Scott, to come to alleviate my anguish before it is too late.

Violet, 2210 North Thirteenth Street."

Tom Barnes's romantic heart throbbed. Without even noticing the spelling very closely he went to the amazing extremity of paying forty cents for the book and strode out of the store.

Of course, Tom was wary; but this was an appeal that his adventurous spirit could not let pass. His eyes shone as he climbed into the trolley clutching the book.

As the car slung itself to and fro through the long streets Tom

dreamed of every possible end while his heart beat. "This is an adventure, an adventure."

No. 2210 was, of course, shabby, desolate, dreary. The windows were thick with dust, steps unswept. He boldly buffeted his way through flapping papers and rang the bell. It clanged and rattled throughout the bare house.

Just as he was giving up hope entirely and wondering whether he should call a policeman or employ the romantic means of entrance through a window, a hag with hanging shreds of hair, dress and teeth opened the door.

"What the devil do you want?" she bellowed.

He faltered. "Miss Violet?" he inquired, perhaps a little too timidly.

She looked at him dubiously, then flung open the door and let a whiff of onions blow into the street.

"She's in the parlor." With that the old woman turned abruptly and shuffled into the darkness. Tom followed.

His guardian did not seem at all puzzled by him, nor did she ask his name. She merely unceremoniously jerked her thumb toward a closed door and disappeared.

To Tom, who had read so much and lived so little, the suspense was intoxication. He knocked loudly at the door, shaking a little from a pleasing shudder down his spine.

A low voice called, "Come in," and he entered.

There was Violet, slim, graceful, blonde, violet eyed, enchanting, smiling faintly in the dim room.

"Can it be that some one has come at last?" she murmured breathless.

"I only know that you are Violet," he answered, "but I have come in answer to your call," and he showed her the book.

He could see her joy flash at him from the depths of her large eyes.

"I was so desperate," she declared, "that I had to do something, so I wrote a note in that book, hoping wildly that some one would be chivalrous in these horrible days."

"I will do anything, everything I can," he declared, "only tell me."

She told him, simply, pathetically, her story. Her father was tyrannical and cruel. To force her into a marriage with a man whom she detested he was practically starving her. The old woman in the house sold books and little things for her and brought her food. If she had any money she would run away to her aunt in New York. But she had no money, nor means of getting it. What could she do?

Large tearful eyes turned on the inexperienced Tom wrought agony in his heart.

He murmured something about the police.

"I would never give up my father," she declared bravely.

This was too much. Without thought his hand went to his pocket, and he drew forth his hundred dollar bill.

"Take this," he urged, "take it and go to your aunt. No, no, don't thank me. I wish it were more."

"I can't take it," she protested, but at last gave in when he persisted, saying that she would send back every cent as soon as she earned it.

The door bell rang violently, and she turned pale. "Go, go," she cried. "It's my father, and he might kill you. Thank you, thank you a thousand times for your kindness. God reward you, since I cannot."

He last saw her slender figure silhouetted against the dark doorway as she showed him the kitchen gate.

The reaction came about two hours after, when he was in bed trying to read "*The Lady of the Lake*." He realized of a sudden that she did not have his address, and that Shakespeare might have to remain on Leary's shelves. But he had found a woman above all women, and life, and . . .

However, in returning to No. 2210 the next day he rang in vain. The house was empty. But even then Tom Barnes was romantic, and he could have stood that very well for all his dream of a row of calf-bound books and hours of joy by the gas, had it not been for an encounter a few weeks later.

He met his old friend Ben Palmer on the street. They had a delightful chat. Ben was a nice fellow, but scarcely literary. He was better off than he had been and asked Tom to supper one night.

"You come up," he said. "I've a peach of a house in West Philly and a peach of a wife who'll give you a bully feed and make it worth your while. So Tom, well shone in respect to face and elbows, well brushed as to hair and coat, arrived for supper in a self-laudatory mood. His friend showed off the house and himself with jaunty familiarity.

"My wife is the cleverest woman going," he told Tom. "She's made a neat pile. I don't know how she does it, but she knows how to use it. There she is. Look at that dress."

Tom looked but perceived something more than a lovely dress. He saw lovely pale hair, lovely large blue eyes and a lovely smile as the lady sauntered up the path and into the house.

"My wife, Mr. Barnes," but Tom had smiled so happily before that that Ben noticed it.

"Why, do you know each other?" he asked.

"Mr. Barnes kindly did me a little service some time ago," she summed it up coolly and passed on.

He was speechless. He knew so little about women.

"How long have you been married, Ben?" he stammered at last.

"About two years, eh, honey?"

"Eh-huh," replied Mrs. Palmer, patting her hair.

"You'll enjoy talking to Nora," said Ben. "She's literary, like you, Tom, and reads a pile. She says she's got all her brains out of books, which is saying a good deal. Her favorite author is Scott, isn't it, Nora?"

"Sure," she replied, "he's such a gentleman, so chivalrous and kind to the poor, don't you think, Mr. Barnes?"

Poor Tom could not answer.

That night when he calculated the time in collecting in contrast to the time in spending those dollars he could not make the two accounts balance, for all he bravely put on the scales the pleasure he had felt in watching Mrs. Palmer walk about in that close-fitting, lovely violet dress, violet in half-mourning for a pretty name and a past visitation of chivalry.

Two years later when he was buying a set of Shakespeare he sighed half-amusedly, half-cynically at a note in the front of a volume.

"A very clever woman," he murmured, "an acquaintance really worth a hundred dollars."

Then he bought a friendship with the second hundred dollar bill.

DOROTHY BURR.

## NORTHWEST

Give me the salty path that leads northwest  
Through water poison-green that dyes the breast  
Of the immaculate gull reflecting it,  
Pale jade, translucent depths by light rays split  
Betraying shy fish by a treacherous gleam  
Forcing them move and lose their crystal dream.  
And let my leaning from the bow's swift height  
See far below me in its dizzy flight  
My tiny shadow skim the water's face  
So smooth that not a wrinkle stays the race.  
Once more I'll walk some street of rotten boards  
In a decaying town set up by hordes  
Of men gone mad for gold—and see above me rise  
The awful mountains on whose peaks the skies  
Confuse their clouds with the perennial snow,  
That lustrous warning gives to him who'd go  
Too far, too freely in that savage land  
Carved out of rock by a gigantic hand.

The old, wild danger-lure is calling loud,  
I will escape the city's noise and crowd.  
Go to a land where an eternal strife  
With chance and nature constitute one's life,  
The agile body and the alert mind  
All the assistance man can hope to find.  
But secretly I know that this strange charm  
Could not detain me always from a farm,  
A snug and gentle place whose every nook  
Is known to me like some old thumb-marked book—  
The sunny meadow where in wire cages  
We raised white rabbits of all spots and ages—  
The fascinating drain under the road  
Where a gray wily woodchuck long abode—  
The cove where pulpy jelly-fish abound  
All these things and more, a motley round  
Of memories whose sweet, familiar savour  
Tempt home the wanderer from his far endeavor.

VICTORIA EVANS.

## BRYN MAWR

When, in the golden balance of the years  
Time, with unfaltering hand, shall weigh anew  
The past achieved, the yet undone—of you,  
What is the verdict which the future hears?  
Viewing your windswept height, which but endears  
The beauty of your Gothic halls—a few  
Will talk of famous scholars whom they knew.  
Of learned works, where vast research appears.

These were your outward glories—but your soul  
We knew alone, and where your Beauty led,  
Like runners cleanly striving for the goal,  
We caught your flaming torch and onward sped:  
And ready hands passed on the gleaming flame,  
Where ages yet unborn shall light your name.

MARY HAMILTON SWINDLER.

## NEWFOUNDLAND NOTES

On the third night out, after vain attempts to get a little sleep under the tarpaulin of the lifeboats, where we found the only result was complete paralysis and total disability to straighten out for hours, we were trying a new place. The deck, the only place not covered with goats, pigs, cows and other live stock, was so cold that we were absolutely unable to speak. In the midst of one of my worst chills I heard the clump-clump of the anchor—my port. After a mad scramble to get myself collected, I was urged to disembark into a slip of a motorboat down a poor feeble rope ladder which reached just half as far as it should have. It really takes some quick work at logarithms which, unfortunately, I hadn't indulged in, to tell when the boat will rise on the swell and it is safe to let yourself fall into the arms of the gods. Due perhaps to this lack of logarithms I let go at the wrong moment, but fortunately landed in the boat in a confusion of hooks, nets, age-old cods' heads, trunks, lobster tins and every other conceivable thing.

After gathering together myself and my appurtenances, we started for the cove. A heavy sea was rolling, and the little motorboat burrowed along—and when motorboats do burrow the result is decidedly damp. It was only a short ride down the coast before we rounded the point to our cove.

It was a tiny place, only four houses right down to the shore and huddled up close together as if for protection. The cows were starting out for the day along the rocky beach, and we reached the wharf, from every side there came dogs howling a welcome. I was effusively greeted by my landlady in a red and pink color scheme.

"Well, Miss, we 'lowed you wasn't comin'."

I went into the cook-house, which serves as a kitchen, dining room, sitting room, and sat down to be examined. One by one the children peered in, in costumes that were more or less scanty, and were told in distinct tones that the "school missus hed come." I evidently needed explanation. When all eight of my family had arrived, to say nothing of Aunt Liz and Uncle Mat, mammy and daddy, I was ushered into another room, ensconced in a rocking chair and urged to partake of a heavy meal of stewed tea and bread. During the day my examination continued, and on the following day school began.

School! Twenty-nine of the dirtiest, most ignorant, most lovable little imps that I had ever come up against. My feeling with all of those eyes fixed on me as if I was the consummation of everything in life was the most upsetting I've ever encountered—something like

the last conscious breath you take when going under ether. I needed time, so we said the Lord's Prayer.

Then it began—and went on steadily.

"Now, Sol, what does 'A' say? No, dear, it never does say 'vuh.' That's W. . . . Hanah, I will certainly send you home if you don't stop pulling Mary Jane's hair . . . That's better, Willie, but what is seven take away four? You know it's not eleven. No, you must not count on your fingers . . . Debby dear, what are you crying about now? Come here, and I will take it out of your eye."

"Please, school missus, Jo has a wonderful nose-bleed."

"Now stand up and we'll all sing 'God Save the King.' Tommy, aren't you going to stand up?"

This, interspersed with occasional spankings, black eyes and terrible fight-to-the-death struggles is what school meant until the same old freighter came, and I set out amid the same confusion of lobster tins and trunks, waving goodbye to the little imps calling after me.

"Goodbye, school missus. Oh, school missus, don't go. Come back again."

MARYNIA FOOT.

### THE BRIDGE PARTY

I dreamed that we were children again,  
 We lay in the long grass on our backs,  
 You told me one of many stories  
 Of wondrous princes with hair like flax;  
 And all of them had queens for mothers,  
 Their fathers, alas, were only jacks!  
 I woke amid the grown-up babbling.  
 My turn to shuffle the packs?

HELEN IRVIN MURRAY.



## AURORA BOREALIS

The Northern Lights are marching in the sky,  
But earth below lies wrapped in slumber deep;  
Out of the north soundless, bright armies sweep,  
In silence wheel, retreat, advance or fly;  
But no man sees the glory going by;  
Save where, upon a solitary steep,  
Some houseless wanderer, startled out of sleep—  
He knows not how—looks up—he knows not why,

Then thrills to watch those legions cold and white  
That battle with the army of the stars,  
Till, slow advancing, morning's first gray light,  
With power mysterious ends those flaming wars,  
Those shifting battles, never lost or won—  
And through the mist comes up the victor sun.

DOROTHY WYCKOFF.

ST. —.

A ray of light falling through old stained glass;  
Tall flickering candles standing all about  
The dusty altar where the slow priests pass;  
The beggars' endless sing-song whine without;  
The crypt where bones of some forgotten saint  
At touch of rosaries fall to finer dust;  
The queer old frescoes with their cracking paint:  
These are the memories that I hold in trust.

Hold them in trust until with faltering hand  
I move the creaking weight of the bronze door,  
Peer through the scented gloom to see you stand  
Close by the altar where you stood before.  
Should we not meet before our lives are gone,  
The priests still pass, the candles flicker on.

VINTON LIDDELL.

## CONCESSIONS

Tony Anski had been in the children's ward for more than a year, so that his stoic attitude could not be attributed to any outside or temporary inspiration. He had colorless hair, a colorless face, indefinable eyes and a nondescript nose. His personality, however, was not colorless. He was like the stiff-stemmed variety of white rose which drops its ivory petals one by one, whose stalk remains unbending to the end. He was a little slate-picking Prometheus, chained to—his chair. He was a Cyrano, hieing from Central Europe, with his "What are you saying? That it is no use? I know it. One does not fight because there is hope of winning. It is much finer to fight when it is no use."

Some children are born rebels. Tony, apparently, long before he was ill, had in his eyes the embers of the unreconciled. His influence in the ward, though he was a rebel, was a strong one on the side of self-control. When some child, sitting dismally isolated in the whiteness of its sheets and crib, would wail beyond the endurance of the long inured, Tony would wheel up along side. He would make several mysterious faces. Then in a peremptory tone, he would say "Hush!" The child would subside as suddenly as though Tony had turned off the phonograph. Whether he accomplished this enforced silence by harmonizing inner conflicting desires, or stimulating inhibitions, no one knew. The professional nurses, however, often used his co-operation without inquiring his methods.

Tony was bored with attentions, and perversely enough had more than his share. The doctors came in greater numbers because he had an obscure and swiftly fatal disease. The nurses were perhaps piqued at his indifference. He was enormously austere with them. The lady visitors knew that in spite of their instincts, he was not one to appreciate promiscuous mothering. Tony felt with an inherited discretion that there might be something about a woman which might unnerve a man. There was something so basic in his dignity, that it carried him safely through the saddening intimacies of hospital care, and the unholy rites of modern science.

Although he was only eleven, he had known the feel of a pay envelope. Many of the things the other children did seemed to him rather childish. One day while the others were playing with dolls or lead soldiers, he drew a picture of the breaker. It had the coal shutes, the mules, everything as it had been. The boss, with a big pipe in his mouth, stood at one side. Much to Tony's dissatisfaction, he noticed that the smoke ascending from the pipe looked more like an automobile spring than a wreath of smoke. He was trying to think how

an artist would draw a cloud with a pencil which made only a narrow black line, when suddenly he heard a voice.

It went up and down in bewildering cadences and laughed. It was like a silver tune and reminded him of the glen in the Pettibone Gorge, where it ran over the stones to the little dam between high rocks. There he was accustomed to go when autumn leaves lay mosaiced in the dark water. Now he did not dare to look up. He feared that when he saw no one there that the voice too would melt, and he would know that it had been a dream. At last he raised his eyes. By the side of Lena Albertson's bed stood the speaker, a real person after all.

She was arranging a set of little cups and saucers along the sheet. When she turned sideways Tony caught a glimpse of her face. She had a light inside, which came out around her, making every one else look dimmed and dull. When she was there, you kept looking at her, just as at night you looked and looked at the light at the end of the ward. She backed away from the bed, into the square of sunshine, and the light fell upon her burnished fair hair. This waved over her ear, in curves as natural as wind blowing in a field of wheat. The sight of it made something turn over in his narrow chest. He suddenly wanted to cry.

She stepped back to the bed and made one of the dolls knock against Lena's hand, saying, "Any one at home? I have come to have tea, I take eight lumps!" "You can have just two ma'am," replied Lena, who realized that she had Hoover unto her father.

At the dolls' tea party they made and drank and even spilled imaginary tea. Scornful, yet fascinated, Tony followed every syllable. All the while he wondered whether she could leave without knowing that he was there. How could he make her look at him? Nothing before had ever been so pressingly important.

As though more than his life depended upon it, he dumped some checkers out of a box and feverishly began to draw upon its end. After a few minutes of intense effort, he sat still, the box poised upon the acute angles of his knees. At length she reached for her fur. Now was the time. He raised and pointed the box toward her. "Click," sounded from between his teeth. With eyes centered upon the box as though it did indeed reflect her image, he did not move. His heart beat an embarrassing tattoo against his nightgown. He saw her feet, slender impossible feet, turn in his direction. She had looked around then.

Quickly perceiving the end of the box, she said teasingly: "I moved, why didn't you tell me you were taking it? What do you want a picture for anyway?"

Tony opened his mouth, but no sound came forth. At last he said, "Because I thought you would like a picture of yourself by Lena. Didn't you see yourself here before you came?" For the first time he felt utterly humble and unworthy. All his former causes for self-respect seemed filthy rags. He was so ugly, without one single feature to commend him.

Laughing, she came toward him. "How clever you are," she said, in just the tone she would use to a tall man standing on both his own feet. "I suppose I must have, don't you ever do things because you imagine yourself doing them? We are all frauds, you know, fooling ourselves or some one else."

Tony heard her voice so clearly he scarcely listened to what she said, but he realized he must do something, anything, to keep her standing there.

"Perhaps no fooling at all would be better," he said. "People begin by telling you about fairies and end by saying that you are going to get well. But when the doctors tell me that, I put on the record—'I do, like your eyes!'"

"Fairies," she replied, looking monstrously shocked, "you'd better believe in them. You have them right here."

"Where?" he said politely.

She sat down on the chair and went on: "The nicest ones hardly ever get into hospitals, the ones that ride on fire flies. If the firefly brigade flew as a cavalry unit, as they would probably have to in an institution like this, they would not be any more interesting than the lights that go round and round on the sign of Leary's Saloon."

"I know Leary's Saloon," he replied. The discovery of a common ground of knowledge, even though slight, put a new and tuneful pleasure into his piping voice.

"Then you have the mosquito men."

"Where?" said he, his interest cordial to the point of artificiality.

"They are outside the screens at night. When the bells of St. Nicholas ring the hour, they have to kneel to the stars and sing a long-distance tune. Long-distance, so the children won't be awakened, and the stars will hear, and they have to do all this so they won't be so excited killing mosquitoes, that they forget there are stars."

"What other kinds are there?" he continued. Any folly was justified if it kept her there, was his inward excuse for such fatuity.

"Pain fairies. When you waken and something aches, do you ever feel as though tiny feet walked across your hand? I suppose you thought it was a fly or mosquito, but you did not hear it hum or buzz, did you?"

"No," said Tony, incredulous at his own testimony, "it didn't."

"It was your Pain Fairy then."

"What does she look like?"

"Her dress is made of white featheriness like dandelions before they blow away."

"And passed by the Pennsylvania Board of Censors," said he, quoting the "movie" films.

She laughed at that, but then rose and said, "You are much too grown up. I must be going, it is late." "Come back," said Tony, "I want to tell you something. Saying what is so is better than lying to make people glad. You are the only person I ever seen that says what she don't mean," and modulating his voice to a gentler tone, "a few things even that aren't so, and, and—a, I don't seem to mind."

Then he gave her one of his infrequent smiles, the charm and tribute of which lay in the fact that it flashed out in spite of his determination to smother it.

"I mean so many things I don't say, I have to say a few things I do not mean to balance, don't I?"

"I don't know," he said, having recovered his habitual severity, refusing to be led into any more extravagant statements.

May Allinson, ward visitor for December, fell into the way of semi-weekly visits to Tony. One day she was talking with Lena about Santa Claus. She told her to write a letter to him, drawing pictures of the presents that she wanted. Lena was charmed and was soon embarked on a bird's-eye view of a doll's piano, whose picket-like lines, her idea of the key board, were bound to cause consternation among the clerks in the clearing house of Santa Claus. Miss Allinson spoke to every one before coming to Tony. He watched her with a mild proprietary gleam in his eyes. She wore clothes of dark blue folds and a light fur, something like a collie dog, only more fine and long.

When she came up to him, he motioned her to lean down close. In a tense whisper he said, "There is no Santa Claus," and waited for the full force of his words to stun her. "I know," he went on, "because I tried two years ago—hung both stockings at the foot of the bed and nothing happened, in the morning they were as empty as a coal shute. So I know it must be their mothers and fathers. But I won't tell the others," he said more gently. "That is what I wanted you to know. Perhaps even I will write a letter like them."

In reading that intercepted mail, Miss Allinson found the letter she looked for. It read:

"Dear Santa Claus—You need not bring no present to me, but to sit on Miss Allinson's lap one-half hour, ten minutes Christmas, the rest when I want her much more another day.

Respectfully,

P. S. If you have to bring a present, too, it might be a wash rag with pink stripes. Jo Fashung has had one a long time."

She was glad that pink wash rags and the like still appealed to an erst-while wage earner. Working children are such strange combinations of grown people and children.

In the ward on Christmas morning, the faith in Santa Claus burned undimmed but untended. The gifts from him had rendered thought of the old man himself unnecessary. When we have what we want, there is little time for creeds, philosophies or even superstitions. Every one had what they had asked for. The treble tinkle of Lena's piano accompanied the rustle of tissue paper and talk. Tony took a languid interest in his gifts. He kept turning over and over a card in the toe of his stocking. It said: "Just got a telegram from Santa Claus about your present. Will be there right after the party. M. A." Soon he wheeled himself out to the last division of the sun porch, now pleasantly empty of pneumonia patients.

A clear December sun gilded the crosses and the gold net-work on the dome of the Russian Church. The streaks of snow upon the black citadels of culm were dazzling in their whiteness, like a Christmas tree's artificial snow. Beyond the breaker, the trestles and winding tracks, the river pastoral still reflected the blue sky. On the further bank stood elms, etched against the unbroken whiteness of the meadows. Still beyond rose the wooded mountains in snow-veiled purple folds, their distinct contours against the tender paleness of the horizon. Whether it was the exceeding beauty of the world or because he was so soon to have a wish fulfilled, Tony did not know, but he felt that there was more reason and harmony in things as they were than he was wont to believe.

He heard footsteps along the porch . . .

"May I lift you this way, dear?" He found himself upon her lap, she sitting in the stiff-backed chair by the bed. Neither of them spoke at first. He felt her fur against his cheek and an unimagined sense of sheltered peace. He peered at her little wrist watch. Two minutes of the ten were already gone.

"Do you wish I was bigger?" he questioned.

"Perhaps I'd like it just as well," she said, "if you were littler than you are."

Suddenly, without his knowing why, she leaned down and kissed the back of his neck, hard, as though she had forgotten all about his back, as though she had been hungry for a long time and had not known it. His social instinct told him that the atmosphere needed relaxing.

"Believe me," he said, "I don't remember sitting on anything but a chair before, and there is *some* difference."

On the way out of the hospital Miss Allinson met the doctor. After chatting about the party, she said: "How long will Tony live? I expected to go to California." Then they whispered a while longer before she left.

Afterwards Tony developed an aversion to having the back of his neck washed. The nurses were very lenient, as he was so sick.

He overheard one of them say to Lena, "But she has gone to California." After that he became still more silent and very listless.

In the middle of the month, Miss Allinson was summoned by the doctor as he had promised. She found Tony in bed, looking at the ceiling, bearing with studied nonchalance the increased solicitude and activity of those about him. His morale was intact. Mercifully he found that the self-discipline of years does not betray one in a crisis. Suddenly he heard her voice and saw her standing there. The suppressed yearning of a lifetime released itself in his cry, "You didn't go away!" Then, winking away his smile, he reattained his jocular severity and went on, "Time to waste fooling around the hospital again."

SARAH ATHERTON BRIDGMAN.



## TO —.

I'll hang a lantern by the door  
To guide road-weary travelers home,  
A lantern lit at fall of dusk  
To be a joy to all who roam.

For you I'll have a fire made  
Of driftwood gathered by the sea,  
There'll be fur rugs before the hearth  
And you will stay all night with me.

Ships' bells at sea will toll the hour,  
We'll hear the waves beat on the shore,  
Oh playmate, I will wait for you,  
The lantern hangs beside the door.

DOROTHY STEWART.



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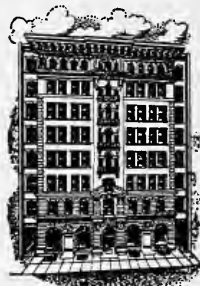
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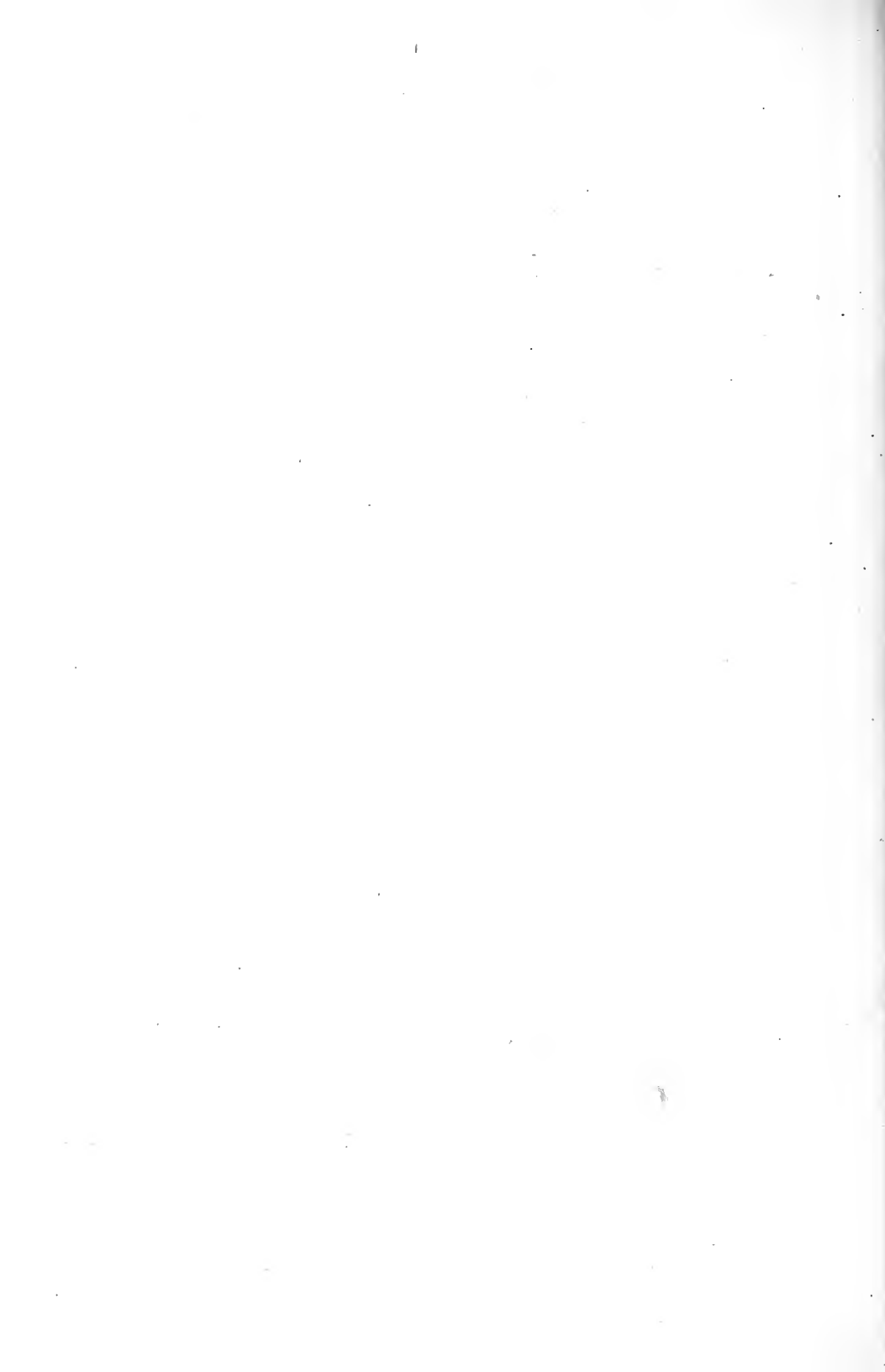
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## TO THE BRONZE CHARIOTEER OF DELPHI

KATHARINE L. WARD

They fixed you thus in bronze too long ago  
For any now to realize your wrong,  
There are no kinsfolk in the pallid throng  
To pause and question, saying "Was it so?—  
Kleobis, young, triumphant, look this way?  
Ah, beautiful, of course, but still that boy  
Was no still column then—a gale of joy  
Blew through his frame and carried him away  
Exultant, desperate glad on that, his greatest day . . ."

None stop to pore upon your carven face  
And read the question in your mystic eyes,  
No lover thrills with secret, glad surprise  
At the long column of your perfect grace,  
No mother warms your coldness with a kiss,  
Clasps the strong neck and murmurs inwardly,  
"Was ever son, Kleobis, like to thee?"—  
Yet in our loneliness I cannot miss  
The call of that dead day—ah, went it not like this?

Before the race you stood beside your car,  
A light and painted thing of gold and gray.  
Your father from his kinsfolk turned away  
And came to you, and tested chain and bar,  
And flattered the two horses, till you said  
Impatiently, "No need, sir, all is right,  
I harnessed them myself."—The Greek sun bright  
Made pale the bright curls clustering on your head,  
And drained the color from your tense lips' dusky red.

Your father smiled and putting hand on shoulder  
Talked low to you of little trivial things,  
"Hark, how that small, brown bird aloft there sings;  
Your mother saw Erinna this past hour—"  
I thought this morning it was getting colder;  
You twitched away—"Oh, Father, is it true  
Sicily's tyrannos is racing, too?"  
Your father nodded. All your face grew dour,  
And then you straightened, slim and full of power.

"Oh, well," you laughed, "we'll give them second place,  
These darlings here, they're Greeks, no foreign breed—  
I wouldn't risk an obol on a steed  
Come a long ocean-voyage for a race;  
It stands to reason they're a bit unstrung,  
The slapping of the waves, the other noises—"  
You caught and stiffened, as an eagle poises,  
Far off, a clear, small trumpet-signal sung,  
You clasped your father's hand, into your car you swung.

Beyond, they watched—lovers and friends, whose names  
Are forgot now, Kleobis, even as yours:  
This lovely travesty in bronze endures.  
But the life fades and fails like scattered flames  
That burn upon the edge of dark: They gazed  
Until their eyes grew dim upon the line  
Dusty and hidden in dust, fluent and fine,  
The horses snorting, fretting, wild and dazed  
And chariots drawn up close until their wheel-hubs grazed.

Your mother watched, her eyes were bright and wet,  
Her hands moved passionately to and fro,  
Her lips worked softly—"Oh, he wants it so,

This foolish prize—he's wild for it, he's set  
His heart on being a winner, all his mind  
And will are to this triumph—give the lad  
This that he longs for—he would be half mad  
With joy to have a laurel-wreath to bind  
About his lovely brows—Hera, be kind, be kind!"

But in that line of sinewy men and horses  
They were not thinking then of plaint or prayer,  
They were leaning out, their throats and fore-arms bare,  
Ready to launch the chariots on their courses—  
Sudden the signal came, it hurt and stung  
The whole line into passionate speed and motion,  
The course was like a stretch of driven ocean,  
They sped like foam sea-winds had launched and flung,  
Confused and intricate and beautiful and young.

Kleobis, what a splendid day was now!  
The fragile chariot quivered like a reed,  
Crouched on the carven edge, you drank your speed  
Like maddening wine—the hot wind burned your brow,  
The sun made dry your mouth and wet your face,  
Your hands were shaking, but the reins were taut,  
All of your soul was nothing but one thought,  
To get and hold the precious inside-place—  
Out from the crowd you veered, with a swift, violent grace.

Later, when the long stretch began to tell,  
You saw the tyrannos draw near and nearer,  
Sweat blinded you, kept you from seeing clearer,  
He was pushing you, handling his horses well,  
Nearer he drew, and closer to your side—  
You rent the dress that caught you round the shoulder,  
Gasped to yourself, "That man, he's ten years older  
Than I, and all he does is drive and ride,  
And his horses, too—Gods, what black fire and pride!"

Your horses' flanks were heaving, they were running  
Doggedly now, the fire and joy were gone,  
And the Sicilian king was pressing on,  
The drumming of the hoofs and wheels was stunning,  
You leaned more heavily upon the car,  
Strained out and flogged, looked back and to the side,  
The king was failing, your heart leapt and cried,

Through the red mist before you, like a star,  
Urgent the course's end beacons and gleamed afar.

Sobbing, you leaned and shouted to your horses,  
Like a naked god you were, breathless and flying,  
More than a shaken boy, swearing and crying,

Spending himself to the edge of his resources . . .

Your hair and arms were flecked with quivering foam—

Nothing you saw but the horses' manes outflowing,

And in an upflung head the red eyes glowing,

And the nostril's fire—around the hippodrome

A shout ran, "*χούρε, Kleobis!*"—you were home, were home!

Kleobis, even that glorious hour had end—

Hard-cast and impotent in bronze you stand,

The slack reins falling from your rigid hand . . .

Yet, yet, the laurel clings, years fail and blend,

Wistful, intent, you grow. Ah, do you hear?—

Your mother's voice behind you stammers, "Son,"

Far off, the people shout, "Well run, well run!"

Your tense lips quail with feeling—even here

I catch that thunderous hour, O happy Charioteer!

## THE CAMELS TO NARID

M. PREWITT

Down to the golden city of Narid,

Across the weary sun-scorched sand,

The pale, dust-covered camels move

Like gaunt, gray ships that sail by land.

## PARK BENCH

HELEN IRVIN MURRAY

Breakfast is an odious meal. I have always hated it. There is a sort of suavity about the things one eats for breakfast, an unattractive and unchanging smoothness like a buttered parsnip. Why must one always have the same things for breakfast? The three-minute egg, for instance, why must it always be on that precarious edge between overdoneness and rawness, instead of frankly raw or sternly solid? How well I remember the bilious bitterness in my young heart as I faced the morning's obligation in the shape of a three-minute egg followed by oatmeal. No wonder Scots are a dour race when their earliest youth was darkened by the daily presence of that island of warm grey jelly in an icy puddle of aqueous blue milk or cold, congealing cream. How appropriately gloomy are the faces around the table at that morning meal, unless the family is cursed by the presence of a congenitally cheerful member. I had an aunt that way once. She kept up an incessant chirping about the singing birds and budding flowers and always learned a verse from the Bible in the garden before breakfast, or, if it was too cold, in the conservatory, and then worked it into the first five minutes' conversation at the table. She even made me do the same thing, forming my youthful habits to such an extent that even now I am apt to quote the Bible at breakfast, though I have no garden in which to learn a new verse daily. I have, however, a park, and it is there that I find the means of allaying the flaccid tameness of my morning's meal.

Every morning while I am dressing, Trevor, that's my he-maid-of-all-work, sets two places at the breakfast table and then, while I go for a short walk in the park next to our apartment house, Trevor cooks breakfast for two. There his duty ends, unless I fail in mine. Usually I am successful, for by now I know all the park benches where the homeless congregate and where to accept an invitation to breakfast is a physical necessity. In fact, if I did not make it a rule never to invite the same one twice, my moth-eaten friends would gather like pigeons in the square and clamor for an invitation. I also make it a rule never to invite a self-asked man. I made this decision after a very pleasant meal after which I missed my watch and four silver spoons. My guest had urged me to invite him on the grounds that he was an itinerant preacher of the faith of Zoroaster, and had gotten away with the hardware during an elaborate grace with which he ended the meal. Experiences of this sort have been, however, amazingly few. The real reason that Trevor tolerates these unsavory guests of mine is that if I fail to find one to suit me, I make him sit

down at the table with me and tell me about the swells he has worked for. It is his only subject of conversation. If he hadn't been so bow-legged, he would have been the one perfect butler in the United States of America. He had an English accent picked up from an Englishman he once valeted—the only thing I ever knew him to borrow and not return. Trevor hates anything that has the appearance of my treating him as an equal. Bless his bow-legs!

Then came the rainy morning on which my story starts. I had almost given up hope when I found my man. He was better dressed and more desperate looking than most of them. Had he not been so obviously unshaven and rain-soaked, I should not have asked him. He was sitting with his hands hanging down between his knees and his head forward, the picture of dejection. When I spoke to him, he seemed to be almost on the point of running away, and then, as the meaning of my question penetrated, he sank back again and muttered, "Mistake, you don't know me."

He obviously was not an habitué or he surely would have understood that that made no difference.

"Oh, yes I do," I said. "You are the young man who has not breakfasted, and I am the caliph in disguise, van Bibber or who you please. I must have you for breakfast, so come along."

Without a word he fell into step at my side, striding along in gloomy silence, while I chattered on amiably about the weather, breakfast, the weather, parks, the weather and breakfast, until we reached the "Honore" and my apartment without his vouchsafing a word.

In the hall he said, "Do you mind if I wash?" Perhaps he was under a vow not to make conversation until he had washed. I was glad to discover that he could speak. Most of my breakfast guests minded horribly if I asked them to wash. At any rate, I handed him over to Trevor, who showed him the bathroom, clean towels and a cake of soap and said, "Go to it!" in a refined English way. I was much amused to note that Trevor seemed unaware that my guest was a gentleman until he took his coat. At this juncture a change came over him. He began to treat him like a dinner guest. I retired to the dining room, where the mystery was solved. Trevor confided to me that the gentleman's coat was made by Brooks, he had seen the label when he took it off to wash.

"What of it?" I asked. "All gentlemen's coats are made by Brooks. Don't try to be a private detective, Trevor, it isn't refined." A remark like that will put him in a good humor for the rest of the day. Trevor loves to have me put on airs, and I do it sometimes to please him.

At this point my guest returned. He was a tall, slim youth of

perhaps twenty-five, certainly not older, with a melancholy brown eye and a look of bearing a great sorrow nobly that is seldom seen on the faces of the less fortunate in this world. "What did you say your name was?" I said.

"I didn't say," he answered.

"Well, I'll begin then," I said. "Mine's Addison, Zachary Addison, 'and the first shall be last and the last shall be first,'" I added piously. "Now, what's yours?"

"I prefer, that is—I have no name," he said.

"Oh, I see, never been baptised, eh? I'm in the same fix. Mother a Baptist, you know, so I didn't get christened before I was big enough to object. Still, for purposes of signing things, cheques, for example, when I have them, and such little matters, I use the name I mentioned. What do you use?"

He looked about him in what I should describe as a furtive manner, but after-events may have colored my recollection. Still no answer. "Man alive," I cried, exasperated by his talented performance on the deaf-mute, "I've got to call you something—Park Bench—what?"

"That will do as well as anything," he said, and retired into silence and his egg. I am better at conversation than monologue, which I have always considered vulgar, so I decided to read my paper and let him eat his egg as noiselessly as he pleased. Perhaps he looked upon it as a great adventure calling for all one's concentration, but I was beginning to regret having invited him.

I glanced through the obituary, but suddenly my eye was caught by this ridiculous headline:

#### "SWEET-LEMON ENGAGEMENT"

"Listen to this," I said, thinking I might persuade him to smile, "Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sweet announce the engagement of their daughter Gwendolen to Mr. Royal Lemon!"

Park had a cup of coffee on the way to his mouth when I cast this thunderbolt of mirth into our midst. He turned perfectly white, and his hand shook so that his coffee spilled into his plate before he could get the cup back to his saucer.

Trevor rushed forward with "Are you ill, sir?" and removed his swimming plate.

"Maybe your egg didn't agree with you. Mine sometimes get me that way," I said.

By the time Trevor returned with a fresh plate, Park had gotten himself in hand again and seemed to have recovered from his seizure. Only few beads of perspiration remained around his rather handsome mouth and on his temples. I could see by Trevor's officious manner

that he was about to reopen the subject of Mr. Bench's health, so I headed him off with "I suppose, Trevor, that the friends of that young couple will all supply them with lemon forks as wedding presents."

As Trevor answered nothing, Park looked up and said, "I should suggest a brace of pistols."

Apparently the way to get him to talk was to address some one else. "It strikes me that your humor is a little grim," I said. He might have been Royal Lemon himself so sour was his point of view. However, he was waxing more interesting by the minute, and I began to rack my brain for some means of detaining him and finding out more of the mystery of his evident anguish over the Sweet-Lemon engagement.

Alas! Breakfast was over, and before I knew it, Mr. Bench was in the hall, where he seized his hat and my hand simultaneously and said, "Good-bye and thank you for—for being a gentleman," and without another word my mysterious guest was gone.

"Isn't that like life?" I said to Trevor. "He's gone for good now, and I don't know a blooming thing about him. Always putting the 'miss' in mystery."

"Very life-like, sir," replied the perfect Trevor.

"If this were only a good detective story now, you'd have been a former employee of Pinkerton's, Trevor, and would have been able to unravel it all by the way his hair was cut."

Trevor looked pained. "Excuse me, sir, the doorbell."

He returned presently, bearing a yellow envelope. It was a telegram from Cousin William, saying he would arrive that afternoon, bringing his daughter Sally with him for a short visit.

"Run, Trevor, run, and bring back Mr. Bench, by force, if necessary, but bring him!"

Trevor seemed to feel that I was on the trail of the mystery, for at once he allowed himself to turn and run from my presence. In another moment I was anxiously watching the fine gothic arch of his legs as they rushed up the street after the distant figure of Park Bench.

Simultaneously with the telegram a golden idea burst upon me. I would make the mysterious stranger come and dine with me and William and Sally. Sally was a romantic young girl and would wring the mystery from him. I knew she was young, for it was just twenty years ago when I had sat and let William thump me black and blue because she was born. And had not William written me only a few weeks ago of his distress over her because she had turned down an offer of marriage from an entirely suitable and desirable young man



because, forsooth, his name was Smith and because he was, moreover, a rising young lawyer with a comfortable income and had never done anything wild or wicked in his life? "Silly Sally," I had thought at the time, but now she was the very girl for me. What could be more romantic? Between us we would solve the mystery or die in the attempt.

In the midst of these reflections Trevor returned with a mystified Bench in tow.

"I'm so glad he caught you," I said.

"A very small thing to repay you for your kindness to me."

"That's just what I wanted to speak to you about," I said. "I have just received word that my niece is coming to pay me a visit, and I, being a crabbed old bachelor, know no young men to entertain her. Will you dine with us tonight?" He was obviously looking for an excuse— "She's a very charming young girl, you know." Of course, he didn't know, but he seemed convinced by my opinion and appeared to be wavering. I seized upon his moment of weakness. "All right, then, at seven sharp." Grasping his hand, I backed him out of the doorway in which he was standing. "So glad you can come!" and shut the door firmly on him before he could refuse.

I didn't dare to go out of the house before lunch for fear my mysterious stranger might be lurking about to pounce upon me and tell me he would not come to dinner. However, Trevor and I spent the morning very profitably, planning a truly romantic menu. I suggested squabs, but Trevor, filled with the fire of a culinary genius, said nothing short of pheasants would do. Our meal was to begin with a dish of Trevor's invention so bizarre and delectable that he has been offered thousands for the recipe, which he will tell no one; and the final triumph was to be a "bombe" of French ice filled with sherry, marrons and frozen cream.

Then, while he arranged the rooms for our guests, I hauled out my music, for I was sure Sally sang. After lunch I rushed forth to buy her a bunch of violets with a gardenia in the center. I find that it is almost impossible for a man to resist telling anything to a pretty woman who wears violets, especially if there be a gardenia in the middle.

At last it was time to meet the train. William was the same old William, but Sally! Old man that I am, I found myself settling my hat at a more adventurous angle on my head and wondering if my cravat was not a bit too sombre in tone. Then Sally's charming hand was in mine, and Sally's charming voice was exclaiming:

"Oh, Uncle Zachary, how funny you look! Aren't you going to kiss me?"

I was right about the violets. Her eyes were certainly violet

blue under that bewitchingly squashy violet toque that brushed my cheek as I bent over to salute her in a manner becoming an elderly relative. As for the rest of her, I got a general impression of a most heavenly golden brown, hair and skin and frock. At this point William broke in upon my contemplation of Sally to tell me that he had an important business engagement that would keep him until late in the evening and would leave me to take care of Sally until then. I cannot say I was not pleased with this arrangement. I am fond of William, but he has a sedate way of looking at life that rather dampens one's ardor for frivolous adventure. I was sure that if he was present when I told Sally about Park Bench he would immediately find a simple and uninteresting solution to the mystery.

On the way home I told Sally all about it, and she was game from the word go. We decided that it would be more propitious if I was not present when he arrived, so that there should be no formal introduction. Imagine how ludicrously awkward it would be to introduce a park bench to a young lady! I said nothing to Sally of the fear in my secret heart that he would not appear at all.

At seven o'clock, wearing an amazingly pretty dinner gown and my violets, Sally was sitting pensively at the piano, fingering the keys and singing snatches of some tender ballad. Trevor was putting the finishing touches on his chef d'oeuvre. In my dressing room I was brushing my hair for the twentieth time in an attempt to delay my appearance in the drawing room and make my gray streak look interesting instead of aged.

At seven fifteen Sally was still on the piano stool but had stopped singing and was listening intently. Trevor was hanging about in the dining room doorway, and I was walking about with a military brush in either hand, brushing everything in sight except my hair.

At half past seven all three of us were standing at the front windows eagerly scanning the tops of the heads of the passersby. Suddenly the dignified Trevor shrieked, "There he is!"

A man slipped out from a nearby alley, looked furtively around him, and entered the "Honore." I did not have time to consider the odd behaviour of my guest, for Sally seized me and pushed me into my dressing room.

When I returned to the drawing room five minutes later, my erstwhile silent guest was conversing very volubly with Sally, but ceased the moment I entered. Women are a perpetual wonder. I suspected him of having begun to confide in her already.

Trevor announced dinner. It went off much better than I expected. Sally seemed excited and nervous, but Bench was in fine form. All during dinner he seemed to be on the point of revealing something. He kept leading up to it and then breaking off. He was

paler than he had been in the morning and much handsomer now that he was shaved and dressed. As for talking, he talked enough to make up for silence at a dozen meals.

After dinner I suggested Sally should sing to my accompaniment. Park seconded the idea with fervor, and even asked her to sing "Douglas, Douglas" for him, which had been her mother's favorite. I am sure Sally must have sung it often for William, for she sang it very sweetly, except that she flatted so badly on the line "Will you come back to me, Douglas, Douglas?" that I suggested she try it once again, but she said her voice was tired and would I play for them? Park seemed only too anxious to fall into our trap, for he had seated himself on the sofa in the alcove at the other end of the room, and when Sally left my side, he rose and said:

"Won't you sit here?" Sally accepted with alacrity. It was sufficiently far from the piano for her to talk to him while I played, without seeming rude to me and also without his being afraid of my hearing. Something in her manner made me think she was already possessed of a part at least of the secret.

At first I played something loud and gay to drown any bits of conversation that might come my way, but afterward I drifted into a more serious vein and forgot the young people. Suddenly I realized I must have been playing a long time, and stopped. Sally and Park were deep in an earnest conversation in the alcove. They didn't even notice that I had stopped. Then I heard Park say, quite distinctly:

"But, Sally dearest, what shall I do? I could kill myself for it, but I have given her my word."

To say I was amazed and shocked is to put it mildly. What was Sally thinking about to allow this strange young man not only to call her by her Christian name, but, dearest! My first impulse was to jump up and interfere. My second was to rise quietly and leave the room. I obeyed the second. The ways of the modern young woman are past all finding out.

About an hour later the doorbell rang violently. I mentally registered "William" and went on with my writing.

The door burst open and Sally flung herself upon me: "Uncle Zachary, come quick! Douglas—the police!"

In the drawing room I found Trevor, the stranger, and three policemen. "Gentlemen," I said, "to what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

"YOU tell 'im, Bill," said the biggest, a large, ugly man with close-cropped black hair.

"We come to arrest him," said Bill, pointing at Park, "and you'd better let him go easy or we'll take you along for harborin' a criminal."

"Dare you tell me," I said, "that a guest in my house is a criminal?" Never before have I felt the stigma of living in an apartment house so keenly. I could not drive these creatures from the house; it wasn't mine. I couldn't kick them down the stairs, there was only an elevator. Choking with rage, I said, "Pray, what is the crime this gentleman is accused of?"

"Here, none of your high-brow talk to me," said Bill; "that there gentleman, as you calls him, is nothing but a common forger, and like as not you're his accomplice."

"Gently, gently, I am afraid you are making me angry." My face was turning from red to purple, and my collar band was tightening unbearably. "Where is your warrant?"

"Bill" produced a soiled piece of paper and held it before my unbelieving eyes. It was a warrant for the arrest of one Royal Lemon for forging a cheque in the name of Douglas Smith. Gradually light began to dawn. My guest was apparently Sally's rejected suitor. I could not, however, swear to the officers that he was not Royal Lemon, too, since I strongly suspected him of being that gentleman.

Sally kept reiterating in a helpless way, "But he is Douglas Smith; I wouldn't marry him because his name was Smith."

In the midst of the hubbub the door opened and William walked in. "Smith," he cried, "this is indeed a pleasant surprise." William gazed about him at the assembly in that mild, inquiring way of his. "What's this?"

"It's this way, sir," said Smith, "I have been living under an assumed name because I couldn't bear my own any longer when it was the cause of Sally's throwing me over, and now they are trying to arrest me for forging a check in my own name."

"Come now, you can tell all that to the judge in the morning," said "Bill." "We can't wait here all night listening to your love affairs."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I am very interested in his love affairs. Who is this Sweet girl you are engaged to?"

"I think he had better go, father," said Sally, "and then you can go down and identify him tomorrow morning."

"Why, Sally," said William, "I thought you two had made up your quarrel."

"Yes, but daddy," said Sally. "Oh! I'll tell you when he's gone." Then, in reply to Douglas' puzzled look, I heard her say, "Don't you see, silly, she'll see it in the papers and throw you over."

"Sally, you're a wonder," he called back over his shoulder as he marched out between the two policemen.

"You see, daddy, it's this way," Sally explained after we were

left alone. "He has got engaged to another girl who doesn't love him half as much as I do. She pretended she was crazy about him, and he was sorry for her, because he knew how she felt; and then suddenly he found himself engaged to her. He said she said she didn't think she could ever bring herself to marry a man with his name—the funny one, I mean—so she can't really care for him; so when she sees in the papers tomorrow that he is in jail and a forger, she will surely throw him over."

The next morning, as I was trying to read my mail in the study, there was a terrific peal on the door bell, and the next moment I was nearly knocked over by two whirling dervishes. They were singing antiphonally, "She's jilted me," "She's jilted him," to no tune in particular.

"Go away, how can I read my mail? Stop it, I'm too old to dance," as they attempted to make me join their insane performance. "Who's jilted who?" I said with pretended peevishness.

"You dear, funny old Uncle Zachary," said Sally, and flung her arms around my neck.

"Go away!" I repeated, taking firm hold of both her hands.

## PISCATOR

ELIZABETH VINCENT

I think I can see you now  
With your rod and reel,  
And hear you discoursing how  
The strike of a trout should feel  
Or the tug of an eel.

Your jovial face is tanned  
And wrinkled to smile,  
Brown is the capable hand,  
So deft a bream to beguile,  
And play him awhile.

You can tell when the barbel feeds  
In the swiftest flow,  
And the fly that an angler needs  
To hook him, and where he'll go  
When winds hostile blow.

Drawn out of a smoking shower,  
With a hedge for a tent,  
You'll tell for a pleasant hour  
How the fisherman's life is spent,  
And his deep content.

## THE RED DEATH

CONSTANCE GUYOT CAMERON

Is it just by chance, I wonder, that I almost always happen to be in the library on those rare evenings when Mortimer stays late at the club for a smoke and a "think," as he calls it? I do not believe that one person there knows him well, yet there is no one more liked and respected. I suspect he could tell wonderful stories about his experiences, but will not, from modesty, and also because he is the sort of chap who forgets a thing once he has done it. His keen gray eyes seem forever looking ahead, eagerly seeking the next thing to achieve. He comes and goes, sometimes staying away for months, then turning up for a visit at the club after a mining trip. He is an extremely successful engineer and has climbed quite high in his profession.

This evening I had wandered into the library, bored and disgusted. The day at the office had been hard, and, afterwards, I was totally uninspired as to entertainment. The only thing seemed the davenport, a cigar and a trashy novel for a change. I noticed Mortimer sitting beside the fire, and, after we had exchanged a few words, I dropped into the huge leather chair opposite him.

There is no denying that a fire holds a peculiar fascination from which one cannot escape. Solid comfort and a good smoke do not detract.

Suddenly Mortimer said, half-musingly:

"I say, Durand, have you ever studied a flame?"

I was a bit taken aback, and I said:

"Why, no, I never have. Must be sort of interesting, I should think."

"Well, it is. It is always so different; usually it forks and licks, and there's lots of blue about it. Makes one think of the Persian nights in *Omar*. Queer, isn't it? But you look at it tonight. It's unbroken and crimson, quite rich and gorgeous. We used to analyze gases at school, and I always liked the idea of the one that was supposed to make you see a red like that flame as you were giving up the ghost."

All this I was perfectly willing to admit, but I could not catch his drift. I was rather surprised at his apparent eagerness to talk; I had never thought him one who made conversation. After a moment, he laughed.

"Do you want to hear a story, Durand? The color of that flame made me think of it, and you might enjoy hearing it."

I urged him to go on, and presently he began.

"I had just about finished my course at the engineering school

in the summer of 1910. That spring was particularly heavenly, so I used to take long tramps all over the countryside. There was one perfect spring day when I had nothing to do, so I decided to explore the parts of the city where I had not been before. I was loitering along one of the particularly interesting old streets, I think it must be in one of the better parts of the town—New England blue blood, you know. The houses practically opened into the street, and everything was neat and affluent looking. One house only was boarded up, and I noticed it because of its doorway, the kind you read about but seldom see. Then there was a 'For Rent' sign nailed right on the beautiful old door. I was disgusted at that, and I started peering around. Nothing much to see. Some old fisherman passed by, and I asked him about the house. He grunted and went on. I caught something about "haunted," so I decided to be really inquisitive and get into the house. I had to work pretty hard to find any sort of opening, but I finally did get in by taking out a rusted lock in one of the back doors.

"There was nothing peculiar about the place, no shrouded furniture, nothing left in disorder, no unusual amount of dust, apparently nothing to justify the fisherman's remark. I went all through the house, and the only things I noticed were that it had an unusually musty smell and that in one of the sleeping rooms there was a very handsome portrait of a man in a brilliant crimson cloak—a good-looking, jolly young person. Apart from this, the house was quite ordinary, ready for its next occupant, I should have said. I decided my afternoon had been wasted, although, as I went home, I took down the address of the real estate agent, as I thought it might be interesting some time to see what he had to say about the property.

"I forgot all about the place until one morning I happened to notice the name of the agent in Lake Street. I went in and asked him all about the house. He laughed when I mentioned the portrait.

"'Oh, that's the family ghost. Every one who lives at the house leaves very soon. They all swear to me, with perfectly straight faces, that at night, just as they are going to sleep, they feel as if they were choking; and apparently because that red cavalier is standing over them with his hands at their throats. I'm losing money on that house, because people are beginning to believe there actually is something in the tale. I wish some one would lay that ghost. I'd bless him.'

"I jokingly offered to, and he told me to go to it, the house was open to me. Do you know, I really took the man seriously and made up my mind to get to the bottom of this so-called mystery. Down at college the boys laughed at me, but one evening I did go back to the house and got in as before, by the back door. I was the only living soul in that building, which was locked outside and in, I

examined everything about the place, to see that there were no external forces at work, and paid particular attention to the red gentleman. The portrait could be taken off the wall, but I found no sign of a secret panel or anything of the sort. In fact, the picture was the most harmless looking object I could imagine. Hallucination was an excellent word for the ideas of those people who had been in the house before.

"Quite early, I settled down in the portrait room, in a huge Morris chair by the side of a table with a rather feeble old-fashioned lamp on it. I started reading, but soon got drowsy—it always happens, you know. Just as I was dropping off, I suddenly felt myself strangling, and as I opened my eyes, I saw the man in the red cloak standing over me. I coughed and gasped for a few seconds before I could get up, and by the time I did, the man had gone. When I rushed over to the wall, the cavalier was there in his frame, staring calmly as usual. Those few choking moments were quite sufficient to make me want to get out of the house, which I did without losing any more time. I had had too good a scare to dare stay there alone a minute longer—I didn't care how much I might be laughed at.

"The next afternoon another man and I went back with tools, prepared to test every lock, wire and pipe in that house. The only thing we found was a leak in the gas pipe."

He stopped and relighted his cigar.

"Well, did you ever find the ghost?" I demanded.

"Why, yes. Remember my mentioning gases and flames? There you are."

## WHEN I HAVE BEEN A GRANDMOTHER

MILDRED VOORHEES

When I have been a grandmother  
And I and all my friends have gone to heaven,  
I wonder whether we'll all play together  
As we do now, with hoops and balls  
And kites and other lively things.  
Or whether, in rimmed spectacles,  
We'll sit around with all the older angels  
In sewing circles and do embroidery  
With trembling hands, while little, happier cherubs  
Skip about and play the games we used to play.



## CONFESSIONS

H. L. GRAY

I am of the opinion that I have never successfully given a post-major at Bryn Mawr. Misgivings may have hovered in bat-like guise during the dusky hours, doubts whether majors and minors have been altogether gleams of glory. These doubts I refuse to conjure up now. All my courage is needed to face the unrelieved, the ugly certainty—I have never succeeded in a post-major.

Perhaps modesty suggests that I silently sit and sulkily fondle the misfortune. But I am akin to others of my kind, who sweeten defeat with a sauce of exculpation. I devise excuses and they console me. The better to find them I wander into that dreamy field called the Philosophy of Education and read the obvious sign-posts. All learners, I discover, are of two sorts—even as the universal phenomena, heat and cold, sunshine and gloom, the moist and the parched. They are those who acquire knowledge by absorption and those who acquire it by injection, those into whom knowledge oozes and those into whom it is pumped.

Now “ooze” is not an alluring verb. It has not the vigor and rhythmical promptitude of “pump.” It suggests soaked clothing and swampy places and saturated atmospheres and unpronounceable German roots. “Pump,” on the other hand, recalls ardent inventors, draining of mines and marshes, trans-Atlantic engines, plump bicycle and motor tires. Because of these haunting suggestions nearly all cleanly, well-bred, enthusiastic learners prefer to attain their ends through the pumping process. And my post-majors have failed, it is easy to see, through too close intimacy with the oozing process. There has been about them something not quite refined and emphatically lacking in “pep.”

So I have at least an explanation. But can I get therefrom any justification, any balm of righteousness? “To ooze!” If the associations are admittedly bad, is there not yet something genuine, natural, elemental in the offending verb? Sap oozes under brown bark in the spring, and moisture oozes into the tenuous fibres of roots. The yellow of the crocuses and the purple of the violets, what are they other than the oozing pigments within their dainty envelopes? Nay, the flush of the cheek and the gleam of the eye that stoops toward them, has not a magic fluid oozed into them? It is true then, the vital courses of nature, the formative processes, the slow, molecular, transforming, creative forces, these are associated with “oozing”? In contrast, is not “pumping” artificial, mechanical,

violent, abnormal? Does the one build up, the other rack, disturb, destroy? Anyhow, I must think about it.

At best, however, will this biologic business explain the ways of Bryn Mawr students and the fate of my luckless post-majors? Shall I believe that the former love full well the sound of the pump and the latter have inclined too far toward the noiselessness of the ooze? After all, pumping is so speedy, so energetic, so time-saving, so amenable to the keeping of engagements, so useful when the reservoir has to be emptied at quiz-time! I fear they are right. I am a bit slow and primitive, ah me!

There is an esteemed print of Durer's somewhat rare in the state, which gives the effect of silvery light and profound peace. It shows St. Jerome in his study. In a shining sixteenth century room, its shelves filled with quaint utensils, the scholar saint sits beside a wide window, serene and undistraught. Slowly he writes in the open book and below him lies the slumbróus lion. There is no pump at hand. It is thought which is finding expression. And, as I linger over the charm of the scene, I am tempted to wonder how Durer would have drawn a Bryn Mawr student in her study.

## A CUNEIFORM TABLET

DOROTHY WYCKOFF

This tiny tablet of unglazed brown clay,  
 Marked o'er with riddling characters for the wise  
 This bit of history, scarce two fingers' size—  
 Seems a poor relic of the realm that lay  
 Oncle splendid, 'twixt two rivers far away—  
 Now dust . . . .

Yet from the dust that sleeping lies  
 One restless, wistful spirit still can rise  
 'Neath hands that touch his task of yesterday.

For see, upon this edge, the clear-cut trace  
 Of thumb and finger, delicately lined:  
 And as I fit my fingers to the place,  
 He somehow knows, and, blown back on the wind,  
 Across four thousand years, with glad surprise  
 Touches my hand and looks into my eyes.

## PHANTASM

ANNE GABEL

The scene is a long, spacious room—its walls hung with black velvet curtains. In the center a pedestal of black marble, resembling a short Doric column, supports a large globe, black and shining like jet.

From between two curtains on the left an old man enters. He is *Xalthes*, mystic and would-be conjurer. His white hair, falling thinly over the shoulders of his scarlet gown, looks like silver; his eyes are sunken; his thin, bloodless lips are drawn tightly over his shrunken gums in a demoniacal grin. He approaches the globe in the center, his long, nervous fingers caressing the air in anticipation.

*Xalthes*—Once more—and if I fail this time—(his voice trails off into silence. Placing his hands on the pedestal, he leans forward and stares into the globe.) Fools! As if science can explain away my art. Let them reduce a musician to a combination of brain cells—that is their amusement—but when they tamper with me—I will show them. (He makes passes over the globe, and, with his eyes fixed upon it, repeats a monotonous incantation. A deep red glow appears within, and, brightening slowly to a brilliant scarlet, reveals a motionless figure on top.)

*Xalthes* (raising his head from the glaring light, blinks, rubs his eyes and starts back)—You! No, it can't be. Move—speak—are you real?

(The figure leaps from the globe and steps close to the light.) Behold me! (It flings back its long, gray cloak, showing the face of a youth with clear, penetrating eyes and a cynical smile.)

*Xalthes* (recoiling, after one glance)—I was afraid it would be you. I have dreamed of you for three moonless nights, and I felt that you were coming.

*Youth*—But you called me.

*Xalthes*—Never! I hate and fear you. The more I oppose you in the outside world the more you intrude upon my thoughts. Call you!

*Youth*—How else can you explain my presence?

*Xalthes* (bewildered by this question—then inspired by a sudden hope)—Of course, you came at my bidding. (Chuckles complacently.) Ah, my pretty Science! You must needs hasten when the old magician beckons. By what theory dare you—a living being—spring from this glass bubble? What will the world say—

*Science* (impatiently)—Old man, you delude yourself. The

bubble I sprang from is your own toothless head. You were intoxicated by this light—no, I will speak my own language—you hypnotized yourself. I am a voice in your own fantastic brain. I have been protesting against your foolish dreams from their very beginning, and now you must acknowledge me—for in your present state you can't suppress me. Come! You know your globe is a useless piece of china. Accept the test tube and the microscope. Destroy this silly toy. (Folds his cloak about him and steps back smiling.)

Xalthes moves mechanically to the globe, and with a blow of his fist dashes it from the pedestal.)

*Science* (withdrawing)—So Science wins at last! (Exit.)

(Xalthes stands dazed. After a few seconds his glance wanders to the pieces of glass. He stares at them, then starts, bounds forward, and with a sweep of his arms gathers them into a pile.) Oh, my beautiful globe! Broken, ruined! (Picks up a piece as if to assure himself—half sobbing—) Oh, God! What wretch could have been so cruel!

## LINES FOR A LADY

BARBARA LING

Within the cottage firelight glows  
On blue-rimmed plate in glistening rows,  
While the big yellow candles shine  
On the bright hair of Columbine.  
Out through the misty garden far  
Pierrot is guided by a star.

She plies her work with elfin skill  
Great bowls with creamy cheese to fill,  
Cider in brown jars stores away,  
Joyful at homely tasks to play.  
Pierrot lies in the dripping grass  
Kissing her shadows as they pass.

She pauses there, and starts to sing  
Of the enchanted faery ring  
Bewitching lovers: Then she sighs  
And tears of fancy fill her eyes.—  
She kisses the bald head of Pantaloon;  
Pierrot is talking to the moon.

## THE CHAPERONING OF CHARLOTTE

ELIZABETH GRAY

Some have illness thrust upon them; some achieve illness—or the semblance of it. By a judicious friction of the clinical thermometer with her tongue, by an anemic pallor due to the contraband liquid powder belonging to her room-mate, by headaches whose severity was equaled only by the pertinacity with which she declared their existence, by a complete public lack of appetite—with corresponding private feasts, Charlotte Carlisle achieved illness. As a result of her “run-down condition,” the school sent her home for a few days to recuperate. Strange that the Sunday which she was to spend at home should be the identical Sunday when Harold Norris, her “very best beau,” expected to be in town. He had announced his intention of calling on her at school, a call doomed to be chaperoned by the Latin teacher, Miss Day, who was distinguished for a glass eye, and a habit of falling asleep early in the evening, thereafter rending the air with noises strangely resembling snores. So Charlotte fell ill.

Harold came early on Sunday afternoon, but not before Charlotte—“looking so much better, dear child,” as her mother pointed out—had dusted three times the tiny drawing room of the Carlises’ city department. But on the heels of Harold came an aunt and uncle and their three over-lively offspring. “Is your mother in, Charlotte? Just stopped in for a moment—come here, Rob, and let me take off your coat.” By the time the three small boys had been persuaded to make their bows, and Charlie’s had ended in a somersault, and Harold had been introduced to every one, Charlotte found herself on one side of the little crowded room, explaining her state of health to Uncle Ned, while Harold, in the opposite corner, fixed by the piercing eye of Aunt Helen, was uttering embarrassed inconsistencies about the position of freshmen at his college. Time rolled on; centuries merged into ages, ages into infinity. With a strained, though still polite, smile, Charlotte continued to answer the avuncular queries.

Then Mr. Brown dropped in. Greetings all round, and more bows from the unwilling youngsters. In the general readjustment which followed, Charlotte secured the sofa and signaled to Harold. His face lit up; he stepped over Willie, who was playing some mysterious game on the floor. Mr. Brown, with a gratified smile, sat down by Charlotte on the sofa. Mr. Brown was a bachelor of forty-five, with a bald head and a tendency to embonpoint. “So nice to see you home, Miss Charlotte,” he began. “How is school? Is Caesar

still campaigning? 'Gallia est omnis divisa'—or is it Virgil by this time? 'Arma virumque cano.' " He touched on many subjects in swift succession, and Charlotte followed conscientiously until her mother's beckoning finger drew her aside.

"Mr. Carew just phoned that he has two tickets for the concert at the club. He'll leave them at the desk. You and Harold run right along, and you won't miss more than the first number."

Mother, decided Charlotte, was wonderful. She supposed they couldn't talk during the concert, but there were always intermissions, and the walk to and from the club.

It was during the second intermission that they found seats near the back.

"Peace at last," murmured Charlotte, slipping off her coat.

"Gee," began Harold, "Charlotte—I—"

"Ah! so you got here." Mr. Carew bore down on them with outstretched hand. Mr. Carew was an old friend of the family, a benevolent, white-whiskered gentleman of eighty. "My daughter and I have saved places for you up front. Harold Norris, eh? I knew your grandfather, my boy."

They were marshalled into the front seats. Miss Carew was fifty, angular and voluble. She focussed her attention on Charlotte. How were the meals at school, and what time did she go to bed? Were the lessons hard? Did she find the routine wearing? Harold, on Charlotte's other side, was being told by Mr. Carew how a series of dumb-bell exercises had preserved him to a ripe old age. The third number began. Charlotte, whose appreciation of music was purely a matter of convention, watched an upstanding lock of the 'cellist's hair as it swayed to and fro with his exertions. Harold was holding her hand, but she thought it best to take no notice of the fact.

During the next intermission Miss Carew gave her a brief resume of the life of Mozart, and Charlotte made the discovery that, given one glass eye, Miss Carew would strongly resemble the odious Miss Day. Life was bitter.

The concert over, the Carews irresistibly piloted Charlotte and Harold into their limousine. No protests, no excuses; no trouble at all to take them home.

"Now, we'll sit by the fire and talk," proclaimed Charlotte, opening the door of the apartment. "Oh!"

There was her best friend, with her hair up for the first time, wearing an exasperatingly becoming new dress. "Your father has asked me to stay for supper," explained Dorothy, with a sidelong look at Harold. "I really just dropped in for a minute." And Charlotte, vowing inwardly never, never, never to tell that minx

anything again, greeted her with affection. Dorothy had black hair, long eyelashes and a magnolia-like skin. She swept her lovely cheeks with her lovely lashes and told Harold that she did like tall men. She possessed herself of the chair next him at supper, but rose to help Charlotte prettily with the chafing dish.

At eight o'clock Harold had to leave to catch a train. Mrs. Carlisle decoyed Dorothy away to see an enchanting new picture, and Harold and Charlotte were left to say good-bye.

"Do you remember," she laughed ruefully, "that silly old poem — 'The night has a thousand eyes, the day but one'? It's like home and school; only at school, the Day does close her one, even if she does snore."

## SUNDOWN SONG

HELEN IRVIN MURRAY

I have played all day with the wind and the fire  
That caught in my hair from the burning trees.  
I have snatched a tune from the mad brook's lyre;  
I have felt its silver about my knees.

I quenched the flames in a deep, black pool  
Where the fish leapt up like burnished brass.  
Through the livelong day I have played the fool,  
Dancing with crickets in the burnt brown grass.

And now I am tired and full of tears,  
The sun has gone home to its rest,  
Shall I fill your wise hands with my empty fears  
And sleep with my head on your breast?

## DRIFTAGE

BEATRICE SPINELLI

The Professor's cigar end shone like a friendly beacon in the precarious darkness of the Yacht Club veranda, where we had settled ourselves for a smoke and set our faces to the sea. Very likely you have heard that the Professor is famous as a botanist, but along the Kentish shore he is known as the best seaman on the south coast. Before us, under a starless shield of sky, the familiar bay was wrapped in the ever-mysterious cloak of night, continuous with darkness and space. There was no horizon line, only black sea merging into black sky, indistinguishable, save where a port light dripped ruby reflections into that moving oblivion. We were adrift in illimitable darkness, and a vague depression fell upon us, like the perception of a vast loneliness.

"Do you know," said the Professor abruptly, "I think every one of us must go and bind himself to something material in this world?" The Professor, too, had felt a sense of bonds severed between us and our world! A glow of understanding momentarily lightened the night's oppressiveness.

"Do you mean flesh, money or the devil?" I inquired with mock solemnity.

"No," he said slowly. "Sometimes it's stones we choose, or leaves, or buildings, or earth—or water."

"And ship's tackle?"

"I mean the strong ones of us," he went on, "those who sense not only their own need, but the need of that other—who proudly feel the debt, mutual and irrevocable."

I murmured assent.

"It was about twenty years ago," the Professor began, "when I was going to Australia for *Acacia Podalyriaefolia* that I ran across Captain Rawley. He was plying between Liverpool and the Australian coast in a half rotten hull that the Seagate Company commissioned him for, because no other man could and would take it. The *Faithful* had once been a tight vessel and a good runner for a merchant, but age and use had reduced her to the condition where a seaman cherishes her only as a risk and a challenge of his mettle. I was the sole passenger, and her unnatural rattlings and screechings made me wonder if the *Acacia* specimens would ever be mine. Certainly there was nothing trim or attractive about her, but she took the sea with a long dive and an easy lift, as if she were keeping step with a friend.

"The crew were mostly Scandinavians, who made up for the quiet discipline of their days by late and noisy gatherings in the fore-



castle. The first mate was a typical young Swede, fairhaired, bronzed, with round, blue eyes and large, regular features. He had the body of a giant and the gentle expression of a girl. His complete devotion to Rawley made itself evident almost immediately, and in occasional confidences to me he disclosed a rare understanding of his captain's mind.

"The strangest seafarer on this ship with its creaking hull, its rotting sails and rigging, its jabbering crew, was Mrs. Rawley. Captains have been known to take their wives in odd company through strange seas because both found separation unbearable: but I was to wonder if her case was different. When I caught sight of her the first morning, she was lying in a steamer chair, the faintest slim outline beneath a velvet rug. A few paces from her the Captain stood watching her with a steady gaze. As he presented me, his eyes, leaving her only for a moment, returned instantly to her face. As I turned to Mrs. Rawley, wondering amusedly if they were still very much in love with each other, she lifted her rather childish face and looked at me with the saddest brown eyes I have ever seen.

"Captain Rawley was the kind of man one likes instinctively. His face was like fine brown marble cut in thin, slightly irregular features. I think Rawley must have been about thirty-five then, but he seemed to have that perfection of tranquility, of placidity almost, that belongs to unawakened youth. It was only the full power of his deep-set violet eyes that betrayed the mark of spiritual experience, of certain ineradicable impressions upon an unusually sensitive soul. It was through his eyes that I began to know the man, and I came to depend upon that gaze of his for finer shades of meaning that were made clear through them more easily than through words. Indeed, he himself, far more than most of us, seemed to win his conception of the outer world and give back all appreciation of it through his eyes. The solemn thoughtfulness or serene pleasure with which he watched the sea had its source in those finer impressions upon his soul. A few days on board convinced one of the reality of the bond between him and the sea, of that magnetic attraction to the universe and mutual indebtedness, which is our only happiness.

"Mrs. Rawley and I, being the only people with no duties, fell into the habit of sitting together on deck. She was a frail woman with very delicate features and a lot of fair hair that burned in the sunlight. She used to sit for hours with her hands, unbelievably fragile looking, clasped motionless upon the black velvet rug, her eyes listlessly watching the horizon. The captain came over and stood or sat near us at odd moments during the day, and it was at such moments that he made me aware of the delicate adoration in which he held her. His eyes never left her face, and his love satisfied itself

with the contemplation of its object. I could not doubt for an instant the exquisite feeling on his side, yet I found them like people who have drifted apart or who are merely in the beginning of acquaintance. The commonplaces of ship life fell from her lips with an apathy that did not depress him. Occasionally she watched him with something of a child's impersonal curiosity, but I am quite sure she never comprehended, never read the love in his eyes.

"Naturally all this made me wonder," the Professor paused, trying to recall again some of the tones of voice, the gestures, the glances, that must have created the situation for him. "I tried to imagine what fancy, what loneliness or necessity had driven her into his life and then left her in that apathy which completely disregarded him.

"It was after we had been out about a month that I heard some of their story from Larsen in one of his expansive and confidential moods. She was an orphan, and Rawley, it seems, had met her in Sidney, while they were both visiting friends of his. The day they sailed from Sidney, the captain told the mate he was married. Mrs. Rawley, with a little Hindoo girl, came on board and stayed. From very vague remarks Larsen gathered that Mrs. Rawley's health was in a precarious condition and that a sea voyage was an absolute necessity: as explanation of the sudden marriage it seemed to Larsen not only insufficient, but even ominous for his captain's happiness. Certainly the *Faithful* was neither safe nor appropriate for a honeymoon, assuredly not appropriate, Larsen gave me to understand; but he himself had seen the captain looking at Mrs. Rawley for an hour at a time, completely forgetful of the sea—a lover, offensively strange to such comrades as the crew, to such a ship as the *Faithful*. In Larsen's opinion she didn't seem to be half as beautiful as Rawley thought she was. 'It's a year now, but things aren't right yet. He used to think of nothing but'—Larsen concluded by waving his hand vaguely between sea and ship, 'but now it's just her. It isn't as if she liked him, too, and thought *he* was the most beautiful thing in the world.'

"It was a strange love tale, a meagre outline of events in which little explanation was apparent. Ill health, perhaps even a fear of forces beyond comprehension, that sometimes overcomes women like Mrs. Rawley, had sent her blindly to a refuge. The cause of the situation, however, made little difference now. The loyalty which Larsen and I saw in the captain's eyes was pledged to whom, to what? Suddenly I understood the mate's distress. Rawley's devotion was centered upon her, and in that she cared nothing for him, his devotion was idle. The sea, which had claimed him completely, was no longer his first loyalty. That was what Larsen feared, that was

what I wondered about; and in the next few days I watched in his eyes the idealized passion which could live in mere contemplation.

"I knew and Larsen knew he had not won her. She scarcely ever looked at him. Besides, she would not have had the self-confidence to believe what was evident in his eyes nor the courage to answer it. More and more seldom in those weeks he turned to the sea with that calmness in his face that emphasized the quiet ecstasy of his eyes. She grew more listless every day, but remained still lovely, like a child with a certain ethereal charm."

The Professor's cigar had gone out. In the darkness he was now only a voice.

"One night, when we were still about a fortnight from port, there was a white moonlit mist, through which at intervals the water appeared in fantastic figures of silver and oily black. It was one of those nights of dead quiet when the water is hushed at the prow and the furrow follows in the stern, as silent as smoke.

"Mrs. Rawley had gone down to her room. The captain, Larsen and I were standing aft, when we heard a heavy thud, and the *Faithful* quivered from stem to stern.

"*'Starboard!'* cried the mate, and in an instant he had leaped to the rail and was hanging over the ship's side. Some of the crew rushed up, and immediately we were all peering over the side. Behind her the ship was leaving a fantastic opening in the mist, the black ghost of a skiff. All around a white veil floated and clung to the sides of the *Faithful*.

"*'Nothing bad. Above water,'* said Larsen, still scrutinizing the side. *'It must have been a drift. Can you see anything, Captain?'* Larsen and I turned.

"The captain had disappeared.

"In the light of a swinging lantern we could see dimly most of the stern deck. The men were clambering down into the hold to carry out the mate's orders, but there was no one else in sight. Larsen darted forward calling the captain. His voice lost itself in the opaque stillness of the night. There was a sudden silence, and I saw him coming back again, a huge black shadow against the misty sea. I looked at him questioningly, and, when he stopped in the light, the expression on his face sent a cold chill down my spine. I had never seen any one so ashamed and horrified.

"*'He's not on deck,'* Larsen said distinctly. *'Mrs. Rawley's cabin's on that side.'* He jerked his head toward the starboard rail.

"I looked at him amazed, almost forgetting the captain in my effort to account for his expression. It was the grieved offense in his face more than his words that finally made a slow conviction rise within me. I stood mutely shaking my head at Larsen. The captain—Mrs. Rawley's cabin!

"‘He must have gone for her the second we struck,’ Larsen gulped. Again I shook my head stupidly.

"It seemed to me I had been standing there a long time, with a dead weight upon my chest, when Larsen whispered, ‘Will you go down and get him?’ and then made off down the deck.

"He couldn't have thought of sea, or ship, or duty, or ultimate danger, of anything except her immediate safety. Since the mate ran along the deck probably not more than two minutes had passed, but I thought I must get below instantly. Every second Rawley stayed there would seem an eternity to us afterwards; and I had a notion that, if I could get him on deck swiftly enough, the thing would not really have happened. The mate's expression in the lantern light, the swift accusation, our conviction, would turn into one of those horrible and vivid hallucinations of waking moment. I went stumbling down the cabin stairway.

"They were in the common room of the cabin and I saw them quite plainly. He had his arms around her. She was kissing him, as if she could not hope to assure him of her love. I think they both thought then that they had only a few moments left to them. An instant later they were apart. I could not bring myself to look in his direction, and so I tried hurriedly to tell Mrs. Rawley there was no danger. She began to cry and laugh, holding her arm across her eyes like a little girl. I babbled breathlessly, following with my eyes the gold embroidery on her kimono that seemed hopelessly entangled with her hair.

"The *Faithful* was patched up somehow and with even greater groanings and creakings went uneasily before a keen wind and heavy sea. Mrs. Rawley did not appear the next morning, and I turned diligently to the *Acacia Podalyriacfolia*. Larsen gave me a forlorn good morning and with blundering delicacy studiously avoided the captain. He was utterly at a loss as to how to recover the situation. Momentarily his eyes would follow the captain's figure with an expression of wavering gentleness; and the minute after he would wheel about, shout an order, and turn to the sea absorbed in his torturing sense of injury.

"That first day was almost unbearable. I sat there for hours listening to Rawley's steady tramping in the forward deck, wondering what he must be thinking, how he was accounting for the madness of a moment. It was neither passion, nor fear, nor stupidity. I knew Rawley, with his regular pacing, was marking out each mental step, going over and over the same ground, where each turning led him to the same end. He had chosen the existence of Mrs. Rawley as preferable to everything else. There had been no question in his mind, no muddled consideration; he had chosen instinctively. He was prob-

ably saying to himself, if the danger had been proved, if she had loved him, if he had tried to save her for love as men understand it, his transgression would have been more commonplace and excusable but he owed her no supreme devotion. In love men make mistakes, but in loyalty they do not fail.

"I knew he had been walking the deck since before dawn gazing upon the sea, who first had made him completely her own. In those early hours, hearing the soughing sails and the dawn breeze, watching the sun rise, must have been like reliving that sea life of his, like feeling each gift flung at him again with eternal generosity that took no account of his failures. He must know now that before Mrs. Rawley's self-abandonment in the cabin he had nothing but the contemplation of her beauty. Even he must feel how paltry that was in comparison with his other life, the life of the sea; with its power, its evil, its boundless life and eternal beauty. Hour after hour I listened to him tramp the forward deck. And the sunlit azure of the sea spread about him, gentle and smiling.

"Well, the next day Mrs. Rawley came on deck and things weren't so bad, because one could talk to her. Rawley and I even tried our morning walk on deck, but it was a failure. He watched the purple horizon silently, with an expression of tragic perplexity. He struck me as a man who is conscious of committing a crime, simple in character and yet so removed from common experience as to leave him no way of retrieving it. The perfection of his calm was destroyed, pricked like a bright bubble; and its loss left no meaning in his acts, in the motions of his men, in the white bosomed sails and the breaking sea.

"I found myself watching for some change in their manner toward each other. I don't know whether or not that moment of supreme danger, when her love had declared itself, had quickened in her a new eagerness. At any rate, from then on I began to notice a kind of spiritual animation—a delicate trembling of her lips, a light flutter of her hand or the flushed transparency of her cheek.

"The captain? Well, he tramped the deck until I thought he must drop in his tracks from fatigue, and always staring out to sea with that stricken perplexity in his violet eyes. At first there had been a kind of happy expectancy in her manner, but it faded away. Of course, she had no idea of what was wrong; still, after her first surprise, it began to pluck at her heart—not his trouble, which she barely perceived, but the unconsciousness of her presence that kept his eyes fixed upon the sea. It struck me with a certain ironic pathos that they were fairly on the road to their old estrangement, with positions reversed.

"When he was not in sight, I could feel her listening to his

footfall, leaning a trifle forward, the corners of her mouth drooping. He never watched her in his old way, and he seemed to have put her out of his thoughts completely, neither blaming her for his distress, nor hoping for help. And yet I was sure the joy of those few minutes in the cabin he could not set aside like an untouched cup. For her they had been the beginning, and it seemed the end, everything.

"We were only a few days from harbor, and I was beginning to take the *Acacia* seriously again, when we ran into a high wind and a heavy sea. I went down early that night and fell asleep quickly. The next thing I remember was Larsen pulling me violently from the bunk.

"‘Hurry!’ he yelled. ‘On deck.’

"Outside I could hear the heavy wash of the sea and a loud rushing sound like wind. When I came out in the common room of the cabin, it was black with smoke. On deck Larsen was ordering the loading and lowering of boats. From the hatchway between the forecastle and the cabin ribbons of flame were shooting high in the air, licking the mast for an instant, vanishing and reappearing. The captain and the rest of the crew were sweating, cursing, stooping, making a rush for the enemy in the ship’s hold, and then falling back before a swift blazing streamer. The wind blew the flames against them as they worked, lighting their crimson faces. For an instant I saw the captain upright. He was bare-headed and bare-armed; his face streamed sweat, and his violet eyes were wide open and intent. The next minute the men had the pumps working again, and there was a long hiss. When the flames shot up again, the whole forecastle and cabin had caught. We rushed forward to try to keep the fire in the bow, but the heat of the swiftly burning wood drove us back against the rail. There leaning against the rail I stumbled upon some one. It was Mrs. Rawley.

"I think I have never seen anything so pitiful as her face with its halo of bright hair and its dark, terrified eyes watching the captain. She tried to smile at me, while her lips trembled so that her words were indistinguishable. I thought she said she was not frightened, and I really believe she was not afraid of the danger, because the fear of losing him, of having only a single memory, had eclipsed every other feeling.

"I saw Larsen rush to the stern and the captain shout to him. A couple of the men and Mrs. Rawley’s Hindoo girl were already in the boats. The rest of us were slowly giving way before the furnace that was the ship’s middle. One of the pumps broke. Then I picked up Mrs. Rawley, and she went over the side like a frightened child into the boat below. The rest of the men dropped into the boats quickly, while Rawley gave them orders about pushing off. I could

see her, a little away from the side, watching him, and I afterwards wondered if in those minutes she did not come near to knowing how his love and hers were inseparable from that rolling, firelit sea.

"Rawley pushed me toward the rail. 'Larsen!' he shouted.

"'Not here!' roared the second mate.

"We paused at the rail. 'Larsen!' the captain shouted against the noise of the wind and the fire, but there was no answer. Rawley turned to me. 'I saw him go into the cabin, didn't you?' He did not wait for an answer, but started for the stern.

"Wherever Larsen was, no human being could have gone into the cabin now and come out alive.

"'You can't go in there.' I tried to grab him by the arm.

"He ran along the edge of the deck to the stern, and I saw him rush for the cabin. A second later the men in the boats shouted. Larsen was swimming in the water between the boats. He must have jumped from the other side of the ship. The men shouted to me to come down, and I climbed over the side. That ship was hotter than anything I had ever imagined.

"We waited what seemed an incalculably long time beside the ship. Suddenly I heard a tremulous cry behind me in the boat, and at the same instant the captain swung half way down the side and fell into the water. We got him into the boat and stretched him out as comfortably as we could, and Mrs. Rawley held his head in her lap.

"The next morning a Coast Liner picked us up, and we arrived in Sidney the day after. They took Rawley to the English hospital, and I tried to do what I could for Mrs. Rawley. He was in such terrible agony that we didn't know whether we hoped for recovery or release, but she knew. She wanted him to live more than she ever wanted anything in her life, and the endurance she showed—well, one could scarcely credit it.

"Larsen went to the Company Office and told what he could. Nobody knew how the fire had started. There had been combustible chemicals in the hold, and Larsen thought the collision might have disturbed them. The Company didn't care much what became of the *Faithful*; nobody would. The next trip Larsen got his own ship, and I left to secure my *Acacia* specimens.

"Two months later I was back in Sidney. Of course, I went to the English Hospital right away. Although Mrs. Rawley was completely exhausted, there was a light of victory in her eyes as she led me to his room. He was frightfully weak, but the burns were all healed. His eyes were still bandaged; they had been worst of all. It gave me a shock to sit there and talk to him and not be able really to look at him. I wondered if his physical suffering had brought him

peace, or if his old sense of disloyalty still rankled. I couldn't tell in the first short visit, and I couldn't think of any way of finding out from her.

"His eyes are quite bad," Mrs. Rawley said anxiously, as I was leaving.

"The captain smiled at me, 'I can't bribe her into telling me when they're going to take this off and let me see her again.'"

"That gave me a hint they were both beginning to know happiness at last, but I wasn't sure. The captain, sitting there, a physical wreck, might feel as if the sea had simply tossed him from her, as faithless to the debt which he still owed her and an outcast from that life of serenity which was her gift. Anyway, I couldn't bring myself to leave Sidney until I was sure about them.

"I saw them pretty often in the next few weeks. I went to see about their passage to England. As I was coming to arrange some details with them one afternoon, I met the neat English surgeon on the stairs.

"How are the captain's eyes?" I inquired.

"He looked at me oddly, 'Removed the bandage yesterday.'"

"When Mrs. Rawley opened the door I noticed traces of tears on her face. It wasn't till I had rushed across the room expecting to meet that fine glance of his that I saw. He was blind.

"It's all right," he said as our hands met, 'except that I should rather have liked to see Lucy again.'

"Mrs. Rawley was trying to smile, but she only succeeded in shaking some tears from her lashes. Afterwards in the hall I tried to comfort her.

"He doesn't seem to mind so much," she said, 'but I do, just now.'

"But if he can bear it, can't you—"

"Oh, you don't know how happy I am, but I wanted him to see again.'

"We went back to England together, and they settled down in a jolly country place. She blossomed out like a flower, when she saw him getting better. I think his blindness was a bond between them that she scarcely understood. Once mentioning it on a rare occasion he laid my doubt at rest.

"I can be happy now," he said. 'We are quits!' I was sure then. He felt at last that the sea who had sought him out and given him much had likewise taken much from him."

The Professor paused, then pushed back his chair. "Of course, it was a happiness—qualified—"

"Like all human happiness," I amended hurriedly. "Where are they now?"

"Still in the same place. There are two fine children."



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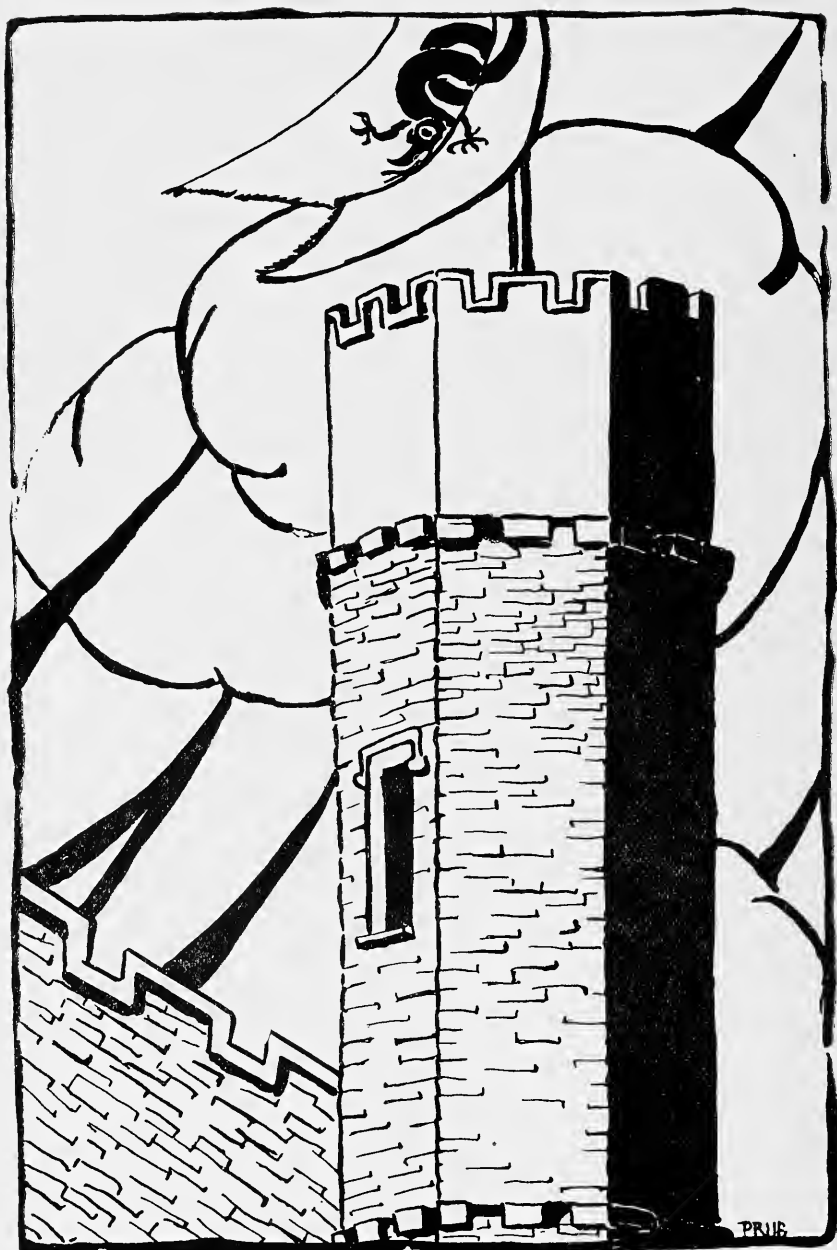
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## D'ANNUNZIO SPEAKS

(Published in the daily paper *O Seculo*, of Lisbon. Translated by  
Joaquin Ortega)

A Portuguese poet, Antonio Ferro, conversed with The Poet in his palace at Fiume. It was just before the surrender of the city to the troops of General Caviglia. Both said extraordinary things to each other. Since it is very unlikely that a similar conversation will again take place in this prosaic age of ours, it is worth while to give to the students of Bryn Mawr College the most exquisite passages of this famous interview. The words of the poets may be taken seriously, or may be taken humorously. The translator is *very* neutral in the matter. The initials of the interlocutors have been added, so as to avoid possible confusion in following the unusual dialogue.

The poets speak:

*F.* Thy Excellency is everywhere.

*A.* Listen . . . Behold me, the devout priest of Beauty, handling here vile human matter. . . . Daily, constant living among men so different is hard to endure. At the end of a few months their souls are revealed in their utter nakedness. . . . It irritates me; it disgusts me.

*F.* There was once upon a time a queen in my country who had the power to convert bread into roses. The poet Gabriel d'Annunzio transforms souls into verses.

*A.* I, the nomad, the vagabond, I who made Europe my *trottoir*,

locked in here, in Fiume, for more than one year. . . . I always hated habits. The one who lives within habits, lives within a tomb. Custom is Death.

*F.* We must be born every hour. The Sun is born every day. We must imitate it.

*A.* I seek discomforts deliberately in order to combat habits. I sit down on a chair without a back; I do not let anyone pick up what falls from my hands; I give orders to be wakened up in the small hours of the morning.

*F.* In thy body dwells a god.

*A.* It is thus that I preserve my youth, that youth which causes astonishment to everyone; that youth which is like a divine elixir running through my veins. I never know how old I am. Those who scrutinize me know it. When I am in my country, I feel as if I were lying down on a cradle.

*F.* In the meantime, the country is pushed onward by thee.

*A.* Portugal is a land of poets. There they blossom, live and die like flowers. What has become of Eugenio de Castro? Is he still living? He is a great poet, one of the greatest symbolists I have known. And Junqueiro? Your national poet, Ambassador of Portugal to all the world! . . .

*F.* Eugenio de Castro keeps on gathering gold, much gold, in the coffers of his books. "The chevalier of the irresistible hands," his last work, is a fortune, a gift of rhythms for all his admirers. Guerra Junqueiro, the apostle of the lyric faith of his country, daily yields ripe, savory fruits.

*A.* I never went to Portugal. Perhaps that is why I dream her so beautiful. She is a country of much joy, of much light. Is it not so? I see Portugal as a great canvas. I always evoke her in shades of color.

*F.* Portugal is indeed an immeasurable painting, a painting of Leonardo.

*A.* Dost thou like Leonardo? I feel for him a love only comparable to the love I felt for my mother.

*F.* It is not strange. Gabriel d'Annunzio is the Leonardo da Vinci of this century.

*A.* Pray, tell me, what does Portugal think of Fiume?

*F.* Portugal thinks really very little of Fiume. Of Gabriel d'Annunzio she thinks he is "the last of the Latins." Portugal feels for Thy Excellency a religious fervor; all thy books are books of prayer for us.

*A.* Portugal ought to follow me in my crusade. She is one of the countries I trust most. Thou, who hast contemplated at close

range the latinity of Fiume, thou, who hast felt around thee so much nobility, thou wilt be our Ambassador in Portugal.

*F.* I had already appointed myself for that post. I brought Fiume in my head; I carry her now in my heart.

*A.* Would that thou mayst remain longer at our side!

*F.* I will be at your side in my country. There I shall be more useful to you.

*A.* I lament that thou hast come so late. The heroic moment of Fiume is past. I lived here a few months ago as a sweetheart, the sweetheart of Fiume. We went promenading at day break, I, my soldiers, the women, the children. What pagan processional! . . . On my shoulders always weighed the burden of Italy's fate.

*F.* Italy, on her part, has built up an altar for Gabriel d'Annunzio.

*A.* I held socratic dialogues with the multitude from the terrace of my palace. . . . I invited the people to interrogate me, to put questions to me on everything, on country, on life, on men, on gods. . . . It was beautiful. A crowd down below was praying softly, and I, from the balcony, was proclaiming the new creed. Now and then, accompanying me as a great organ, the voice of the Adriatic could be heard. Many of these dialogues were written down. Thou shouldst read them. Some are strange, profound. Some times I did not know myself. It was not I who spake; it was the Sea.

*F.* Gabriel d'Annunzio's verses make one feel dizzy. His art is an art of the high seas.

*A.* My verses. . . . I am a poet no more. My soldiers are now the poets. Each morning a new song awakens me.

*F.* The soldiers of Fiume are thy last verses.

*A.* Beautiful verses they are, sonorous, rhythmic, pure alexandrines!

*F.* How could Gabriel d'Annunzio cease to be a poet when he lives in perfect verse form?

*A.* I used to like very much to know thy poems, Antonio. I felt in them the spirit of my race.

*F.* I bring thee, then, my last book. It is not my desire that thou shouldst read it. I shall be proud only to see it in thy hands.

*A.* But I will read it, be assured.

Tremulous, with the humility of a pauper, I handed him my book of verses, "Christmas Tree." Over the first page I wrote this profane dedication:

"To Gabriel d'Annunzio—the Jesus of the Latin race—; religiously, Antonio Ferro."

Gabriel reads this, smiles, regains his composure and murmurs:

It is very beautiful. I do not deserve so much. I am only a *devotee* of the Latin race.

I answer:

Jesus was a servant of his religion, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am about to leave. With a friendly gesture, Gabriel d'Annunzio extends to me his hands. I take them and kiss them.

What art thou doing, my beloved brother?

I kiss thy hands . . . and thus, I carry with me the impression that I have kissed the soul.

ANTONIO FERRO.

## SONNET ON THE SEA

HAROLDINE HUMPHREYS

An anchored ship, whose slender spars are black

Against the mere; a schooner down the bay,  
That like a peacock white, with proud display

Of full-set sails draws near, and in her track  
The many whispers of the foam bring back

Old caravels that passed the self-same way—  
These shall I know with joy until that day

When sailors cannot trust the zodiac.

Our forefathers we echo—surely mine

Have watched with wind-blown eyes the pale North Star,  
Like Leif the Red whose long heel knew no rest,

Or tasted day by day the bitter brine  
With those who for adventure sailing far

Dared seek elusive China toward the West.

## THE WITHERED NOTHING

IRENE MAGINNISS

To be cursed by the gods! Unhappy the victim, indeed. But can such things be?

"There was old Darnold," suggested Benham. "They said he was under a curse."

Rogers winced slightly, but the others did not notice. "Queer fellow; wonder how the story grew up," he replied with obvious effort.

"Don't know," answered Benham, lazily sending a puff of smoke to the ceiling, "but didn't it have something to do with his wife?"

"She had been dead for years when I first knew Vera," Rogers evaded.

"Vera! So that is the Vera that married someone named Mayhew?"

"Yes," cut in Rogers. "What about him, Ames, you don't know him?"

"No, but haven't you heard? It was the talk of the club this noon. He's been brought home insane!"

"Insane!" shouted Rogers, and Benham echoed, less vociferously, his surprise. "Insane!" He took a turn up the room while Benham watched him rather curiously, wondering at his friend's agitation. Neither of them had known Mayhew well.

Rogers stopped short and seemed to force out the words: "What about Vera?"

"She was drowned in Hawaii, so the report goes."

Rogers sank again into his chair. Twice he attempted to speak before the words came.

"Drowned! Do they know—does Mahew say anything about her?"

"Not a chance—he's absolutely lost his memory. He says nothing all the time but just one word—'yellow, yellow'!"

"Yellow!" echoed Rogers, starting from his seat. His voice cracked.

The others became alarmed.

"But I say, old fellow, I shouldn't have told you."

"No, no; it's all right, of course. It's just—knew her rather well. I'll explain later. Go on, tell me all you know about it."

He got up and, as if to quiet himself, put another log on, pulled down the shades and put on the light, with a nervous glance around the cozy little room.

"Getting rather dark," he said apologetically. "Now do go on."

"There isn't much to tell," said Ames. "It seems that some old friend of the family met Mayhew wandering around down there, completely out of his mind, and brought him home with a great deal of trouble. They say he can't be cured."

"But about Vera?"

"Oh, yes, the man—Holt, I think—who brought him home, said she was drowned."

"That must have sent him off his nut, poor chap," said Benham; "on his honeymoon, too!"

"But they don't know she was drowned?" persisted Rogers.

"Well, come to think of it, nobody seemed to know just where Holt found that out; it seems that Mayhew has been this way some time—just wandering around from place to place——"

"They've only been gone since April," interposed Benham; that's only eight months, so it must have happened soon after they got there; certainly is awful."

"Was this Darnold her father?" queried Ames. "There's something frightful about your idea of his being under a curse, and now this!"

"You might almost say it happened because they eloped so directly against Mr. Darnold's wishes," mused Benham.

"Hard on him, though," Ames replied.

The other started.

"Mr. Darnold is dead." Rogers voice was colorless.

Benham looked at his friend. The latter was certainly much affected by the news. He laughed queerly.

"Cursed! Surely as ever man was cursed, that family was—God, such a fate! Old Darnold was thankful to die—naturally."

"He changed so after the elopement," said Benham. "It seemed almost as if he expected this."

Rogers looked at him keenly.

"He did expect it, I believe . . . or something worse. Vera died for him the night of April 22nd."

Benham was surprised. "Was it as bad as that? I thought he would have forgiven them in time; they always do, you know. And especially after such a tragic outcome . . . to drown within a few weeks of one's marriage!"

Deepest sympathy was expressed in his smooth, placid face, replaced by consternation when he looked at Rogers.

"Why, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, "you're as white as a sheet. Don't take it so; you're positively shaking."

Rogers rose unsteadily.

"Let me think," he gasped.

The two watched him curiously as he paced up and down, his face and hands working as if from some great nervous excitement. Then he turned on them.

"Don't you suspect anything?" he cried; "can't you feel the curse on Darnold and Vera, holding her, dragging her down, to what—? If I could only accept this as you do, could only believe that Vera really had drowned!"

This time it was Benham who started up. "But, my dear fellow, if she didn't drown, what? What do you mean?"

Rogers walked over to his desk, unlocked a small drawer, took out a packet of papers and came slowly back to the fire.

"Bob," he said, "do you remember Arnold Deene?"

"Deene!" echoed his friend. "Say, that's another thing. Wasn't there some rumor that he killed himself because of Vera?"

"Arnold Deene was engaged to Vera for six weeks," came Roger's voice slowly. "Two years after it was broken off she eloped with Mayhew. On that night Arnold Deene shot himself."

"Awful," shuddered Ames. "It's positively eerie; what's back of it anyhow?"

"I never did understand that Deene-Arnold affair," said Benham.

"No one did." Rogers was untying the packet with fingers that shook.

"Deene," went on the other, "always struck me as a queer chap; but then I only knew him for a year or so. I thought it strange that anyone should say he had killed himself for Vera when he didn't seem even to know her.

Rogers looked at them both, obviously mystified and a little fearful, waiting for his words.

"I'm going to tell you," he said. "I've got to tell some one. And it can't hurt now. Arnold Deene was one of my closest friends at the time of his engagement to Vera."

He paused, then: "Did you know that Mr. Darnold opposed that match as strenuously as he did her marriage to Mayhew?" he shot out.

Both disclaimed all knowledge of the situation. "Didn't know either of them then," Benham apologized. And the whole story Rogers knew was fresh to Ames.

Rogers went on. "You say you thought Deene queer; there wasn't a finer, jollier, saner chap in the world than Deene at that time. He had loved Vera devotedly for years, and finally their engagement was announced, though absolutely in defiance of her father's wishes; no one knew why he objected. From that moment

Deene grew to be a different man. He became nervous and excitable, went about with a haunted air, got thin, and looked awful generally. Vera was plainly unhappy, no one understood it. Deene avoided us all, even me, who had been his best friend, and in a few weeks the engagement was broken off. It was quite obvious that this was an awful blow to Vera, and we all thought Deene a frightful bounder." He broke off with a groan—"Oh, when I think how we all treated him! If he had only told me before!"

Benham and Ames were leaning forward in rapt attention, but dared not interrupt their friend's thoughts. They waited until Rogers went on.

"We all had dropped Arnold, and he us. So it continued for two years. He had lost that particular look of agonized fear which had so often come into his face during the few short weeks of his engagement, but he was never his old self again. He could not bear to meet Vera; they said that was why he went away, no one knew where. But he soon came back again, very gray and old looking."

"That's when I first met him," Benham put in.

Rogers hardly noticed the interruption. "I happened to be with Vera when they met for the first time after his return. His agitation was pitiful. How he must have cared for her! When Mayhew became so attentive to Vera, Deene seemed even worse than before. John told us as a great joke how Arnold had come to him begging him not to marry Vera. 'You dirty cad,' he responded, 'just because you almost wrecked her life, do you want me to finish it? Get out!' Arnold started to reply, but, as John said, 'threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and went.' We all thought it was jealousy, but now . . .

"We never saw Deene again. The news of Vera's elopement came simultaneously with that of his suicide."

"But why?" said Benham eagerly. "Do you know what it was?"

Rogers fingered the packet in his hands, then slowly handed it over to his friend.

"This was found among Deene's things, addressed to me."

It was a long envelope, containing many rudely scrawled sheets of paper, blotted and creased. Benham looked up inquiringly.

"Read it," said Rogers, and closed his eyes.

Ames moved his chair up to look over Benham's shoulder. This is the substance of Deene's confession, dated some two years before, as they read it on that December night by Rogers' fire:

"I think I had better write it down now, just as it happens, for fear I should not be able to later. Even now my hand trembles so I can hardly hold the pen.\* The room is deathly still. I have had the



great mirror which hung over the mantel removed, but still there are the pictures. And even now I can feel It, always beside me, growing. I feel that I am going mad . . . I will try to tell about it clearly.

"It is just eleven days since Vera announced our engagement. Her father had opposed me dreadfully, but finally, when in despair, he dared me to go ahead and find it out for myself, I laughed and was glad—fool that I was. He said he had nothing against me; he could not tell me the reason for his attitude; he threatened me with something nameless. He told me that I had never seen Vera's mother; I knew she was dead. Now, how I wonder about her—God! If I had only listened to him and this horror had been spared me!

"That was Thursday. The next night I spent with Vera, and later, in my room here in this house, I lived over again the golden hours when we had been together. And it was then that I saw It first. I was standing in front of my mirror when I noticed, by my left arm, a hand, hanging in space, and nothing more. Terrified, I looked from the mirror to my side—and there was nothing there! All around me, nothing at all, and yet, there in the mirror, that awful thing. I moved backwards, the hand moved too. I stood still and It hung beside my arm; and yet it was nowhere visible except in the mirror. A cold perspiration seemed to come over me. Trembling, I undressed.

"But I could not bear the thought of sleeping in that haunted room. Silently I crossed the hall and entered a spare room, where I purposed to spend the night. I locked the door and crept into bed without glancing toward the mirror or lighting the light. However, I could not sleep and curiosity got the better of me. Was the hand in this mirror, too! I got up, switched on the light, and walked over to a long mirror in the closet door, and all my fears returned. There It was, the ghastly thing! And even as I looked it placed itself on my arm. I jerked away with a little cry, but it stayed with me; I tried to push it off, but my hand touched *nothing*!

"Shuddering, with the horror thus deepened tenfold, I moved away and turned off the light. Though I returned to bed, sleep was impossible. I seemed to feel the bony fingers clutching at my sleeve. (I think I neglected to say that it was a right hand, small and shriveled and yellow, like that of an old woman.) I tossed restlessly till daylight.

"With the coming of the sunlight and beauty of a new day, I attempted to shake off my horrible impression and laugh at my fears of the night. Merely hallucinations of a brain intoxicated with happiness. Vera was mine!

"I jumped out of bed and boldly ran right up to the mirror, eager to prove to myself that my fears were groundless. But there I stopped aghast. It was still there, even more loathsome looking in the bright daylight, and worst of all, It was now joined to a wrist, which surely had not been there the night before; I felt I must surely be going mad. I dressed and left the house as soon as possible, avoiding all mirrors on the way. Then the thought struck me that this fearful object might be visible also to someone else, and I determined to find out. On arriving at the club I found it practically deserted, and hailing my favorite waiter, Joe, I called him on a pretext over in front of the large pier glass at the back of the room. Pointing in the mirror to the hand, I said, 'What's that on my arm?' His answer was almost what I expected. 'I can see nothing, sir.'

"I knew he must have thought my conduct queer, for I immediately turned on my heel and left the room, knowing not where I was going.

"It was then that the thought of Vera struck me like a blow. She alone might comfort me, but I could not tell her the horrible thing. Besides, she would probably only think me demented, and I could not forfeit her respect. I worried away the hours until I should see her again.

"I know I am not the same in her presence; I know she suspects something wrong. If only the Thing would leave me! What have I done to cause this horror? And it is deepening. Each day It grows. . . . The hand has added an arm, up to the elbow, slowly, day by day. What is it to become? I dare not think. . . . My mind is giving way. . . . Oh, Vera, Vera!"

Here the writing broke off abruptly. The rest was evidently written at a later date, and was much more illegible.

"The end has come. I know there is now nothing to live for. There is no escape for either of us.

"Since the time of my first writing, a month ago, the horror has never left me. I have tried to avoid seeing it, but my reflection is always appearing unexpectedly, from a shop window, mirrored in the plate glass of a door, thrown back from a picture; I cannot escape it. Gradually it grew, took on size and shape, and became the figure of a woman shrouded in dead yellow. As yet It has no head. Before that comes I shall take my own life. After today there is no hope. . . .

"I have felt It with me always, even though I could not see It. Only with Vera I felt oddly comforted. But now even that is taken from me. . . .

"Tonight was dull and gloomy. Vera and I went to the theatre,

but even the spell of her presence could not lift the despair from my heart. In every corner there lurks for me a shadow of sinister import. I fear the very sound of my own voice. I know that as I write, It sits here beside me, laughing at my sorrow, mocking me; I cannot escape it. . . .

"Vera and I have quarreled much lately. I cannot be as I used to, and I was especially distraught tonight. But as we were leaving the theatre, suddenly the heavy burden under which I labor was lifted somewhat. Just a minute I had of happiness, of the old mere joy of living, when the blow fell, and eternal darkness settled on my spirit. I can hardly bear to write it. . . .

"As we passed through the lobby, we were suddenly confronted by a large mirror; my eyes could not avoid it. I knew Vera was at my side. But in the mirror . . . the very thought curdles the blood in my veins . . . clinging to my arm was the ghastly Thing, gliding along with me, its wrinkled claws clutching my sleeve, its thin worn body outlined in its shabby yellow garment, its loathsome neck, and its head . . . its head was the HEAD OF VERA! Oh, Christ, what have we done? Vera . . . that horror! Vera!

"I dimly remember the frenzied shriek that rose to my lips; then all was blackness. Now I am home here alone, writing this. . . . I know that Vera's lost to me forever. I can never explain, and I can never see her again. I have written to her father. Somehow I feel that he will understand. Why did he warn me? Why?

"The dismal drip, drip, of the rain outside strikes on my soul like a knell. The deep pall of gloom which has descended on my weary spirit can never be lifted. I wait but for Death. It cannot follow me to the grave . . . the thought is madness!

"MONDAY, April 30th.

"It has left me. This morning when I awoke It was gone. Ah, no one can know the relief! But dull despair still gnaws at my heart. From the time I became engaged to Vera until the engagement was broken the Thing has been with me. Why, oh why? Vera is somehow connected with It. . . . The very thought of her is so mixed with the awful thing which has happened to me that I cannot think clearly.

"My friends have all left me. They cannot understand the change in me, and I can never be the same again.

"I am going away, a broken man. Oh, Vera! Vera! . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

Benham's thoughts were in a turmoil as he finished reading this startling document. Surely Deene had been the victim merely of a strange hallucination . . . and yet . . . and yet . . . why the father's warning? He glanced apprehensively at Rogers.

Reason enough for the latter's consternation at hearing about Mayhew. What was the connection between the two?

"Rogers," he gasped, "what does it mean . . . do you think It was real?" he shuddered.

Rogers' face was drawn and white. "If I only *knew*! We must think that it was merely hallucination, and that it was Vera's drowning that crazed Mayhew. I dare not face the thought of anything else."

Benham brightened. "Besides, if Mayhew had seen it, too, he would not have married her either, probably."

"Deene didn't see It till he became actually engaged and Mayhew never was . . . they just eloped."

"And Mr. Darnold," put in Ames, his voice husky. "He must have known something."

"He did know, he did." Rogers' voice rose hysterically. "We were talking about curses. Let me tell you that though Darnold wouldn't tell me a word, I did find out from other people that his father had died still angry at the son who married beneath him. Then his wife died, no one knew how or where, and people remembered the other. I don't know, I can find no way out—but if I only could be sure that Vera had drowned"—he sank back.

Benham was shaking, too. "And then yellow, yellow. . . . And we can never know. . . ."

## ON SEEING A NEW STAR

BEATRICE SPINELLI

Some day, they tell me, you will die, and fare  
 Beyond my singing, flowers and song and light  
 And you be lost in one eternal night;  
 While I alone and silent ponder where  
 You shower the jewel-light of twinkling feet  
 And fling the starshine from your glistening hair,  
 Or spend the glory of a smile, and where  
 And how that golden radiance all shall meet.

O, there must be between the farthest skies  
 Some world as yet unlit, which when you die  
 Shall catch the splendid brilliance from your eyes,  
 Shatter the gloom; until in ages far,  
 A million worlds away, some lover's sigh,  
 Transmuted, praise a new and brilliant star.

## A SONG FOR BREAD CUTTING

HILDA WORTHINGTON SMITH

With a knife of fluted steel  
Cutting down, cutting down  
Bread enough for every meal,  
White and brown,  
Through the golden curve of crust  
Every morning, noon and night,  
Till above the crumbled dust  
Rise the slices, firm and light.

So here is a sandwich for Johnny,  
And here is another for Sue,  
A shaving of ham  
And a little plum jam  
For one and the other will do;  
For little boys like to be salty,  
And little girls have to be sweet,\*  
And the lordliest king cannot find anything  
Like two slices of bread, jam or meat.

For what harvest of long ago,  
Flour of wheat, flour of wheat,  
Did your rippling acres grow?  
Wind and heat,  
Summer sun and April rain  
Beating down upon the plain,  
Far-sown fields of golden grain  
Made complete.

And here is the bread from the baking,  
All fragrant with blossoming yeast,  
A treasure at hand for the taking,  
And butter will add to the feast.  
So cut off a slice for the mistress,  
And two for the tramp at the gate,  
In hovel or hall,  
One food for us all,  
The sign of our common estate.

## ORDINARY INCIDENT

HARRIET SCRIBNER

Teas were a nuisance, he reflected, as the uptown express left Wall Street; they necessitated going to business in holiday clothes, and leaving the office early, which never made a good impression. Why the deuce was he going to this one? Somehow one never turned down the Todhunters: they usually did the turning down before one had a chance. But if Julie had to come out why couldn't she have given a dance to liven the monotony of the season; New York between Christmas and Easter, when practically everyone goes south or to California, is so dull. He crossed one long leg over the other, stifled a yawn and tried to read the headlines on the paper that the man across the way was holding at an inconvenient angle. He gave up, nothing interesting, anyway. He was bored. All the people one met at a tea were just alike, especially the girls; flappers with bobbed hair and the stock line, out to catch such an attractive asset to society as himself, or their older sisters, obviously meaning business at no less than six figures.

Life was flat; he was young enough, and sophisticated enough to consider it so. He raised his eyes unthinkingly to the advertisement of a popular magazine, and curled the corner of his lip into what he believed to be the correct position for a cynical smile. It published stories of young business men to whom success and a girl—always the girl—come unexpectedly, utter rot! Did the unexpected ever occur to the average New Yorker? His life was a mild routine, varied by incidents which might lead to diversion, but never did. It was anticlimatic—he liked the word.

The piercing squeak of the brakes and the slowing down for a station brought him to his feet. He sauntered leisurely from the subway. When one has nothing in particular to do there is no need of hurrying to do it.

The Todhunters' impressive front door, to enter which denoted one as entirely desirable, admitted him to rooms filled with the elite, and with flowers, an overwhelming mass, and dodging flunkies. He surrendered his hat and coat, wondering subconsciously how hard it would be to find them again, and mounted the broad marble stair toward that roar of voices peculiar to such functions, through which sounded the unmistakable tinkle of teacups. Half way up he met one of the bobbed hair species.

"Hi, Margy," he greeted her without enthusiasm.

"Hello yourself," she replied, then maliciously, "Alexa is here."

Not startling in itself, Alexa went everywhere; he had seen her

name and picture in the paper frequently since her return from abroad, but he had not seen her for two years. She had been different from the average then, she would be diverting now. Looking up suddenly he saw her talking with some man. He was tremendously satisfied that the sight of her made no particular impression upon his blasé senses. Yes, the thrill was quite gone from that. As he turned away she smiled at the other man, and there was something in the familiar way she raised her eyebrows, or threw back her head, that broke down his boredom, upset his indifferent calm. He must speak to her! All the while he was forcing his way rudely through the crowd, going through the tedious business of being announced and received, speaking the meaningless social platitudes, he was back in former days, and to him two years seemed far back, the summer when he was still in college, when he had been foolishly in love with Alexa, foolish enough to write her poetry,—Lord, what rotten poetry (he had had the devil's own time finding something to rhyme with her name); his conceit quailed shuddering, and he mentally changed the subject. He recalled long rides, games of golf, quiet talks across the tea table, dances and moonlight, and moments when he thought he had felt madness and triumph (still later he was to learn that he had not); even now some of that exaltation swept over him. He must see her again; the scene would have dramatic possibilities and he was fond of the effective. There had been no quarrel, simply a gradual drifting apart; it would require more subtle means to overcome that breach, and he felt that subtlety was quite in his line. He was sure to succeed. He was confident that she thought he had forgotten, well, he had—almost. In his musing he had lost her completely, and it was only after frantic pushing and pointed disregard of attempts to detain him, that cost him several invitations, that he caught her at the head of the stair; she was preparing to leave.

Faced squarely the situation was a trifle awkward, words seemed so inadequate and, of course, he could not show her he was interested—not yet. But he was sure of himself.

“Good afternoon, Alexa,” he was complacent with an exact proportion of coldness. She turned.

“Oh, it's so nice to see you again, so long since we've met,” her tone was as impersonal as the touch of her gloved hand. She murmured an excuse, smiled, bowed and was gone.

The crowd annoyed him. He left. His memory had vanished like a pricked soap bubble. He was bored again; more than that he felt an irritable desire to kick someone; oddly enough he for once did not think of himself.

## HALF-GODDESSES

KATHARINE L. WARD

## I

M. P. K.

The prompter drops her copy, all the lights

Go out at the wrong time—the gym is filled  
With shouts and questions: "Someone's got my tights . . .

Lights, lights—you in the gallery, you killed  
That whole effect there . . . red to amber, please,

And a blue spotlight at the proper cue—  
All quiet, off-stage—choir-boys, on your knees—"

A globe of splintering radiance—then, you.

With fluffy hair and fearless eyes you stand

Short-skirted near the footlights, and your air  
Pleads with your audience "Oh, understand,"

While your slim shoulders say, "Well, I don't care."

Your sweet voice shrills, intent your green eyes shine—

Oh, youth that makes frivolity divine!

## II

E. C.

Swift and obliterating fell the dark.

Above the hill, a faint, green, chilly glow  
Lingered and paled. The railings made a stark

Gray pathway to the hockey-fields below  
Where the last shots were ringing, growing still . . .

Lights blossomed on the slope, lilies of gold.  
The players struggled slowly up the hill,

Their footsteps clinked like metal in the cold.

I shall remember you forever, playing

Triumphantly, like a tall schooner swaying

Down dangerous straits, beneath unfriendly skies . . .

This, too, I shall remember—that alone,

Weary, you passed, and on the night's dark tone

Gleamed your white face and melancholy eyes.



## III

E. T.

As a lean wanderer in dangerous lands  
 Watches beside his fire, that hangs, a bright  
 Defiant star on threatening slopes—his hands  
 Linked on his knees, his eyes cleaving the night  
 Until he sees the faces keen and clear  
 Warmed subtly by the candles, and the nude  
 Tense arms of boys that swim above the weir,  
 Bright shapes of safety and of plenitude—

So from the intricate ways your comrades thread  
 They turn to watch your joyous wayfaring,  
 And in their fasting they yet share your bread,  
 And in their deserts still your rivers sing—  
 O luminous mercy, keep the illusion whole,  
 Bare not to us the substance of your soul.

## IV

E. V. E.

There is a window that reflects the gay  
 And strengthless winter sun, and frames the red  
 Of frail cold sunsets—so it was, one day  
 The whole west darkly burned behind your head—  
 About your rough boy's-shock the wild aigrette  
 Of a stripped tree with maniac vigor flared . . .  
*(These are the fading ashes of regret,*  
*This is the strength that purposed, never dared)*

Alas, you dark Vittoria of our days,  
 Like her in name, like her in innocence,  
 Like her in fluctuating power and wit . . .  
 Even now your elders judge you, and appraise  
 Your travailing soul with rules and precedents—  
*Vae victis!* with abortion here you sit.

## V

## THE COLLEGE

Others will hear the night winds wheel and march  
 Up the beleaguered hill-top, and again  
 Others will stand beneath the faery arch  
 And watch the tree-tops shifting in the rain;

Yet, yet again some girl will pass the tower  
    (Where late these passed) and with a sudden dread  
Hear, at the urgent summons of the hour,  
    Time splintering in the dark above her head.

You have woven for these a cloak of pride and laughter,  
    You have bound their feet with sandals never old,  
    You have set them at your wide, sun-burnished door . . .  
Mother, remember them. This long hereafter  
    May leave them vagrant, spoiled of all your gold,  
    Half-goddesses who are divine no more.



## CHAUCER: ON THE MOVYNGE PICTURES

HELEN R. ADAMS

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote  
Al trees and grasse hath bathed to the roote  
And filled every gutter ful of reyne  
Til al the damsels faire begin to pleyne,  
Then is the time to take a coin or two  
And to the towne gayly for to go  
To see the joly pictures movynge  
At which there is both laughter and wepinge.

Befil it in that seson on a day  
I tok my pence and wended downe my way  
Toward the theatre and entered inne  
In hopes to see the thinge how it beginne;  
I had neglected swifte enow to haste—  
It was begun—there was no time to waste.  
I saw a mayden in a lovely dresse  
Who seemed to be caste in depe distresse.  
The wordes this device kept throwinge in  
Sayde that she was ycleped Gwendolin.  
And shortly then a gentle man was seene,  
A handsome worthy youthe, and hight Eugene.  
This mayden sorweful ay shright and pleynt.  
Her mothere entered then, a woman quaint,  
And sicherly I wel began to guesse  
The resoun for fair Gwendolynn's distresse;  
For poverte—that wolfe before the doore—  
Knocked aloud and ever more and moore.  
Now pride was Gwendolynne's mothere's vice;  
For it her daughter she would sacrifice  
That she might still have jewells rich and fine  
And lytle houndes and a limousine.  
She was abeted in this vile deseyn  
By Archibald, the recheless vileyn.  
(He of forbydden wine did often sippe;  
He had a moustache on his upper lippe.  
These two things always marke a villeyne vile,  
Deceitful, morthorous, and ful of gile;  
While goode Eugene, the hero in this place,  
Of water drank and hadde a fair smoothe face.)  
Swete Gwendolynne, the little timid dove,  
Herself had given wholly to the love

Of goode Eugene without her mother knowinge.  
My herte was soore to see how thinges were goinge.

This Archibald was riche as he was evil,  
But nathelees a sort of handsome devil.  
He owned mansions and a lytle lake,  
A fyr-driven chariot of the Stutze make  
And other vehicles most numberlesse—  
A whole garage he hadde of them, I guesse.  
His beste friendes knew some thing of vice  
And spent theyre time at games of cards and dice.  
There was one ladye of this compaignye  
Who looked upon him with alluringe eye.  
(Her name the lettres said Thebara was;  
This circumstance it was a nolde cas.)  
She used every tricke she could call  
To win his riches and himself withal.  
And Archibald—to make matere worse—  
To her society was notte averse.

Our goode Eugene upon the othere hande  
Owned no thyng of houses or of lande;  
Wel knewe he what it was to labour sore;  
Each year his earnings grew a lytle more.  
His mothere was a widwe, kinde and goode,  
Who once had worked hard for brede and woode.  
But now Eugene had esed her distresse.  
At Christmastide he bought her a newe dresse,  
Al made of silke and of the velvet blak.  
In food and drink namoore she felt a lak,  
And though Eugene his purse was somdel thin  
He owned a lytle chariot of tin,  
And he and Gwendolynn some morning tides  
Did stele away and take some ioly rides.

But oh alas for stedfast younge Eugene!  
And wo upon that Archibald serene!  
Alas, alas for simple Guendolynne!  
How capable her mothere was of synne!  
For how could love and vertu ever strive  
Against such evil as there was on live?  
Sore is my peyne al that false circumstance  
To telle yow; I passe it with a glance!  
Eugene was bidden to his love's weddyng;  
The person married her with bok and ringe  
To Archibald. There was not much delay.

Eugene with cursynge depe then tooke his way  
 To distant cyties vast of strange strondes,  
 And sought to hide his wo in ferne londes.  
 Swete Gwendolyn her life it vexed her soore;  
 Ful oft she would but wepe and walk the floore.  
 Then Archibald would bid her stint from sorwe  
 But she began again upon the morwe.  
 And since she cesed not to pleyne and crie  
 And wish no better than that she might die,  
 It Archibald no longer could endure.  
 (Methought one could not blame him to be sure.)  
 He sought again Thebara, sorceresse,  
 And all the friendes of his gay richesse.

Now let us leave the picture here a lyte,  
 For of the audience I feyne would wryte.

Not many to the picture show do come  
 Withouten that they bring some thing of gomme;  
 And whil the picture on the screne is showne  
 Unceasingly theyre jawes go uppe and downe;  
 Otheres carry peanuts inne a packette  
 And crack and crunche them with a deal of rackette;  
 Infants of tendre yeres loudly wayle;  
 And someone sittynge nere you, without fayle,  
 Doth forecaste each event a whil before  
 'Tis throwne upon the screne. —Oh very soore  
 On this occasion it did me vex;  
 I would that I had stuffed mine ears with wax.

Now let us speke again of brave Eugene;  
 Five yeres find him in a different scene.  
 In Africa he richesse found, 'tis told;  
 His pockets now are filled with yelwe gold.  
 Now with three limousines he comes bak;  
 Perce-Arow, Pakarde, eke and Cadilak,—  
 One for himself, a seconde for his mothere,  
 Whil al theyre baggage it is inne the othere.  
 Of his return much wordes could I write,  
 But time is short, I must make hast a lyte.  
 Be it enow to say that strife between  
 That base vileyne and our younge faire Eugene  
 Arose—with what event? That vileyn dyde,  
 Perced by a pistol bullette inne his side;  
 And he and Eugene fought in dedly strife,  
 That Archibald thus ended his own life.

I have no magick pen to write the scene  
 Where simple Guendolyn and brave Eugene,  
 Those lovers younge, who parted in such wo,  
 Each from the other promised nere to go.  
 Methinks he did not stint his love to kisse.  
 So let us leave them in theyre mickle blisse.

A comedy then next to us was showne;  
 And much of wit thereinne; I freely owne  
 That I must laugh and hold my sides with gle  
 When these same clownishe pictures I see  
 Where al the people withouten praetexte fyte  
 And one anothere on the heedes smyte.  
 Now came the forecastes of the pictures newe  
 That would be shown for the next dayes fewe.  
 And then one half the audience did arise  
 With hats and purses gripped in sondry wise  
 And pushinge out did tread upon the feete  
 Of those who stayed. The picture gan repete.  
 I had not much to see of this first scene,  
 So took a farewell glance at younge Eugene;  
 Then with reluctance to my werke awaye.  
 I demed it good. I'll go another daye.

## EPITAPH

RUTH MCANENY

He'd always wanted very much to write,  
 And sought untiringly far and wide  
 Some vast experience so that he might.  
 Unjust! He didn't get it till he died.

## A NIGHT IN THE CAMPAIGN

EMMA GUFFY MILLER

To anyone who contemplates becoming a political campaign speaker, let me give this bit of advice. Be sure you have, to start with, sound health and a sense of humor, as you will need both to pass an ordinary night, much less to get through the experiences of the night I have been asked to describe. There were many nights just as amusing and some equally trying, but this night will give a fair idea of what a campaign speaker may be called upon to endure.

On the 28th of October I was scheduled to speak in Indiana, the county seat of Indiana County, Pa., fifty miles East of Pittsburgh. This old and charming town lies twenty miles north from the main line of the P. R. R. at Blairsville intersection; it can be reached by two trains daily on a branch line, and since I had to speak in Pittsburgh at noon, I could not take the early train, and since the later one arrived too late for an evening meeting, the expedient thing seems to motor over, especially since a prominent and proud Indianian had told me there was a paved road "all the way."

I left Pittsburgh at 3 P. M. with a good-natured Irishman as chauffeur, who was familiar with the regular road, and my brother, who, at the last minute, decided he would join me in order to see how an enthusiastic Democrat would be received by the overwhelmingly Republican townsfolk of Indiana. Before many hours had passed I was thankful that his curiosity had brought him along.

Our ride over was uneventful except for one thing—we found out before going far that "the paved road all the way" existed in large part only in the minds of real estate agents or future road builders. It rained and it grew dark early, but after no greater trouble than slow going owing to poor roads, we reached Indiana at 6 o'clock. As previously arranged, we went to the State Normal School, where we were entertained with some old friends at dinner by Miss Jane E. Leonard, a brilliant literary scholar who has been Preceptress of the Normal School since its founding in 1875, and who has been Dean of Democracy even longer.

The meeting was called for 7.30 o'clock, as I had to leave promptly at 8.30 o'clock in order to motor the twenty miles to Blairsville Intersection to catch a train at 9.50 o'clock, which had been ordered to stop there to take me aboard in order that I might reach Philadelphia the next morning.

The meeting was in the dignified and austere court room of the old court house, where portraits of dead and famous justices looked down in their judicial calmness on what would have been, in their day,

a fearful anomaly—a woman speaker, and the first I was told who had ever dared discuss politics. The court room was full, the audience both curious and attentive, and I tried to present my best arguments for the League of Nations, and in closing made a plea that the United States should not turn back but should go forward to take her place as leader among the nations of the world. I illustrated my point by quoting from that old American poem of Joaquin Miller's, entitled "Columbus," showing what mutinies and terrors of the sea the great Discoverer went through before success came, and then, as an ending, I recited the last verse—

"Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! a light! a light! a light!  
It grew, a star-lit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: 'On! sail on!'"

Little did I think when I was reciting those lines that they were to be prophetic of my own life the rest of that night, for in less than two hours I was pacing, not the "deck," but a railroad platform in a wild endeavor to find out how I might not "sail on," but ride on to Philadelphia.

Shortly before the meeting began we had been told that the direct road down to the Intersection, where I was to board the train, was being repaired, so that we should be obliged to detour for a short distance, but we were assured that this detour was only a mile and easily traversed. But the friend who gave us this information was either not familiar with the road or, being a Republican, wanted to lead me astray. We got to Blairsville in safety and there was still plenty of time to cover the five miles to the station, but some distance beyond the town we came to a sign with a hand point to the left, saying "Detour." We turned abruptly in that direction, proceeded along a wooded road a quarter of a mile, when we came unexpectedly to a high barricade across the road which was so torn up at that point that it looked as if the Germans had just retreated.

We could see no other road in the direction we were supposed to go, so the only thing to do was to turn back. When we reached the detour sign we met up with a truck filled with ice, driven by two youthful drivers, who were also searching for a way to the railroad. As they put it they had been "chasing all over two counties" ever since dark trying to discover the right road, and now they were going to



wake up the nearest farmer and find out. So we waited until their persistent calls brought forth a reply from a nearby farmhouse shrouded in darkness. The voice said, "What on earth do you want at this time of night?" It was then 9.15. The boys explained. They received some directions and then gaily calling us to follow them, we set off. We made several turns in the dark, slipped around several muddy corners and suddenly found ourselves in a barnyard, much to the consternation of flying fowls and bellowing cattle. Time prevented us from telling our young guides what we thought of them as we realized we must get out of this mire at once or be lost forever.

We backed half way up a straw stack, got out in the lane again followed by the truck, and started once more in search of the right road. Just as we reached the public road the driver of the truck attempted to pass us, but swerving far to one side he landed his truck deep in the ditch and, for aught I know, the truck, the boys and the cakes of ice are all there yet. Since our guides had proven so useless we decided to "go it alone," and took the first road toward the South, hoping it might be the right one. It led us in a few minutes to some kind of an isolated engine or power house, where we felt sure we would find intelligent directors, but to our astonishment the men in charge replied in a language never taught in Ireland, Princeton or Bryn Mawr.

Back we turned, tried another road, and in half an hour found ourselves at the same farmhouse where earlier the boys with the truck had received their directions as to the lost road. Again the sleeping inmates were aroused, but fortunately this time the mistress of the house responded to our pleading inquiries, and then at last we were given some definite directions as to where and how we should find the much coveted road. I had been constantly looking at my watch during all this feverish time, and now realized that if we did not reach the station at the Intersection in twenty minutes the only train would leave for Philadelphia with one less Democrat aboard.

On we went hurrying through the dark, but at last on the right road, and in half an hour I was running up the steps of the station, but halted abruptly on the top step when I saw before me a silent and closed railroad station. The stillness of a desert night was as nothing beside the profound silence which seemed to envelope me, but there was one hope left—the chance that the train was late. But how were we to find out? A light showed in a nearby house and to this my brother hastened, while I sat shivering on a suitcase thinking of punishments that seemed suitable for road builders who put up "detour" signs and then failed to furnish the detour, when suddenly there came a roar, "Faith, you've made it yit," said Irish Jim. But scarcely had hope time to revive when out through the western dinness dashed a

fast freight, and once more hope faded not to be in any way renewed when my brother returned a few minutes later, saying that he had been unable to get any response at the house with the light from which he had just come. The last hope now lay in a house a half mile away, where another light showed; to this he now went while I gave myself up to further meditations on road builders. The minutes went by without even another freight to break the stillness, and the only sound was the wind sweeping over the tracks in a steady cold wave. Again my brother returned, and this time with the information that my train had come and gone probably about ten minutes before our arrival, but it was a consolation even to know that.

What to do now?

Should we motor ten miles back to Latrobe on a good road and wait for an early morning train, or go on thirty miles over an unknown and probably poor road to Johnstown where I might be able to board a train at 2 or 3 o'clock.

I voted for Johnstown; in fact, would let no other vote be counted, since I was so recently enfranchised; my brother, thinking of possible fatigue on my part, hesitated, but the chauffeur decided it by saying, "Well, Mr. Guffy, if Mrs. Miller is willing to take a chance, it ain't for us men to hold back."

Again we settled ourselves in the machine, retraced the road to Blairsville, stopped at an all night garage, the only place showing a light after 11 o'clock in that staid old Presbyterian town, and inquired about the roads to Johnstown. The "all night" man directed us as follows: "Well, you go out here," pointing East, "about seven or eleven miles, and you come to two roads: one is long and straight, and the other is short and crooked; you can take your choice."

Bits of "Pilgrims Progress" flashed through my mind, but I did not take time to identify all the characters as I thought the garage man might take more of a leading part than some of the rest of us.

Again we started, this time through the rain, which soon turned to sleet, then to snow, then back to rain and so on practically all the rest of the night.

The faithful Jim kept one hand on the wheel, the other on the scraper of the windshield, which he was trying to keep clear, but rapidly as he cleaned the slush from the windshield, it wasn't often enough to permit him to see sufficiently well to avoid the ruts and bumps in the road, and as I urged him to drive rapidly I spent much of my time falling from the seat to the floor of the car, while my brother spent equally much helping me back to the seat again. Finally we came to a cross road; the flash revealed a sign board with a hand pointing—"Johnstown, 24 miles."

And now the question was whether this sign would lead us to

the long straight road or the crooked short one, but at least it betokened Johnstown, and we followed it. Soon we were plunging down hills and struggling up foothills of the Alleghenies and swinging around curves in a way that would have given delight to more youthful joy riders, and I realized that we had chosen "the short and crooked" way to the steel town.

Crooked roads in the country districts generally mean sparsely settled sections, and this road was no exception, for there were few houses and only one which showed a light.

We stopped in front of this one to inquire if we were still on the right road, but at the sound of our voices the light was suddenly extinguished, and despite our assurances that we only wanted to inquire about the road, not a sound came from this house. So the only thing to do was to move on, and that we did rapidly when we saw a blind on the second floor slowly open and what I imagined to be a gun stealthily pushed out.

The wind increased with the sleet and snow; there were no landmarks or guide posts to carry us along, but we went blindly on while the way grew stonier and the night colder and, if it were possible, darker. Conversation lagged and the minutes dragged into hours. I tried to think of something funny to say in my speeches the next day, but somehow I could not visualize my future beyond that snow-covered windshield in front, when suddenly I heard Jim exclaim, "Well, by Heck! If there ain't something that looks like signal lights on the old Pennsy!"

I straightened up quickly, peered out, and sure enough there in the distance glowed some *beautiful* red lights, and then I fancied I knew just how poor Columbus felt when first he saw those fires burning on San Salvador, and I was glad after all that "we were discovered." Suddenly the storm ceased and there, stretching out in their polished brightness lay the inviting rails of the P. R. R. Presently more lights and more tracks and then the tall iron chimneys of the great steel mills casting their glowing tribute out into the black night, and that meant Johnstown and a train.

At five minutes past one our mud-encrusted car drew up before the station, and I ran inside, shouting at a sleeping clerk at the ticket window, "When can I get a train to Philadelphia?" The night clerk, startled by this sudden onslaught, seemed too much overcome to reply, but he finally answered, "There's one stops here at 2.25 o'clock, but you likely can't get Pullman accommodations."

But at that moment what did I care whether I slept in a berth or in the smoking room, so I bought a ticket without further thought. The relief of finding I could after all keep my engagements in Philadelphia was so great that a celebration seemed in order, and we

inquired from the still wondering ticket seller where Johnstownians ate at 1 A. M.

He replied that a new all night restaurant had just been opened that evening near the station, and to this we hastened.

The name in fancy lettering on the windows—The Philadelphia Cafe—sounded encouraging, but alas! the door was locked. Inside we could see a policeman, several dark-haired men and a number of waiters in coats that had seen whiter days.

We motioned to the proprietor, who finally lifted the bar across the door, only to say in Sicilian English—"No good; too bigga first night. Everything—him all sold out."

But we urged and pleaded so, finally, not from pity but from curiosity, the door was opened and we stepped into what might be called in "Main Street," "a handsomely decorated cafe." Brilliant landscapes decorated the walls; the shades of the swinging lights were painted to match these landscapes; shining glass and mahogany cases full of cigars and candy, lined the space back of the counter, which was of marble and, as usual, littered with the conventional red catsup bottles so dear and apparently necessary to the American palate of the working class. And it occurred to me that Amy Lowell was one of the few poets who had ever done justice to these particular bottles.

Much space on the counter which was unoccupied by catsup bottles was taken up with shining nickel urns, from which bubbled steam of varied odors, while in between and all about were huge floral offerings, tied with our own red, white and blue, or with the red, white and green of Italy, and bearing inscriptions of good luck and friendship.

Evidently the friends of the proprietor had seen to it that the opening of the new cafe should have the proper kind of notice and support. The waiters looked worn out, and the greasy tables were piled full of chairs, so that the char women just entering from the rear would be able to wash up the floor, which showed evidence of much food having been spilled by the first comers, and everywhere was that unventilated feeling of "the morning after."

However, the counter with its twirling stools still had room for a few dishes, and there we sat down, and when we assured the proprietor all we wanted was something hot to drink, he ordered us served with coffee, cocoa, rolls and doughnuts, and with my back turned on the debris and my gaze riveted on "lovely" ladies pictured on cigar boxes, I drank a huge cup of chocolate with as much appetite as I did in Freshman year in college, when we made a paste of chocolate and condensed milk.

Then back to the station we went to wait for the train, which was half an hour late. There were only two other passengers waiting for

late trains; two men carrying guns, but from their gait the game they had hunted must have been mountain moonshine, and we judged their success in that sport had been of some magnitude.

Up until this time I had not felt at all sleepy, but when the train pulled in at about 3 A. M. I could have slept standing up on the platform.

The porter of the car on which I stepped amid the farewells of the two faithful men who had so gallantly seen me through to the end, said "Ain't no room in this car, Miss."

That "Miss" put new life into such an old married woman as I am, and I replied, "Never mind, I am coming in anyway," and the train moved off.

The Pullman conductor appeared. I asked for a berth only to be told they were all sold, but that upper nine might be vacated at Altoona. That did not sound particularly enticing, and then suddenly I had a clever thought and in a very lordly but, I must confess, very undemocratic manner, I asked, "Haven't you a vacant drawing room?"

"Why—yes," came the reply. "How many are there of you," and I replied very imposingly, "One."

And then such politeness! Queen Marie herself had no greater deference shown her at Bryn Mawr than I had that night when I was escorted down that Pullman aisle by a bowing porter and an over-attentive conductor for all the world as if I were royalty itself instead of an obscure campaign speaker.

But I paid for the conductor's civility, as I afterward found out, for he overcharged me by \$4 for my few hours sleep, but I did not begrudge it as it was the best and soundest sleep I ever had, and if ever the Pullman Company wishes testimonials for their soft mattresses and pleasant berths, they should ask me, and I shall write thinking of that night but of few others.

It seemed but a few minutes until I was called for Philadelphia, and then came the every day round of a speaker's life toward the end of the campaign when you flit from one place to another hoping to convince the still undecided, but judging from the vast majorities I failed to convince many. But when at noon on that same day I stood on a table in front of Benjamin Franklin's statue before the post office on Chestnut Street and Mrs. Edward Davis, the great granddaughter of Philadelphia's greatest citizen, introduced me to the gathering crowd, she could not resist telling them some of the difficulties through which I had come to get there, and I could not refrain from adding, "Now had I been a Republican I would have turned back to 'normalcy,' but being a Democrat, I came on to Philadelphia."

## WHY DO THEY DO IT?

H. H. MCC. STONE

Do you read stories that start this way: "I doubt whether I should really question whether it had happened or whether it had not. Daphne sipping tea from her special yellow lustre cup assures us that it could not; but we do not consider that Daphne has the temperament for such an affair. On the other hand however Sheila who perhaps was really more concerned than any of the rest of us believes. . . . But that is my story. There is a fascination about these illusive personal contacts, is there not, especially at tea time."

Whoa, steady, where are me now? Forever dodging the point, like fencing. Could you read such, man to man? I did once, I'm not boasting, and here are some statistics. In the whole thing there were 118 paragraphs. I counted them before I read the story. Then I went through and crossed out all the "I wonder" ones. There were 42 left. Then I read the story. It was quite exciting and somewhat subtle. After waiting a week, a rather busy one, I read it again, all 118 this time. But the mass of verbiage was too great. I felt as though I'd been translating from a foreign conditional into ours. When asked to go for a ride I replied,

"I wonder if you could possibly consider the contingency of whether you should wait for me, were it possible that I might get my hat."

What is the idea? Is it necessary? Are there some people so fond of the words of their mother tongue per se, that they enjoy having them stuffed into a potentially lively story? Alas, yes, there seem to be.

Or do you read tales starting like this:

"The rich golden mellow luscious lustre of the autumn eve bathed the lazy lawns and elegant elms of Lindenhurst. Never before, it seemed, had Nature (with a capital N) lavish such luxuries on the countryside. The astres in their huddled motley hue gave a brilliant kaleidoscopic effect to that patch of lawn upon which the broad west window of the old north wing of the ancient castle of the nineteenth century looked. The birds going South as they do at this season had stopped here in their flight, as if irresistibly drawn by the langorous luxuriance of the fading season."

Bah! What rot! Who cares? The word autumn, like the words Paris, Persia, or Pershing, is associated in our minds, through our own experience or the imagination of various and sundry poets, with sufficient warmth and color to make all this twaddle quite lame. And

so with other seasons—"Yuletide, with its message of good cheer to all," "summer and the blue, blue, bluest of blue seas," and oh, pessimus—"Spring had come to Homesteadsville."

As the white hope of the world with our superior advantages, let us band together, unite, organize, plan and burst into action. Let us free our generation and clear the way for the next. Let us save our mother tongue by refusing to have accepted by "Century" or the "Atlantic Monthly," any stories with similar beginnings written by ourselves.

## LANCELOT'S MADNESS

HELEN D. HILL

"Speak, wandering pilgrim, can you name who stand

Before you?" "Lancelot?" "You, too, as blind

As those unseeing fools I left behind

In Camelot? Those at the king's right hand

Who hail me leader of the King's command,

Or those with Modred skulking just behind

Who whisper things unsaid about me? . . . Bind

Those two together. Can you understand?

My brain's a battleground whereon have met

Two knights; each drives a piercing sharp-edged spear,

One true to vows he never may forget,

The other longing so for Guenevere

That vows grow dim beside her golden hair . . .

Men call me mad while they are fighting there."

## SUNDAY NIGHT

JEAN ATHERTON FLEXNER

With curfew bell and wink of sun  
Now your Sabbath day is done—  
From your musings and your prayers  
You must come back to office chairs  
From your heavens and your hills . . .  
Pippa passes—to the mills—  
Some have sat with folded hands  
Holy, like the Puritans,  
That anon will brew and bake  
Counterfeit candy and false cake.;  
Some have taken cards and hats  
And gone a-calling in white spats.  
And some chose mud and homely togs  
And went a-tramping with their dogs;  
These will, I think, ply book and pen  
Until Sunday come again.  
Now your lawless sun's brought back  
To his appointed zodiac,  
Books are closed in sore suspense  
To gather dust till seven days hence.  
And old black mellow violins  
Hung back on pegs—the week begins.



## A PILLAR OF SALT

SUZANNE ALDRICH

"But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."

Miss Peck clasped her hands nervously and stirred uncomfortably in her corner of the pew. She had not been able to read this IXX chapter of Genesis with equanimity since last Whitsunday. Dr. Goldthwaite had been away and a young minister of doubtful ability had taken his place for the day. This young man had preached rather clumsily an extraordinary sermon about people who were afraid to go forward and kept looking behind them; he had taken Lot's wife as an example. Miss Peck had only imperfectly understood what he meant, but this sermon had started a painful train of thought in her mind. Today as Doctor Goldthwaite's deep throaty voice brought out the familiar words she felt her thoughts turning again into that undesired channel. She looked uneasily around the church for something to divert her attention until the lesson should be over. Her brother, Reuben Peck, occupied the other end of the pew, sleepy and pompous, and his wife sat beside him with her cold austere face made up into its Sunday expression. Miss Peck had looked at them almost every Sunday, sitting just as they were now, for—she couldn't remember how many years—so there was nothing about their appearance to help her govern her rebellious thoughts. She looked hopefully down the aisle for something quite new, but there was nothing, nothing that was appreciably different from what had been there all the other Sundays. With a sigh she turned to look at her favorite stained glass window, which represented the Adoration of the Magi in a blaze of scarlet and blue, but even this availed nothing. Slowly it faded from her sight and sadly, painfully, sorely against her will, she lived over again the most vivid chapter of her girlhood. Her memory spared her no details and her thin aristocratic face slowly assumed a troubled, sad expression quite foreign to it.

\* \* \* \* \*

She saw before her again the main street of Dannsville, exactly as she had seen it forty-five years ago, on the Fourth of July. There was a platform draped with flags, erected in front of the postoffice. Around it pressed the townspeople, hot and uncomfortable in the merciless sun, but strangely silent as they turned tense, interested faces to the speaker on the platform. He was tall and painfully thin, his dark curling hair was thrust back from his forehead in such a way as to accentuate his large cheek bones and prominent nose. He spoke

with fiery enthusiasm and his deep, harsh voice thundered out to the farthest straggler in the crowd. He was talking of strange socialistic theories; he was building a Utopia with idealistic scorn of the "status quo," and he harangued with unabated flow of ideas for almost half an hour. He ended in impassioned tones with Patrick Henry's famous "Give me Liberty or give me Death!"

Miss Peck saw herself a young girl, clutching her father's arm with suppressed excitement, she heard his angry voice, "Jenny, Jenny, don't get all in a stew over such unutterable nonsense. Listen to those fools shout and clap, what business of theirs are the equal rights of man? That young upstart should be locked up, he's a menace to the public peace."

Jenny felt herself propelled through the crowd in the direction of home, she felt angry and rebellious at her father's lack of sympathy and as they passed near to the platform she flung a bright smile at the flushed young orator. Well, why shouldn't she, hadn't she met him the night before in Cousin Julia Peck's drawing room? All the way home her father muttered to himself, outraged and indignant at the tone of the young speaker.

"Why on earth does Julia have to get a young fool of an architect to remodel her house? And if she doesn't show any more judgment than to get him here, why does Jude Brown have to ask him to speak just because he comes from New York? Sloane, Jonathan Sloane, I never heard the name before and neither anyone else. Its outrageous that good citizens should be forced to listen to young upstarts with their tenth-rate notions"—and a good deal more to the same effect. The final sentence was passed on to Mr. Sloane by Mrs. Peck about half an hour later. Her knitting needles clicked with hard precision as if to emphasize her stern disapproval. "I don't wonder at all at what you tell me, Reuben. Julia says that last Sunday morning she asked Mr. Sloane if he would accompany her to church, and he replied that he was much obliged but he did not, as a rule, attend divine service. What can you expect from a young man like that? Julia should undoubtedly have informed Judge Brown and then he would not have been asked to deliver his heathenish opinions."

Dannsville had soon ceased to worry about the audacious views of Jonathan Sloane. The farmers and poorer natives forgot all about him, and the aristocracy—as they termed themselves—contented their pride by merely looking down upon him with lofty disapprobation. However, he continued to stay at Miss Julia Peck's, arranging about the new west wing of her house for another fortnight. Miss Peck certainly did not approve of him, but then he was an excellent architect and she could ignore his existence except for matters of business.

Jenny was the only person on whom Mr. Sloane had made a deep impression, and she found, to her dismay, that she could not keep him out of her mind. His Fourth of July speech kept coming back to her in an insistent and troublesome way. While polishing the silver or making the beds she found she was frequently preoccupied with the ideals of liberty and democracy, and the portrait of Napoleon in the front hall kept reminding her of the young orator himself, although there was no very striking resemblance. At last she could bear it no longer, and arming herself with a basket she started bravely out to pick some of Miss Julia Peck's famous strawberries. She told herself at least twenty times that she was only going because her father was exceptionally fond of that particular kind of strawberry, and that she really couldn't help it if she should happen to meet Mr. Sloane. It was a hot day, without a breeze stirring, and there was no shade anywhere near the strawberry bed, but Jenny worked valiantly in the broiling sun for a considerable time. The garden was quite deserted and finally in despair she was turning to go, although her basket was only half full, when she heard someone running on the gravel path behind her. Her unacknowledged hopes were not doomed to disappointment; it was Mr. Sloane. He had just seen her from the window and would she allow him to help, it was a very hot day for one person to fill such a large basket. At first he worked like a Trojan, but soon he became so interested in talking that he quite forgot what he was doing. He talked about a little of everything, life, death, and politics, and poured forth his ideas in a youthful, tumultuous manner, but he did not take himself too seriously and his charming boyish smile contrasted oddly with his deep voice. Jenny was spellbound, she could not tear herself away and returned home late for supper with her basket of strawberries still only half full.

Throughout the next week Mr. Peck was remarkably well supplied with strawberries, and Jenny with cosmopolitan ideas. No one realized what was happening. It had never occurred to a single member of the Peck family that Jenny would dare to have anything to do with an individual who had been ostracised from the inner circles of Dannsville society, so quite unmolested she made a daily pilgrimage for strawberries. Jonathan Sloane found himself looking eagerly for the small figure in the strawberry garden every afternoon at 4 o'clock; this was Miss Julia Peck's hour for hospital visiting and Jenny decided it was the most convenient time for picking strawberries. He found he could talk to her about everything he had ever hoped or thought. She, too, he felt, was interested in the welfare of the world and did not laugh at his young extravagant theories. Sometimes she was unutterably shocked, for in spite of the rebellious side of her character,

there was a deep unreasoning vein of conservatism in her mind, but for the most part she was swept far beyond the Dannsville point of view. She began to realize there were ideals and hopes in the world greater than any she had ever imagined. She felt as if she had always lived in a stuffy little room and that this man had come to open the door for her to step out into the open air. She was frightened and aghast when he talked about religion as if it had not all been settled years ago but was still an open question, and his remarks about art meant very little to her. What she really learned from him was a little of Hamlet's point of view, that "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy," and a firm conviction that she had the right to try and find them if she only would claim it.

On the day Jonathan Sloane was to go they stood together in gloomy silence in the garden. There seemed to be so little to say. He looked down at her as she stood gazing wistfully out across the garden and the river into the flaming sunset. He seemed to see her growing old in this little New England village, crushed by its bigotry and selfishness. He felt as if she were crying out to him for help. She turned, holding out her hand to him, and then walked wearily toward the gate. He grabbed her arm almost savagely.

"I won't let you go this way!—I can't!" She stood quite still. "I love you! Will you marry me tonight, and go away with me out of this place?"

The door of life stood open before her. She loved him and exaltation flashed in her eyes. She smiled up into his face, "Yes, I will go!"

That evening the wind came up, bringing great rolling rain clouds with it. The chairs on Mr. Peck's porch were turned over neatly so as not to get wet, and the floor gleamed like a sea of glass in the lamp light which streamed through a chink in the shutter. Gusts of rainy wind rattled the chairs in a desolate manner. The side door opened slowly and Jenny stole out. There was no one there and she leaned for a minute against a pillar of the piazza. She drew her cloak about her and shivered. Would he never come? She thought of her mother and father sitting close to the fire on the other side of the shutters and of their faces when they found her note. She thought of what life would be like without her mother, cold and stern as she was. Suddenly there was a crash as one of the piazza chairs was knocked over. Jonathan Sloane dashed across the piazza and lifted her bodily down onto the ground, where they crouched behind a lilac bush. The front door opened and Mr. Peck's angry voice boomed out into the night, "Who's there, making such an uproar." There was no answer. "It must have been the wind, Mary," and he closed the heavy door with a bang.

Jenny sobbed. She felt as if the big door shut her away from her mother and father, from Dannsville and everyone she had ever known, forever. A flood of terror filled her heart, what were her love and her new life to her now? She could only look back on what she was leaving and she was afraid to go on. With a cry she leapt onto the porch. She fell against the heavy door and beat upon it with her fists. "Father, Father," she sobbed, "let me in!" The door opened and she fell forward across the threshold.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a stir in the congregation. Miss Peck had fainted and her brother was helping her painfully toward the door.

"Really, my dear Jenny," he was murmuring, "this is most unheard of: you should never try to attend church unless you feel you are quite well."

## SONNET

DOROTHY MESERVE

The city's multitudes pass vagrantly  
By the tall glass of windows—shuffle by  
The lines of crawling traffic. Strange that I  
Remember how the country used to be.  
I know the silver of the willow tree—  
I drag my feet and seem to hear the dry  
Quick crackle of pink buckwheat stubble. High  
And slow a leaf is twisting down to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I know the sound of summer rain that falls  
And leaves the branches shiny wet and black:  
And where the tight-skinned caterpillar crawls  
Across the path, I know his lazy track.  
I know the shadows of swift clouds that blow  
Across the fields which lie four-square below.

## BOOK REVIEWS

JEAN ATHERTON FLEXNER

*Thoreau, Robinson Crusoe and Some Others*

Anchorites are usually dour, awkward people to meet, except, indeed, in a literary way. From the very nature of their calling it could not be otherwise. There was Robinson Crusoe, a scrupulous and encyclopaedic old character, excellently adapted to keeping accounts or diaries, but as he himself confessed quite useless to society after twenty-five odd years of solitary confinement. An emancipated, or escaped, anchorite will monopolize either the corner or the conversation. He will be exclusive, bashful and morose, or else never know when to stop—like the Ancient Mariner. True to form, large numbers of Dwellers in the Wilderness have written at length and in detail concerning their persons, implements, pet animals and philosophies. At arm's length and on tap at will, eremitic literature is excellent entertainment for rainy weather. But when the sun is shining and all the world is up and doing, hammering and riveting and testing the hard tasks of life it becomes less commendable. There is perversity and Anarchism in it calling up all the instincts that would play truant to organized society.

*Walden* is, however, a rather domesticated type of vagabondage, and Thoreau something between a gipsy and a farmer. He rails against the impedimenta of property like a Nomad, but hoes beans and balances ledgers like the rest of New England. The measurements of Thoreau's revolt can be well taken by a survey of Walden Pond: two miles from Concord, Massachusetts, within sight of the railroad, and covering a period of two years. One can urge that Thoreau, true Apostle of Economy, taught how scant a domain will suffice to the earnest recluse; which was a useful lesson considering that the scale of the Thebaid would prove a little expensive under modern conditions. The hermit must retrench as well as everyone else.

What is most interesting about hermit or vagabond is a simple matter of curiosity: why did he leave the beaten track. Shipwreck? Sheer inborn vagrancy? or an Ideal? Thoreau was not a Robinson nor a Rousseau, nor a Brahmin, although he had a fondness for the Vedas. As a social and political animal Thoreau was decidedly a failure. Neither the goals or processes of commercialism interested him, though from a safe distance he could admire "the enterprise and bravery of commerce." And in the interchange of ideas Thoreau found as much difficulty and tedium as in the exchange of commodities; hence abandoning the fellowship and employ of the world with

his curious single-faceted irony, "no exertion of the legs could ever bring two minds any nearer to each other," he went to occupy himself with the infinitely agreeable, un-strenuous and perennial processes of acquaintance with Nature; like many another egotist, giving himself entirely to that which he could understand and which he believed could understand him. And so it happened that in all philosophical earnest Thoreau wrote a book, not of tremendous discontent, but of rather eccentric pointed and delightful satire against his old friends and neighbors: real estate, respectability and the railroads.

Dear Reader (if any):

Kindly take the above with a grain of salt,—unless you, too, have read only to page 151. On page 152 we find an authoritative rebuttal of the hermit theory! . . . "I think I love society as much as most" . . . "I am naturally no hermit." But may we still venture to think that Thoreau successfully disguised the fact?

J. A. F.

## HEAVEN AND EARTH

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET

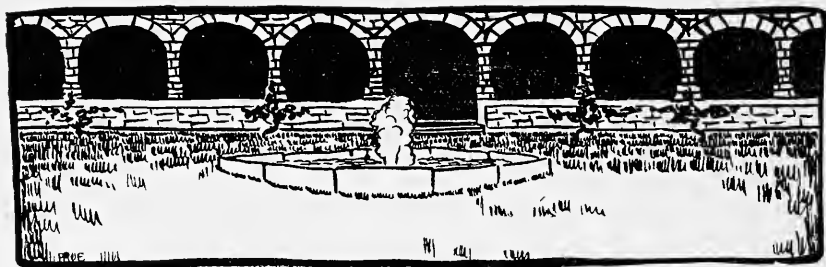
Henry Holt and Company, 1920

It is like coming back to town after a quiet, easy, spacious existence in the country. Suddenly things are happening all about you with a bold rush and an amazing variety of colors and sounds. Heavens and Eearth—it is magnificent; also breathless; also ingenious—like the lights on Broadway. And we go thirstily from page to page to catch the thrill of life that is in it again and again; first in Egypt (Helen of Troy and the Sphinx are there, wearing the new fashions of poetry with modern piquancy and ancient mysticism). Then by way of Lochinvar's castle and a new sort of ride from Ghent to Aix,—very living and *very* breathless—to the "Tall Town" that lies between Brooklyn and Hoboken. Madison Square, Columbus Circle, Thirty-second Street respond, strange to say, to the touchstone of Cosmopolitanism less happily than the more unpromising regions of Ancient Egypt and "Abraham's Bosom!" However, the ghostly colloquy between General Sherman and the "horned Diana of Madison Square" breathes a stirring spirit that is above the usual war-poster variety. The octopus crowd at lunch time is not a lovely sight, but because of its impersonal, energetic painting it has a certain grotesque, tigerish fascination of its own.

I have said that the touchstone of the book is Cosmopolitanism and that is a spirit characteristic of much recent Poetry and Art: a

breezy camaraderie in which pertness and a patronizing Yankee air are not implied nor yet rigorously consored, but whose essence is Equality and Friendship in all lands and ages with both Gods and Men. Death becomes "an obsequious gentleman, wearing black gloves and talking." Life a boring old Dowager, and Sherman's horse the Steed of Pentecost. The Poet grips history and legend and expects to fell the substance of the thing right there: hard or soft, hot or cold, in motion or at rest, but not airy nothings or classical pictures. So when "Helena hunts on the Hills" it is a very different affair from "the Hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces," or even from boar hunting in Homeric similes where boars were killed as a matter of course with a certain irreducible minimum of blood, spears, and cruel pursuers. In this case not only is it life or death to the stag, but exuberance, excitement, drama for the hunters, especially Helen. So much so that the Eurotas and the Centaurs and Helen herself are no longer what they used to be; not nearly as important as they thought they were. Glamour and prestige they still lend, and always will to almost any poem, but I am sure Mr. Benet could do as well with Guinevere or Beowulf or a Round-up in Arizona.

J. A. F.





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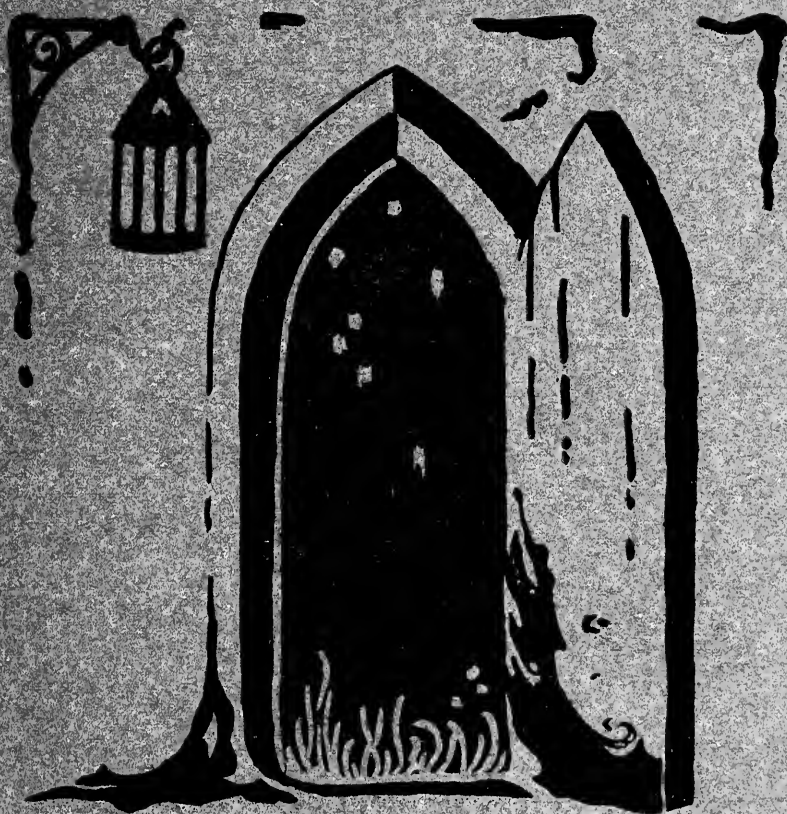


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Vol. I

SUMMER, 1921

No. 4



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A black and white illustration of a woman in a fashionable 1920s-style suit, looking up at a cherub-like figure with wings, who is perched on a pedestal. The woman is holding a long, thin object, possibly a cigarette or a pen, and looking up at the cherub. The background is dark with some foliage and flowers at the bottom.



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## RETROSPECT

HELEN HILL

1

Chattering schoolgirls under Taylor tower  
Who nervously exchange subfreshman lore,  
Examinations of the year before,  
A date, a proof, until the brazen hour  
Startles you, clamorous to pass the door,

You are to be the college of tomorrow;  
When June returns upon your senior year  
To close your book of days, in choosing here  
Your heritage of laughter and of sorrow  
Which are the moments you will hold most dear?

These are things we loved; as classes change  
You will see visions that we have not seen;  
Our joys will be your pleasures; what they mean  
To you will make our memories seem strange,  
But who dare say of them, these were less keen?

## 2

When the stage darkens after your last play  
And the light-hearted crowd packs at the door  
Calling "It's great. . . ." "My dear, I just adore. . . ."  
"That fourth act's thrilling. . . ." Will you slip away  
Stumbling past properties in disarray  
To creak again across the dusty floor  
And, huddled by the dimmer, live once more  
The scenes whose last act has been closed today?

Will you, too, mourn the passing of those gay  
Heroes, turned ghosts when that last curtain fell,  
And meet tomorrow those who played the play  
Unconsoled at the breaking of the spell,  
Knowing the king, last night's high-honored lord,  
A traitor who has yielded up his sword?

## 3

When from some Western window you look down  
On the dark row of maples, closely-grown,  
And dread to leave them for an outer dark  
With a child's longing to hold tight the known,

Will the bright yellow windows, flashing past  
Like sparks through blackness on some westbound train  
That thrusts forth boldly toward the distant hills,  
Fire you to seek adventure once again?

## 4

When the glistening daisy heads,  
Spattered with the liquid moon,  
Bend and bob in myriads;  
Will the madness of mid-June  
Weave upon you till your eyes,  
Dizzied by the shifting white,  
See on every stump a wise  
Old pagan Pan who laughs in spite?

## 5

Magdalen of Oxford, you seem near tonight:  
Above our new-world copy of your tower  
Your stars, that lighted down a thousand years  
Of undergraduates, gleam over our  
Beginnings. If, ten centuries from now,  
Others shall trace our days, grown legends then,  
What are the quaintnesses they will recall  
Like lace and sword of long dead Oxford men?  
For them, too, can new buildings of the future  
Cast shadows down the road of circumstance  
Softening the plain day of a staid wayfaring  
Into the half-lights of an old romance?

## 6

These are our precious fragments; they may fall  
To shards beside the chalices you hold  
But from our joys one which shall not grow old  
We pass to you, the heritage of all  
Seekers in cloister gardens, for behold—

On those who search the scrolls of ancient story  
From the smooth coinage of some buried town  
Victory shall confer her laurel crown  
To consecrate by its crisp lustrous glory  
The rusty blackness of the scholar's gown.



## AMONG US MORTALS

K. L. STRAUSS

After dinner in a wayside inn is a good time to grow friendly, and talk of the supernatural opens men's hearts.

"The realms of unknown knowledge are vast and tremendous, and their secrets are for the adventurous that explore them," declaimed the orator. Despite his Irish tautology he was a good American, the kind of man you feel you have seen before, somewhere.

"Oh, I think mediums and trances and ghosts and things are simply fascinating," exclaimed the girl, drawing her satin clad feet up, as if ghosts were oh, perfectly delightful, but sort of scarey you know, like mice.

"It's perfect nonsense, and I don't think we ought to talk about it," said her mother, and when she folded her hands like that you knew the subject was closed. But the orator wasn't through, why, bless you, he'd just begun.

"Nonsense, Mrs. Crool, oh, is it Mrs. Crowell, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Crowell," picking up the cue, "nonsense, Mrs. Crowell! Do you call it nonsense that we should use the intellects with which the Almighty had provided us, to probe the secrets of the great unknown?"

"I don't believe the Almighty wants us to know about the unknown."

The orator was transfigured into a prophet, "Rest assured," he decreed, dropping the pitch of his monotone fully an octave, "that the Providence that made man curious meant him to explore the regions of . . ."

"How about the ouija board?" this from the man who looked as if he were keeping something to himself. (Mrs. Crowell had noticed that he registered as Smith.) His heresy was greeted by an indistinct murmur. The versatile orator interpreted.

"The nays have it."

"What we mean," he continued, tactfully assuming the company congenial in its views, "What we mean is that what man has learned in his limited area of so-called science is but a fraction of what there is to know. Whosoever evades pioneer expeditions into the spirit regions is an intellectual coward," he avoided Mrs. Crowell's eye. "To use our own power to gain knowledge for posterity is our duty to—our duty to—to—our DUTY!"

"Do you really think so, I'm just asking for information," drawled the gray-haired young man whose name might have been Dartle.

"Why yes, it's our—our duty" (fine word that) "Hypnotism—"

"I'm a hypnotist," said Smith unexpectedly, though I told you he was keeping something to himself.

"A hypnotist! Oh, how marvelous!" exclaimed the girl taking her feet down and leaning forward to see him better. On finding the curiosity handsome in an odd individual way she continued, with a different purpose, the use of her eyes.

"Do you think that that sort of thing is safe?" inquired Dartle, "I've been wondering about that lately."

Everybody started to answer and everybody stopped politely. The orator saw he had a situation to control.

"Safe!" he exclaimed, "it is as safe as any experiment along scientific lines can be. You don't suppose experimenting with poison gas is a parlor trick. Yet think of the glory of it. Reflect!"

They reflected obediently. Poison gas is a large subject and its glory an open question. Mrs. Crowell seemed to voice the opinion of the Church and county as she complained,—

"Why bring science into the parlor? We don't want our boys and girls playing with dangerous toys like hypnotism. When they've proved it's safe, in a laboratory, on monkeys and things, it's time enough to begin on humans."

"Oh, could you hypnotize me?" wheedled the girl. She was finding the hypnotist singularly unresponsive to mental telepathy.

"Yes," he replied, insolently modest, "I could."

Dartle came into prominence, "Oh, I say I wonder if it would be wise, Mr. Smith." Beastly of him that; the girl looked at him indignantly; "Smith" seemed to break the spell. The sphinx-like Smith arose from the shadows and emerged into the circle around the open fire (the fire gives the Inn such a cozy feeling). He acted as one with authority, as he indicated the low couch in the center of the circle.

"Miss Crowell, will you sit here facing me; don't think of anything, but look straight into my eyes." Miss Crowell was most willing to oblige him. After all if it is one's duty and scientific experiment —. The orator rubbed his hands. He felt he was stage manager of this affair. These after all were his demonstrators. This illustration was proving the point even better than the force of eloquence. The artist's instinct showed this to be a time to keep silence and sit back squinting your eyes as if at a portrait. The situation was being well handled, then said Dartle, couldn't the man see he was spoiling everything taking the stage right now.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you." The voice was not unauthoritative, and so deep and quiet that everyone turned to look at the speaker. He was folded up in the deepest armchair gazing into the

fire. He looked rather like a medium himself, and though nobody had noticed it he had not unfolded himself or shifted his gaze during the whole evening. He was an impressive figure, yet he had a good voice, low and sympathetic; you felt that there were stories in that voice.

"Three months ago in a gathering very like this, some people thought that just for the fun of playing with fire they would try hypnotism. The hypnotist was just a man, the subject just a girl. She succumbed easily and gave us an evening of entertainment. She responded so quickly to all questions and commands that we decided to try yet more ambitious heights, to inquire about astral planes and spirits. She was slow to answer now, and did so with apparent effort, but the passion of the experimenter was upon us and we continued." The bitterness of his tone at this point would have made anyone but the orator feel small.

"Finally we asked the timeworn question, 'Are the spirits of the dead happy?' There was a pause then that ached with the throbbing of silence and her voice sounded strangled as she whispered, 'Yes, perhaps, but you have life that is happiness—living is joy—living is joy——' and she seemed to faint within the trance. The hypnotist, alarmed, snapped his fingers and commanded her to return, but she was unresponsive. When he had tried three times without success to bring her out, his nerve gave way and his power was lost. Smelling salts were brought and she was treated for shock scientifically. But it seemed that in giving us the message of 'joie de vivre' she had deprived herself of it forever.

"The hypnotist pulled himself together then, and began a dreadful ten hours of the most harrowing work that ever a man faced. At the end of two hours she showed signs of returning consciousness, there was hope; yet even at the end of five hours her breathing was irregular and faltering, and so despair! Through the early hours of the morning she wavered between death and that life which we now realized as never before, should be happiness. Well, at dawn she opened her eyes."

It was an abrupt ending. The orator would have done better. Smith tried to sound as if he meant it as he asked, "Ten hours of work is not such a price to pay for a glimpse of other worlds, is it?"

Dartle's gaze left the fire and took a sharp swift glance round the circle, before he resumed:

"That was only the beginning. When she awoke it was to see the man gray haired, a nervous wreck. Today I heard that she had been discharged from the insane asylum and sent to a sanatorium, where she will spend several months more. I was just wondering whether you thought it quite worth while?"

The orator's voice was husky from long silence and it was time for him as stage manager to make his bow. It was a good situation, not exactly the one he had planned, but he knew how to cope with it, bless you, yes, it was a good situation.

"How inscrutable are the ways of the Almighty!" He never spoke of God, you notice.

The voice of the Church and county was silent, but after some wireless telegraphy proceedings, Miss Crowell addressed Mr. Smith, using only her eyelashes this time.

"It's so interesting, so absolutely thrilling. You've been so kind, Mr. Smith" (no one knew just how). "But really it's terribly late and I'm afraid mother's tired. Aren't you, dear? You look perfectly exhausted. Don't you think with such an early start, etc., etc., ——" The ladies were gone. You could hear their room keys jangling as the sleepy clerk handed them across the desk. The orator cleared his throat and blew his nose. Then he cleared his throat again. It was no use, the situation had got out of hand.

Smith clanked the tongs defiantly as he knocked the fallen logs together. Then he glared for a moment at Dartle folded almost double in the deep armchair, and withdrew, still looking as if he were keeping something to himself.

The orator yawned a bit; anti-climax was not in his line.

## THE DISMAL SCIENTISTS

VINTON LIDDELL

All day where dull-bound rows of sulky figures  
Marshall themselves to prove the world awry,  
I read gray works of men who toiled in cities  
That other men might know the wind and sky.  
Dismal their science, yet their dream surpassed  
Those of the dreamers sniffing asphodel.  
They cast their dreams before them in the dust,  
That others walking there might dream as well.  
Who most love beauty,—those who flee from grime,  
Or those who seek to end it for all time?

## THE KINGDOM THAT KNEW IT ALL

VINTON LIDDELL

"We recently commented on discoveries proving the existence of large-brained men at a period so remote from our own times as to be measured by hundreds of thousands of years. These, and the remote traces of lost civilizations, have changed the simple and attractive view of human history created in the first flush of Darwinism. \* \* \* The lowest savages of to-day may not be surviving stages in the ascent of the white man from the apes, but the degenerate descendants of forgotten peoples with brains as large, and mental and moral faculties as high, as our own. \* \* \* Professor Flinders Petrie has insisted that culture is intermittent. \* \* \* He has traced eight \* \* \* periods in ancient Egypt. There have been other foci of civilization in Peru, in Central America, in China, Northern India, the Persian Plateau, and Asia Minor. \* \* \* The possibility, nay, practical certainty, that many empires of beautiful things have perished swiftly and completely, is being established. \* \* \*

London Times, Leading Article, Jan., 1921.

## PROLOGUE

*Bill Simmons is discovered kneeling at the edge of an excavation, beside which is heaped up quite a pile of desert sand.*

*Simmons:* I say, Rockart, I'm going to strike for a thirteen-hour day if you don't come out of that within the minute. You can prove your theory much better tomorrow when it's light, any way.

*Rockart: (calling from the hole below)* Go on home if you like. You have no more interest in science than the natives who dug this hole. But I tell you all archaeology points to this spot as the cradle of civilizations the world to-day has never dreamed of, and so long as there is light to see by I am going to search for the proof that must be here.

*Simmons:* Oh, don't worry. I'll stick by you. What's that you have in your hand? Part of an empire?

*Rockart: (climbing out of the hole)* Part of an empire? Perhaps. Can you identify it? You have a wide knowledge of machinery.

*Simmons:* It looks like nothing I ever saw before—except—No! It can't be that! Rockart, this is some very delicate mechanism, and, while it is incomplete and dilapidated, resembles closely the type of control dial our engineers have been trying in vain to perfect.

*Rockart:* Didn't I say so? Now, will you believe me?

*Simmons:* Believe what?



*Rockart:* My theory, man, of which this is proof! No modern device could have been buried so deep in these sands. Before our history began, men mightier and wiser than we, lived and built up greater kingdoms than ours, making the forces of nature obey their wills to an extent that makes our puny inventions seem as nothing. A few more eons and our loves and hates will be no more to the world than theirs, and all the collected effort of our lives will be swept away in the eternal winds.

## SCENE I

*Janavrar is discovered sitting with the High Priest on the marble steps of the Palace of Astaranth.*

*Janavrar:* Do not look at me so solemnly, Kogur. I know this is a great occasion, but, after all, should it not be a joyful one?

*Kogur:* I was thinking of the day your mother assumed the duties and dignity of queenship.

*Janavrar:* Ha, Kogur! And what a dance she led the kingdom! I promise to be more considerate and have a daughter immediately.

*Kogur:* Those were anxious days for Astaranth, when eleven sons in succession were born in the palace, and still you came not.

*Janavrar:* You must have thought the gods had decided the line of Astar should cease. But at last I saved the day, and the Temple is eleven priests to the good. Surely, Uncle, it would be as great a disaster if there should be no princes, for to the royal blood alone may the secrets of the gods be entrusted.

*Kogur:* The gods! Always the gods!

*Janavrar:* "The gods are Tcharnak, Freyneke and Garth. Theirs are the mountains: they rule the floods——"

*Kogur:* Silence, child. To-day you must be told what every queen must know. Listen to me, that you may better choose your king.

*Janavrar:* What a bore this choosing a husband is! Now I should like to change places with one of my own subjects and know what it is to be wooed. Queens may only read about love.—Tonight I take my choice of the youth of Astaranth. All the small-brained athletes and puny wiseacres will be assembled in the hope of being written down in the archives as the father of my children!—Is what you have to tell me interesting, or merely another precept of the gods?

*Kogur:* It is this: there are no gods.

*Janavrar:* "The gods are Tcharnak, Freyneke and Garth——" What are you telling me?

*Kogur:* The gods are the power of the queen's hand, the wand with which she rules her people. In the early years of the kingdom

only the priests knew this, but the queen must know, else she will rely upon the gods for help and let situations slip from her control. The Queen of Astaranth must rely upon herself alone.

*Janavrrar:* All my life I have been taken to the Temple to cast flowers and grain upon the painted altars. All my life I have worn the sacred amulet of the royal safety. If there are no gods, why have I been taught to honor them?

*Kogur:* No one can teach who has not learned. The people cannot understand that we know nothing of the workings of the earth and the stars. The gods are the wand of the queen's power. If the people did not believe in the gods, where would law and order be?

*Janavrrar:* Then a queen's life is one of deceit—as are those of the priests of Tcharnak! I will disprove your statement, Kogur. My people shall know the truth tonight.

*Kogur:* Exactly—what every queen has said.

*Janavrrar:* Indeed! And why has none stood by her word?

*Kogur:* Because each has seen her folly before it was too late. All people have not the high ideals of queens. What but fear of the gods insures honesty and morality?

*Janavrrar:* You may be right. Yet, if the queen deceives, how can she teach honesty to her people?

*Kogur:* The queen does not deceive. She owes a high duty to her country and best fulfills it by ruling wisely.

*Janavrrar:* Your words come smoothly, Kogur. However, for the present I will keep silent. And now I must dress for the Ball of the Queen's Choice. Oh, pray, Uncle, that there may be handsome men!

## SCENE II

*Janavrrar slips from the palace and seats herself behind a pillar at the top of the marble steps.*

*Janavrrar:* Oh, a moment's rest and freedom at last! Those dreadful grocers' boys who walk all over my feet and expect to be chosen because they are tall and healthy! Still they are no worse than the witless dancing-masters and the intellectuals who all but wave their degrees in my face. The more I see of democracy the less I like it. Oh, dear, here comes another anxious aspirant!

*Toron: (below)-* Are you the Princess Janavrrar?

*Janavrrar:* I am. Do you desire anything of me?

*Toron:* Not for myself, majesty, but for your people, who are dying.

*Janavrrar:* My people—dying!

*Toron:* The little towns on the outskirts of Astara are ablaze with funeral pyres—except where none are left strong enough to light

them. A pestilence is sweeping the country, and unless strict measures are taken even the palace of the queen will not escape.

*Janavrar:* Why have I not been told?

*Toron:* That I cannot say, but now that you know, it lies in your power to save many lives. By issuing one order you may perhaps end the plague. Every day the people drag themselves to the Banks of the Sacred River in the hope of relieving their fever. I am here to beg you to forbid anyone's drinking its waters.

*Janavrar:* Forbid the people the waters of Arnera? Why, pray?

*Toron:* Princess, you rule over a great kingdom. Peace is in your land and your commerce circles the earth. Your planes are the swiftest and steadiest the world has ever known, and even the ancient and fabulous wealth of Skondri produced no such ships as yours. The laws of nature are bent to your will—excepting in one respect. The wisest of your councillors knows nothing of the cause or prevention of plagues such as the one now ravaging the kingdom.

*Janavrar:* And you, in your great sagacity, would have me believe it lies in the waters of Arnera? The Sacred River, from which the people have drunk for generations!

*Toron:* Majesty, all my life I have studied these things, and I have come to know that a creature so tiny the unaided eye cannot even perceive it possesses the power to overthrow a kingdom.

*Janavrar:* Your words are riddles. Why are you not at the ball?

*Toron:* What ball? I have no time for dancing.

*Janavrar:* The Ball of the Queen's Choice.

*Toron:* Of course. I should have remembered. Have you chosen yet, Princess?

*Janavrar:* Not yet. I have found none fit to rule—within.

*Toron:* Majesty, there will be no kingdom for you to rule if you do not heed my request.

*Janavrar:* If I did heed it, the order would not be obeyed.—Are you not coming to the ball?

*Toron:* Look, Princess, toward the Arnera. Do you not see the rows of pyres and the smaller flames that are the torches of the burial parties? My work lies there and not at dances.

*Janavrar:* And I must return to this ball, for a queen also has work to do.

### SCENE III

*It is the moment before the Queen must make her choice. A crowd of citizens are forcing their way up the steps of the palace, held back only by the pointed weapon of a soldier.*

*A Man:* The Queen! We must see the Queen!

*Soldier:* Stand back! You may not see the Queen. Kogur, the High Priest is coming, and you may trouble him with your demands  
*Man:* Let Kogur, the High Priest, be swift!

(*Enter Kogur*)

*Kogur:* "The gods are Tcharnak, Freyneke and Garth——" What do the people of Astaranth wish of their High Priest?

*Man:* We want protection from the disease which destroys us. If the gods are punishing us, tell us why, that we may appease them.

*Kogur:* "Theirs are the mountains, they rule the floods——" The gods are punishing you for a sin you must yourselves realize and discover.

*A girl, crazed with fever:* He lies! He lies!

*Man:* The High Priest does not lie.

*Girl:* Where is the Queen? Let us see the Queen.

*Kogur:* Go back to your homes in peace. Drink deep of the Sacred River. Tcharnak, who guides Arnera to the sea, will soothe your fever. Freyneke, who breathes upon its waters, will cool your brows. Trust in the gods.

*Girl:* The gods! The gods! Have we not daily prayed to the gods? Have we not daily drunk of Arnera?

*Kogur:* Peace, daughter. The time of the gods is not yet ripe.

(*Enter Janavrar*)

*Janavrar:* And peace I say to you, Kogur, the High Priest. Be silent and cease deceiving. The Queen of Astaranth will tell her people the truth.

*Kogur:* "The gods are Tcharnak, Freyneke and Garth——" Speak not, Janavrar. "Theirs are the mountains——" The people will not believe you. "They rule the floods——"

*Janavrar:* Silence, old man! Know, people of Astaranth, that there are no gods!

*Girl:* There are no gods! Ha, ha! There are no gods.

*Man:* The Queen is an infidel! What wonder the plague destroys us.

*A Woman:* Blasphemy from the Queen! The gods must be avenged.

*Girl:* The gods. The gods! There are no gods!

*Woman:* For her wickedness we suffer!

*Man:* "The gods are Tcharnak, Freyneke and Garth——" Slay the blasphemer!

#### SCENE IV

*Toron and Janavrar are on the neglected terrace of the palace.*

*Janavrar:* When I see these halls so desolate I almost wish you had not saved me, Toron. Surely it were better for me to have perished at the hands of my people than to survive them—as you prophesied—a queen without a country.

*Toron:* You did a noble thing—too late. Just as I discovered a useful fact—too late. A few more years of work and I might have saved Astaranth.

*Janavrar:* Astaranth, the glory of the planet, gone almost in a breath of the wind. Even the Temple of Tchnarak is empty—the Sacred Altars which none dared touch for fear of very death, are over-run by rats.

*Toron:* The gods alone are left.

*Janavrar:* You say this—you who claim with Kogur that they do not exist?

*Toron:* The gods are the spirit of man's achievement and cannot perish. Where Astaranth stands—a thousand empires have stood, and, in the course of years, a thousand more may stand. Our lives are no more than those which have gone before them or those which will follow. The gods do not exist, but they alone are eternal.

## ON THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

DOROTHY MESERVE

They set their faces to the wind and go  
With only bits of flag to light the way,  
A line of fighting men, of men that slay,  
How weak and silent in the falling snow.  
A penny for their thoughts, see, I will throw  
My copper in the air, can copper pay  
For my swift sight into these hearts? They say  
That these are savage men. It may be so.

They dream of warm and yellow things that lie  
Beneath a yellow sun. The windless air,  
The summer buzz of bees, the scent of dry  
Alfalfa. Dreams can be so very fair.  
Fool penny! But there is no falling snow  
And I am happy here. How should I know?

## SISTERS

ELIZABETH VINCENT

"Why, Sophonisba Ricketts, whatever is the matter with you!" cried Mary Ellen from the porch as I burst through her front gate and slammed it after me. "Land-a-mercy! you look a sight. You've got your hat on backwards."

"Mary Ellen," I said, sitting down hard on the top step of the porch, "I can't stand it, and what's more, I won't. It's got past the bearing point."

"What has?" asked Mary Ellen, looking at my hat.

"Me and Beulah, that's what has. I know it's unnatural for me to talk about my own sister like this, but the whole thing's unnatural, it's hideous. If we go on much longer like this, I'm going to be crazy."

"Mercy on us, Nisby, I think you're crazy now!" cried Mary Ellen, getting all in a fright. "What do you mean, you and Beulah? What's unnatural about you? You and she was as natural as pie last time I was over to your house. You were scrapping, that's all, just like you always do . . . Nisby, it isn't a real quarrel this time, is it?"

"Land, no, Mary Ellen, I wish it was."

"Nisby Ricketts!"

"Well, I'll tell you what it is. Ever since Ma and Pa died, Beulah and I have been a-living in that house by ourselves getting more and more on each other's nerves all the time. It was just sisterly scrapping like you and everybody else thinks until Beulah had her accident. But since she can't move around much, she's so irritable you just can't please her. And as for me, I'm no angel, but I guess I'd have to be to put up with it—nothing but nagging, nagging, nagging all the time. It's no wonder I get sour myself. This morning the toast got burnt, and—well, I can't stand it any more!"

"Nisby, I don't think you understand Beulah," said Mary Ellen, very scared. "You ought to allow for the accident, and—and—Martin Lind getting drowned was an awful shock for her, even if it was a long time ago. You ought to think of those things."

"Well, why doesn't she think of me once in a while then? Does she think I'm happy? No, Mary Ellen it's no use. We've gone so far now, we'll never get right any more. She hates me, and I hate her, and that's all there is to it. We'll never get right."

"But what are you going to do? You can't leave her, Nisby. She couldn't get along without you, and you haven't anywhere to go."

"I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm sick of it, that's all, and I wish I weren't ever going back to that house."

Well, of course my going on like this scared Mary Ellen about to death. She always gets upset easily, and this afternoon I was surely gone mad. She told me over and over and over again, holding my hand and shaking a little, that I didn't understand Beulah, and didn't know what I was saying, until I really began to feel ashamed of myself for frightening her so. I began to think I was making a lot of fuss about nothing, after all, for there was nothing you could lay your finger on, so in a little while I put my hat straight and went home again.

Beulah was stringing beans in the kitchen. I'd thought on the way home that perhaps it was my fault we didn't get along, and I'd made up my mind to try to be as nice as I could. But I knew when I saw her sitting there alone in the dark kitchen that I couldn't be "nice" to my own sister as if she were an acquaintance. The sort of understanding sisters ought to have wasn't a matter of one of them being "nice" to the other. Whatever it was a matter of, we'd lost the secret, that seemed plain enough.

"Has anything happened?" I asked, and I couldn't help feeling stiff and strained.

"What in the world do you imagine would happen?" said Beulah, "the roof fall in?"

"You don't need to snap my head off just because I asked a civil question, Beulah." I grew irritated suddenly, out of habit. I couldn't help it. Trying to help it seemed so impossible that I gave it up, then and there. We'd lost the secret to being sisters and that was all there was to it.

"You might light the lamp if you've nothing else to do," said Beulah presently.

"Where is it?"

"Where do you think? I'd look under the sofa for it if I were you."

"Well, don't get upset. It's not on the shelf, if that's what you mean."

"I must have left it out on the stoop when I filled it. I'll tend to it. You go and take your hat off."

"For heaven's sake, Beulah. I'm going to do it. Can't you be sensible one minute? I just wanted to know where it was—sit down and let me alone." I wanted to scream with irritation. Here I was, just as vexed and fretful in the first five minutes as if I'd never decided to stop quarreling at all. I had tried before, I might have known I couldn't do it.

At supper it was no better. When we weren't sitting avoiding each other's glances, as gloomy as two old owls, we talked across the table, strained and polite, like strangers who don't like each other's looks. It was maddening. I got up from the table.

"Do you mind telling me where you are going to now," asked Beulah.

"No, I do not. I'll tell you with pleasure. I'm going off somewhere where I can be alone, and where I can get out of the way of your sarcasm for a little. Beulah, you're my sister, and I ought to love you, But I can't help saying you don't give me much chance. You haven't spoken a kind word to me for a year, and mighty few before that."

Beulah's eyes grew hard in the lamplight.

"You're a good one to talk about kind words," she said. "I suppose you think all your words are blessings from heaven. Well, they aren't, and I'm sorry if I have to tell you so. There, I don't want to keep you. May you have a most enjoyable time!"

I went out into the night with anger throbbing through me like waves of heat. How I did hate myself! All the goodness and gladness that ever was in me seemed to have been burned out by a little slow fire of irritation and quarrel that grew out of nothing. It was nothing, yet I couldn't put it out. I had come home that afternoon determined to try, but I couldn't get above the unsympatheticness there was between us. The blood would mount to my head, and I would take Beulah's sarcasms as if every word were a real injury.

"I can't stop if she won't," I said aloud, standing in the middle of the windy road. "I've tried often enough, God knows, and I won't try any more,—I won't, I won't, I won't!"

I walked along in the cloudy dark for a long way without knowing where I was going, or thinking at all. I was so unhappy that I could only suffer, like a child with the fever. After I don't know how long a raindrop on my face brought me to, and I turned around. By the time I reached the village it was raining hard, and I turned into Mary Ellen's gate just out of instinct to get under shelter. I didn't want to see her, and I was glad when I didn't find her in. As I knew well enough where to find the door-key, I let myself in and went and sat in the kitchen. I don't know how long I had been sitting there before I noticed that there was some paper and a pen and ink on the table that Mary Ellen must have been writing with. I picked up the pen and began to scribble mechanically. I wrote:

"Dear Beulah:

"I am going away. You understand why, I guess. We used to be good sisters, but now we are not doing each other very much good



any more, and I think it's better not to try to live together. You can get a girl from the village or Mary Ellen to go and live with you instead of me. Yours is the best of the bargain, I think. Goodbye.  
"NISBY."

I read the note over, turned down the lamp, and went out. I took the long way home in order to have time to think, but I couldn't think much. It was too like a tremendous chasm in front of me,—the thought of going away,—it numbed me. I would go to Cousin Nan's in Burlington, of course, and pretend I was on a visit until I got some work. That sounded simple enough but it made me tremble. I was almost crying when I reached the house.

I went through the back door into the kitchen. It was almost dark, and smelt of oil from the lamp, and coal gas. I hated it.

"Why, she's washed the dishes!" I exclaimed in surprise as I saw the cleared table. Beulah couldn't lean over the sink easily, so I always washed the dishes and did the heavy work.

"She wanted to make me feel ashamed," I thought, and felt irritated because I was ashamed, but not for the reason Beulah knew.

On the landing upstairs there was a lamp. It threw huge unsteady shadows up to the ceiling and down the hall. I looked at the table, with the burnt matches on its linen cover that was spotted from the lamps, and at the big high-boys, and the old picture of the Battle of Lexington on the wall,—I couldn't believe that I was going to go away. Then I looked at the dark place where Beulah's door was, and taking up the lamp, went into my own room to get ready. There would be a train for Burlington at two.

Inside the door I stopped suddenly. I couldn't believe my eyes. There was my bed turned down neatly, with my wrapper and slippers all laid out, and my Bible on the table. I was too surprised to move, and stood trembling with the light in my hand in the doorway. Since long before my mother died, no one had done any little kind things like this for me. I had waited on Beulah, but since her accident she had never offered to do anything for my comfort or pleasure before. The warm feeling of gladness that came over me as I stood there felt like a pang, it was so strange. I walked to my dresser in a daze, and put down the lamp. There in front of the mirror was a little bowl of mignonette.

Well, that was enough. I took out the note and tore it into little bits of pieces, laughing and crying all the while, in a sort of happy madness. I wanted to run straight to Beulah's room and throw my arms around her neck, and tell her what she had saved me from, and how her fixing my room had changed me. But it was after twelve. I would wait until morning.

I couldn't sleep for thinking of how she had found the easy way out, the way that had been too difficult for me, how she had had the strength to sweep away her grievances and pettiness when I had let them drive me to despair.

"I'll make it up to her," I thought, looking up into the darkness, "I'll go the way she has led, and there'll be a new understanding between us. We'll be sisters again."

The bright sunlight in my room when I woke up put an everyday look on things that made me feel as if all that I had been thinking in the night might very well have been a dream. Perhaps Beulah would be the same after all when I went downstairs, and nod glumly without looking up when I said good morning. I felt ashamed and sheepish, as if I were wearing a bright green coat, or had on some strange new clothes when I went out into the hall. The familiar look and smell of the staircase and the downstairs rooms as I went through might have been so much cold water poured over my spirit. I could feel myself stiffen. But I wasn't going to let that feeling spoil things if there was any possibility making the dream come true.

"Beulie!" I called softly, opening the kitchen door. She didn't answer. I went in. The kitchen was empty, but in a patch of golden sunlight that fell through the door I saw her shadow. She was out on the stoop, leaning against the rail, watching robins in the yard. Her stooping figure in its shabby black dress and patched apron didn't look right, somehow, with the glow of sunlight all around it, and the trees overhead shining with last night's rain. She looked forlorn and lonely and apart from the glad world. I had never seen her like this before,—I had never let myself. I felt suddenly that I loved her.

"Sister, Beulie, oh, my dear, my dear!" I must have been nearly crying as I ran through the door to where she stood. The sun dazzled me, so that I could not see her face when she turned, but before I knew it we had our arms around each other and were both crying like children.

"Beulie, I've been a brute," I managed to say, and then we sat down on the steps and had it out, with the morning sunshine all around us like a golden mist.

It turned out that we'd been fond of each other all along. Our petty differences and quarrels had built a wall up between us that neither of us had had the courage to break down after it was once started. We had been afraid to show what we felt and thought, hiding away our feelings from each other as if we were ashamed of them.

"Beulie, it was wonderful of you," I said, thinking about last night.

"No, Nisby, it wasn't me. I've been very wicked, Nisby, in what

I said and thought, and it was really you that brought me back to myself."

"Well, the great thing now," I laughed, "is for both of us to stay ourselves,—now that we understand how it all is. We musn't let any thing interfere."

"I couldn't help thinking last night," said Beulah, getting up to go in, "that it *was* rather hard for you, living with a crabby old cripple like me. I felt ——."

"You were an angel, Sister."

"No, I wasn't. I was about the contrary. I didn't care then. But when Mary Ellen came in and talked about you, I did have the grace to be a little ashamed."

"Mary Ellen! She wasn't here last night?"

"Why yes," Beulah paused at the door, "she came while you were out and washed the dishes, and then she went up to your room with some mignonette. She stayed there quite a while. I thought of course you knew. . . . Aren't you coming in to breakfast, Sister?"

## FRAGMENT

HELEN IRVIN MURRAY

Up from the valley where the mists lie chill,  
The grey road twists and writhes about the hill,  
To where, in the topmost branches of the trees  
Dark and swaying in the damp night breeze,  
A great red planet winks its bloodshot eye,  
Beckoning with long pale fingers to the sky.

## "THE ROAD TO THE SEA"

SUZANNE K. ALDRICH

"I—I have forgotten exactly what happened, in the chapter you speak of." The old man feverishly turned the leaves of the book, as if searching there for something to gather the threads of the lagging conversation. I was embarrassed for it was decidedly disconcerting to find the author of *The Road to the Sea*, one of the most remarkable novels I have ever read, totally unable to discuss his own book. I felt that his childishly evasive answers must be part of the eccentricity of his genius, and I longed to change the subject but could think of nothing to say. I looked anxiously round the garden in search of a topic of conversation, but the small plot of ground bounded on three sides by a high wall, and on the fourth by the house, did not offer a very encouraging prospect. I glanced at the gooseberry bushes, and the fig-covered arbor rising behind them, and finally turned for help to the young man sitting beside me on the garden bench. He was watching me with some amusement, and smiling, came to my rescue with—"You have never been in Guernsey before?" I never had, and he began to talk to me about the island.

"Granit au sud, sable au nord; ici des escarpements, là des dunes; un plan incliné de prairie avec des ondulations de collines et des reliefs de roches; pour frange à ce tapis vert froncé de plis, l'écume de l'océan." That describes it better than anything I know. Have you read *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*?"

Then he began to talk of Victor Hugo. On first entering the garden, I had been so occupied with presenting my letter of introduction to Samuel de Haviland, and so impressed with that author's fine head, and flowing white beard, that I had scarcely noticed the younger man, who was introduced to me as Mr. Dean. But now, as he talked, and became more and more interested in what he was saying, he compelled my attention. I shall never forget him as he sat that afternoon leaning forward in his eagerness, his arms thrown out across the garden table, and his thin shoulders from time to time shaken with a racking cough. His face grew tense with interest, and with long-fingered powerful hands he was tearing a leaf into shreds. I don't remember very much of what he said, except that he thought that *Les Misérables* was the greatest novel written, and that the poetry of Victor Hugo surpassed all other poetry in musical tone. He had much to offer besides praise, but the charm and force of the Frenchman had firm hold on his imagination.

I stayed until after sunset, and then, suddenly aroused to a realization of the time by the gathering dusk, I shamefacedly took my leave. As he led me through the house to the street door, young

Dean remarked, "You seemed troubled by de Haviland's unwillingness to discuss his book. Don't let it worry you. He has always been very shy with strangers and lately he has been particularly reticent. He hasn't seemed very well and I am afraid his age is beginning to tell on him." He paused. "I'm sorry I did so much talking myself. After all, you didn't come to listen to what I had to say about Victor Hugo."

"Do you think that it would tire Mr. de Haviland too much if I were to call again?" I inquired rather anxiously, because I wanted to learn more of this silent writer of great books, and his singular young companion. Dean smiled at me oddly as he opened the front door, and answered, "No, not at all, if you are careful not to worry him by talking about his book. Good evening!"

The door closed and I found myself in the little lane between a row of houses, and the high wall of a garden. I walked along to the corner of Saumerez Street, from which I could look across the town of St. Peter's Port to the harbor, and Castle Cornet rising above the breakwater. The lights had sprung up here and there along the Esplanade and they stood out, faint yellow blots in the pink after-glow of the sunset.

I half wondered why I had come. "Lion hunting" was no proper occupation for a man of forty, and the rough uncomfortable trip from London to Guernsey seemed rather futile as I thought over the afternoon. There was a rebellious fire and lordly contempt of pretense in *The Road to the Sea*, which had led me to seek out its author, and now that I had found him, he was a sick old man, whose inspiration had died within him. How could he have written that book, which all London was talking about? But in spite of myself I was interested. There was yet a chance, I thought as I walked towards my lodgings, that de Haviland would show some sign of life, and at any rate his fiery young friend seemed worth cultivating. I had been working hard in my London office and needed rest; so I settled down for a fortnight's stay.

I spent the first few days in wandering about St. Peter's Port. I visited the town church, and Castle Cornet, and spent hours threading crooked little streets which seemed to lead in one direction, and then actually to trot one off on an unexpected tangent. About two days after my puzzling call I met young Dean in the market place. He was buying a great bunch of primroses for the girl who was with him. His back was turned toward me, and she was standing a little to one side facing him, so I could see her quite well. She was very beautiful. Her wide, blue hat framed a small oval face and shaded her pale, gold hair. Her gray eyes laughed up at him, and she said,

"But, Michael, the woods are full of primroses. Why do you want to buy them for me? Don't be silly!"

"Please! They just match your hair, and the coppers are so heavy in my pocket!"

"Well, if you like. They are lovely. There's a gentleman behind you who looks as if he knew you. Who is it?"

Dean turned with an incredulous shrug, but on recognizing me he came forward smiling. He seemed glad to see me and introduced me to his companion. She was Gladys de Haviland, the daughter of the author. I had half known it was she all along. She explained the connection between these two men, far better than any common literary interest could have done. Dean urged me to take a walk with them along the Esplanade by the harbor. At first I was reluctant, because after all why should they want another person when they seemed perfectly happy together? But he took my arm and marched me off.

"Come, come! I know you have nothing better to do. It will do you good. I believe you sit at home and read too much anyway!"

Thus almost against my will I was led away between them. Dean was the only one of us who did much talking. His serious mood of the other afternoon seemed to have gone entirely, and he rattled on about anything and everything. Gladys laughed happily at his jokes, but except for a few polite words to me, she walked in contented silence. Once or twice I felt as if Dean's continual flow of conversation was forced and unnatural, and his constant cough distressed me. On the whole, however, it was a delightful morning and Dean urged me to go with them again very soon.

I called several times more on Mr. de Haviland, but his conversation was always unutterably dull. *The Road to the Sea* seemed to have no part in his make-up, and I found it hard to convince myself of his undoubted genius. I began to lose interest in the old man, and to care very little if I ever did penetrate his querulous reserve. Another matter was engrossing my attention; I was trying to puzzle out the relationship between Michael Dean and Gladys de Haviland. That they loved one another I did not doubt, and yet there was something strange about it. Why had they not been married long ago? They had known each other for years. And above all why did Dean search me out, day after day, to be a third person on the long walks they took together? I had the feeling of being drawn into a painful situation which was none of my making.

I discovered that Dean had first come to Guernsey five years ago, very much as I had come at the present time; only, my object was to find the author of *The Road to the Sea*, and his had been to

see the birthplace of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*. I was continually conscious of the influence of Victor Hugo in his point of view, and habits of thought. I wondered if this tendency had been intensified by his association with de Haviland, for there were traces of the same influence in *The Road to the Sea*. It was on this first visit that Dean had met the de Havilands, and ever since, he had spent a few weeks of each year in Guernsey. He was a "rolling stone"; he seemed to have no home, or show any signs of wanting one.

Day after day I walked with Dean and Gladys, and slowly I came to realize that he dreaded being alone with her. At first I could not understand his attitude, and I do not think that he was actually conscious of it himself. Instinctively he had seized upon a stranger, who was not always asking when they were to be married. He seemed to dread this question above all others, and once when Gladys herself asked him, he answered in a troubled voice,

"When I have a little money, ma chère, and when I get better. You would not want a husband with an ugly cough like mine."

To my surprise she seemed entirely satisfied with this answer. I had come to realize that Dean was suffering from consumption, and yet the girl seemed to have no idea that he was really sick. Neither did she realize, I am sure, that he avoided being alone with her. She accepted me as a matter of course, because she believed Dean liked me. She lived easily along from day to day, happy in his society, secure in her faith in him. She darned his socks, and sewed on his buttons with motherly care, and she seemed not to worry at all about the future.

I did not realize the full significance of the situation, until one day before Dean and I sailed for England. I had been sure that there was more than sickness and poverty which stood between them, but I did not understand the whole truth until this last walk. We had taken the 'bus to L'Ancrese Common, and had spent the afternoon wandering along the beach, and among the ruins of the Druids' Altar. Dean had been more serious than usual, and Gladys more silent. A heavy mist blew in from the sea, and the far-off tolling of a bell buoy seemed to follow us as we turned homeward. Dean suddenly stopped and looked back towards the bay. He seemed to forget whom he was with, and everything in the world but the mist and the ocean.

"Combien ont disparu, dure et triste fortune!

Dans une mere sans fond, par une nuit sans lune',  
he muttered. He began to tell us the story of a fisherman whom he had known, and who had been drowned off the island of Sark. I shall never forget it. I felt the terror of the sea, and the fear of

death as I had never felt them before. Gladys stood watching him, doubt and wonder in her gray eyes. She had taken off her hat and was holding it in her hand. The mist blew through her curling hair, and about her small, straight figure. Suddenly she smiled.

"Michael, Michael, what a fool you are!" she laughed. "Of course it was a shame he was drowned, but any one would think he was your dearest friend from the fuss you are making!"

Dean winced as if he had been struck. He turned away from her that she might not see the pain in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, dear," he answered. "I forgot that you did not like me to show my—false feelings—, as you call them."

The next day we left for London. It was a raw, channel day, and the wind swept in chilly gusts across St. Albert's pier. Dean coughed incessantly and looked white and ill. He cheered Gladys with promises of his next year's visit, and laughingly told her that there were no ladies in London half so beautiful as she. I do not believe he was far wrong either. We left her on the pier clutching her father's arm, half smiling, half crying.

"You will come back next year?"

"Yes, yes. Don't worry!"

Dean stood by the railing of the little channel steamer and waved to her.

"It will be hard for her," he muttered.

"What?"

He turned on me savagely. "There's no use pretending. You know as well as I do that I'm dying."

\* \* \* \* \*

After my return to London I lost sight of Dean. At first I had tried to keep in touch with him, but he showed quite plainly that he wanted to be let alone. My whole sojourn in Guernsey began to seem unreal, and the only thing which connected it with my present life was the continued discussion of *The Road to the Sea*. It was undoubtedly a great book, and moreover it was having a tremendous sale. I thought of a dull old man sitting in his garden in Guernsey, and wondered.

One morning I got a letter from Dean asking me to come and see him at his lodgings in Soho. He was very ill, he said, and he asked me to come as soon as possible.

I found the place with some difficulty. He was living in a little room, up a flight of stairs, out of a dark, dirty alley. The stairs were old, rickety, and very steep. I made my way up them and pushed open the door of the room. It was a tiny square box with one window, a bed, a chair, and a washstand. It was poor and ugly enough,



but scrupulously neat and clean. Dean lay on the bed half propped up with a pillow, and an old eiderdown quilt. He was thinner, paler, and brighter of eye than when I had last seen him, but he was pathetically thankful that I had come, and clung to my hand with his long nervous fingers. I sat down by the bed and tried to talk to him. I begged him to let me have him moved to a hospital, but he waved the suggestion aside.

"No, I'm well enough off here. My landlady takes good care of me. Besides it won't be for very long anyway."

He paused and drew from under his pillow a small bundle of typewritten manuscript.

"I didn't ask you to come here to worry over my illness. I want you to do something for me. Will you take these few short stories to de Haviland and tell him to send them to the publishers? He is getting no royalties on *The Road to the Sea*, and the original price must be nearly all gone. He never should have sold it outright."

"Then you wrote *The Road to the Sea*?"

"Yes. I thought you would have guessed."

I felt stunned and ashamed of my lack of penetration. I could not think, and I felt as if I ought to say something. The silence in the little room was intensified by the merciless ticking of the alarm clock on the washstand. Dean looked up at me doubtfully. At last I asked dully, "Why did you do it?"

"They had no money, and he was slowly dragging her down to a life of poverty and hard work. After all it was only what I owed her." His face grew tense and he continued, "Long ago, when I first knew her, I loved her with my whole soul because—because she was beautiful. But even then I could not force myself to marry and give up everything to her. The life of a gypsy was too strong for me. I had enough money in those days and I wandered from place to place, studying here, enjoying myself there, and treating the world like a vast playground. Then I began to write *The Road to the Sea*. I had written little things off and on, but never anything so long as this. I grew more and more interested, and came to live only for my art. People meant something to me only as I could use them in my book. I put my whole soul into it. All the power to love and live as an ordinary human being was going out of me. I found that I was leaving Gladys far behind. Perhaps because I didn't bother to take her with me. At any rate I came to think of her only as the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. My love was gone. The book is hers by all the laws of justice."

"But the name and memory that are due you?"

He turned wearily toward me. "My book is my immortality,

no matter whose name it bears. I have spent my life upon it and it is mine. Do I care if a dull world knows I wrote it? Do I want dim-eyed scholars to chant my praise, and speculate about my feelings when I wrote a book that somebody else told them was great? I gave my soul to my book, and I led the life that I chose. I pay the price at thirty."

His head sank forward on his knees, and his arms tightened about them.

"I do not grudge the price—but Oh, my God, it is not easy to die!"

He had forgotten my presence and he did not move. He looked pale and horribly sick. I slipped out to call the landlady, and then, overpowered and amazed, I made my way home, bearing the little bundle of manuscript. Over and over again the words that he had quoted that day on L'Ancrese Common, hammered through my brain.

"Combien ont disparu, dure et triste fortune!

Dans une mer sans fond, par une nuit sans lune."

## DEBTS AND DEBTORS

HARRIET SCRIBNER

The one entirely dependable thing about gossip is that it is never accurate. It was said across the bridge and tea tables at the Welch Hunt that Roslin practically hounded Jeffrey into an engagement, and later, when Lesbia had arrived for a short visit, that his attention to her was scandalous. It had also been noted, in lower tones, such a catch as Jeffrey had been Lesbia's ulterior motive for coming. The outcome of the affair was interesting to speculate upon, and it had become such a favorite topic of conversation that it was only natural for the two dowagers sitting on the piazza of the club house on a Saturday morning to crane forward in their chairs to catch any further sleuth when they saw Lesbia and Jeffrey in earnest conference by the mounting block. The fact that they were too far away to hear what was being said did not disturb them, they had long learned to do without the actual words, which at times spoiled a good story. Lesbia had just asked Jeffrey for his watch.

"I'm awfully sorry to bother you," she said as he handed it to her, "but I have to be at the Lowell's for lunch, Roslin gets back today you know, and once I start on a ride I never think of getting back in time to get into civilized clothes. You're very good to trust me with it."

"You know I'd trust you with anything of mine, from my watch to my soul, if I really believed I have one."

Lesbia wondered uncomfortably if he was going to propose again, neither the time, place nor their costumes struck her as particularly romantic. She looked annoyed.

"I wonder how many other girls you've said that to, it sounded peculiarly finished," she remarked, for want of anything better to say. Jeffrey laughed, and she felt relieved. He had not lost his sense of the fitness of things. He was not going to propose, even for the third time, in front of the club, at high noon and in golf knickers.

"So that's what has been bothering you," he exclaimed, "well, I'll promise you there isn't any other lady in the case. If I tell you that tonight——"

"I have to go now. Thanks a lot for your watch," she tapped her teeth with the handle of her riding crop, "and by the way, if you ever discover that you have a soul, you might lend it to me for awhile. I've never seen one, and it would be rather amusing."

Lesbia's careless habit of borrowing, and casually returning things in a rather worse condition than they had started out had been another cause of censure. Her best friends, however, defended her on the grounds that she was not wantonly destructive but unfortunate.

How was she to blame if, in pulling out her handkerchief, before she had gone five miles from the club, Jeffrey's watch came with it, and fell to the ground. With a soft "Damn" she dismounted and picked it up, its crystal broken, and undoubtedly suffering internal injuries. That made her late to luncheon. This was a *faux pas*, as she had not seen Roslin for over a year, and to this she attributed her friend's coldness, until Roslin, who had heard fragments of the story of what had occurred in her absence, told her with great directness that she was about to announce her engagement to Jeffrey. Lesbia said nothing in self-justification. She was too deeply mortified. Although she had not accepted Jeffrey's proposals, she felt she had led him to believe that she really might consider the next one, she had, as he was probably putting it, been "played for a fish". Roslin had every right to be angry, she was genuinely in love. Lesbia wondered disgustedly whether Jeffrey was a cad or she a fool.

She wondered as she dressed for the dance that night,—when she had thought Jeffrey would propose again. Suddenly and absent-mindedly she fished his watch from the pocket of her riding breeches, and, without looking at it slipped it into a box to return to him. The thought of seeing him again, now that Roslin was home, was unpleasant, yet it never occurred to her that she might simply leave without doing so. Her contempt was all for herself, she who had prided herself on her *savoir faire*, and thought she could never be hoodwinked by a man. She still had self possession, she thought, not without great satisfaction, as she and Jeffrey wandered out between dances. Roslin had not yet arrived, although it was late, which probably accounted for his desire to keep up the game a little longer.

"Make a public fool of me," she thought.

"Lesbia," he began, in a tone quite familiar to her, "I told you this morning there wasn't any other girl in the case, will you believe me?"

"Certainly. I had luncheon with Roslin. You've handled this rather badly. I thought you were clever, Jeff, and you've disappointed me. I can forgive a man anything but stupidity."

"I knew what you'd think," he went on excitedly, "I wanted to stop this thing before you could find out, but Roslin didn't get home in time. I went to her this afternoon, and—well, there isn't any other girl in question."

"You simply told her you didn't care for her any longer?"

"I never did. She mistook a good line and a little petting——"

"And you think you did the decent thing?" Lesbia was beginning to see things which she had not that afternoon, "you may not believe in people having souls, but possibly you believe in their having a sense of honor?"

"Do you think I've given up mine?"

Suddenly she dropped the small box which she had been holding. He stooped to pick it up.

"Oh, that's your watch," she wanted time to think. He opened the box and looked at the battered contents.

"Lesbia, I'm awfully sorry about this," he said slowly, "I valued that watch more than almost anything I own, fool sentiment, I know, but it's been in the family for a couple of generations, handed down——" he stopped, she was not listening. "Look here," he took her by the shoulders, "you've played around with me ever since you've been here. I've let you use my best polo pony, you lamed him; I gave you that ring, you lost it; I lent you my watch, you broke it; and now I've apparently sacrificed my honor to you. Don't you think you owe it to me to let me have your love?"

"A man's sense of honor, especially when there is another girl concerned, is the one thing he should never give up." There was a pause, during which Jeffrey continued to hold her by the shoulders, as if he were about to shake her.

"Jeff," she said suddenly, "possibly you're right. I do owe you my love, and—I want to tell you now that you can have it, whenever you can get it."

## A PRICE TO PAY

ESTHER RHODS

Wearily Marjorie pushed back a mischievous wisp of dark hair from her tanned forehead only to discover three worried wrinkles. She had just closed the dispensary door after the last patient of the day, an Indian mother, untaught and dirty, and her under-nourished child, and she found herself unexpectedly tired.

"Well," she murmured, "this is a *pukka* hot season. I only hope it won't get any worse, and I really don't see how it could. I rather wish I had gone to the hills after all, but it hardly seemed fair for Mrs. Gerald not to get away with the children. I suppose I'll get used to it in a day or two, but I feel like parched leather already and my head aches abominably. I fancy that must be from the glare for goodness knows I've worn that annoying helmet faithfully enough."

She stood gazing at Mrs. Gerald's methodically arranged medicine closet, and was almost awed by the responsibility she had undertaken.

"My word, it's up to me to keep jolly fit these days, for it wouldn't be one bit funny if I went under now, with Mrs. Gerald gone and the nearest white person two hundred miles away. Best watch out for the plague, too. Donderam reported this morning that it had reached the village, and both he and Boggaby were frightened. I should be in a pretty fix if it came here to the mission. Wouldn't it be a delightful situation: Marjorie Merrivale, twenty-three years old, and alone in the heart of an Indian district fighting the plague in the hot season!"

She drew herself up with sudden resolution. "No," she declared, "I won't face that until I have to. I mustn't even think about it. It's too ghastly! At least I have the new mail and the papers from home to keep my mind occupied. I never dreamt that papers could mean so much to me, and these are three months old at that. To think that two years ago, I should have fussed if they had been three days old."

She dropped on to the cheerless bamboo sofa with a bundle of letters and papers. A sigh escaped her, but the heat which radiated from the boarded walls was so intense that it stifled the sound. It seemed as if all nature had sighed and had not been able to recover its breath. It was not even worth while pulling the *punka* thong, Marjorie reflected, for there was no air to move. Listlessly she turned the pages of the latest *Times*, until she found the society news. She read: "Lord and Lady Critchfield entertained at a ball last evening in honor of their daughter, Lady Diana, . . ." and then followed a list of the prominent guests, and a gay description of the affair.

Marjorie's eye brightened, and as she read, she recalled a fragment from Rupert Brooke:

"Dear Names,  
And thousand other throng to me!"

They were indeed "dear names" to her, and the very sight of them brought the happy days in England, when she had been Marjorie Merrivale, the attractive and popular daughter of George Merrivale, Lord of Deshires; the days when Jim Griswold, who had since become an M. P., had been only a splendid tennis partner, and a wee bit of a tease; when she and the present Earl of Cheston had many a time ridden neck and neck after the hounds; and when serious-minded Thomas had held forth upon philosophy and idealism for hours at a stretch. He had settled down now and was a respected member of the Admiralty. She thought of Ernest, dear old Ernie, whom no one had taken seriously because they suspected him of being a musical genius. Well, they had been right, for Ernie had won fame and recognition. She was glad, and she smiled almost tenderly as she realized that she might have been his wife.

"Dear old Ernie," she whispered, and as if the sound of her own voice had made her once more conscious of her surroundings, she became aware of the intolerable heat, the racking pain in her head, and, from the neighboring hills, the mocking cry of the jackals.

"I mustn't think about it," she repeated, "or I shan't be able to bear it," and she turned to open a letter from the Lady Diana Critchfield. "Blessed Diana! She made a wonderful friend in those days and she has never ceased to be one. Let's see what she says."

She slowly unfolded the closely-written sheets, and quickly became absorbed.

"Merrie, darling,—It's months since any of us have heard from you, and we miss you more than ever. All the life seems to have gone out of our meetings whenever any of the old group come together nowadays, and the first question is always: 'Any news from Merrie?' It's over two years now since we all went down to the dock to see you off, and we haven't gotten over the ache yet. I don't know why we ever let you go, but I fancy that you had always been so independent that we didn't know how to stop you. As for me, nothing seems to be able to satisfy me when I think of you out there in the danger and heat, while poor Ernie is thoroughly miserable. I'd be inclined to say that he was pining away had not that gentle art been relegated to the eighteenth century. But of a truth, his whole ambition seems brunted. Merrie, dear, doesn't all this make you see that there's a great and real need here in England for you? It must be greater than that of a few squalid Indian babies, and after all there are heaps

of other people to do that work. Why must you persist in giving up the best that should be yours? What's the use of it all? . . ."

Marjorie stopped very suddenly with a queer little quick-caught gasp.

"How absurd," she stammered, and tried to laugh. She only succeeded in making a shaky sound that bore more resemblance to a sob than to a laugh. "Goodness," she broke out as she stiffened herself, "I believe the heat and this beastly headache are getting on my nerves. I'll get Boggaby to make me some tea."

She clapped her hands and waited, and as she sat there her mind involuntary took up the burden of Diana's letter: "What's the use of it all?" A wave of utter doubt swept over her. She remained rigidly staring in front of her, with her face blanched, and her brain staggering.

After a time she remembered that Boggaby had not answered her summons, nor had Donderan appeared. A feeling of unreasoning fear stole upon her, and almost hysterical, she ran across the blazing court to the servants' quarters. There was no one there. Feverishly she called and clapped. All was silent. Then she noticed that the place had been left in great haste, for articles of clothing had been dropped and pieces of the humble furniture had been overturned. Quickly she realized the need for self-control, and with an effort took command of herself. Where, she queried, had the servants gone and why had they left so hurriedly? Pondering these questions, she started to return across the court, when in one of the glaring white corners she saw something small and dark, something that looked like a collapsed toy balloon. She crossed to the spot, fascinated, and poked the thing with her foot. It was a dead rat. Then she understood the flight of Donderam, Boggaby, and the others. The plague had come. She shivered and crept back to her own quarters to stand dazedly in the middle of the floor. Her eyes burned in their sockets, her mouth was dry, her tongue rough and swollen, her legs seemed about to deny her further support, and her head throbbed as if under the blows of a hammer. Everything was slipping away from her except the awful doubt: had it all been a mistake?

There was no answer to this question. She had not expected to find one, and she smiled bitterly as she sank with a moan to the couch. She quivered, and then lay very still. The plague had indeed come.



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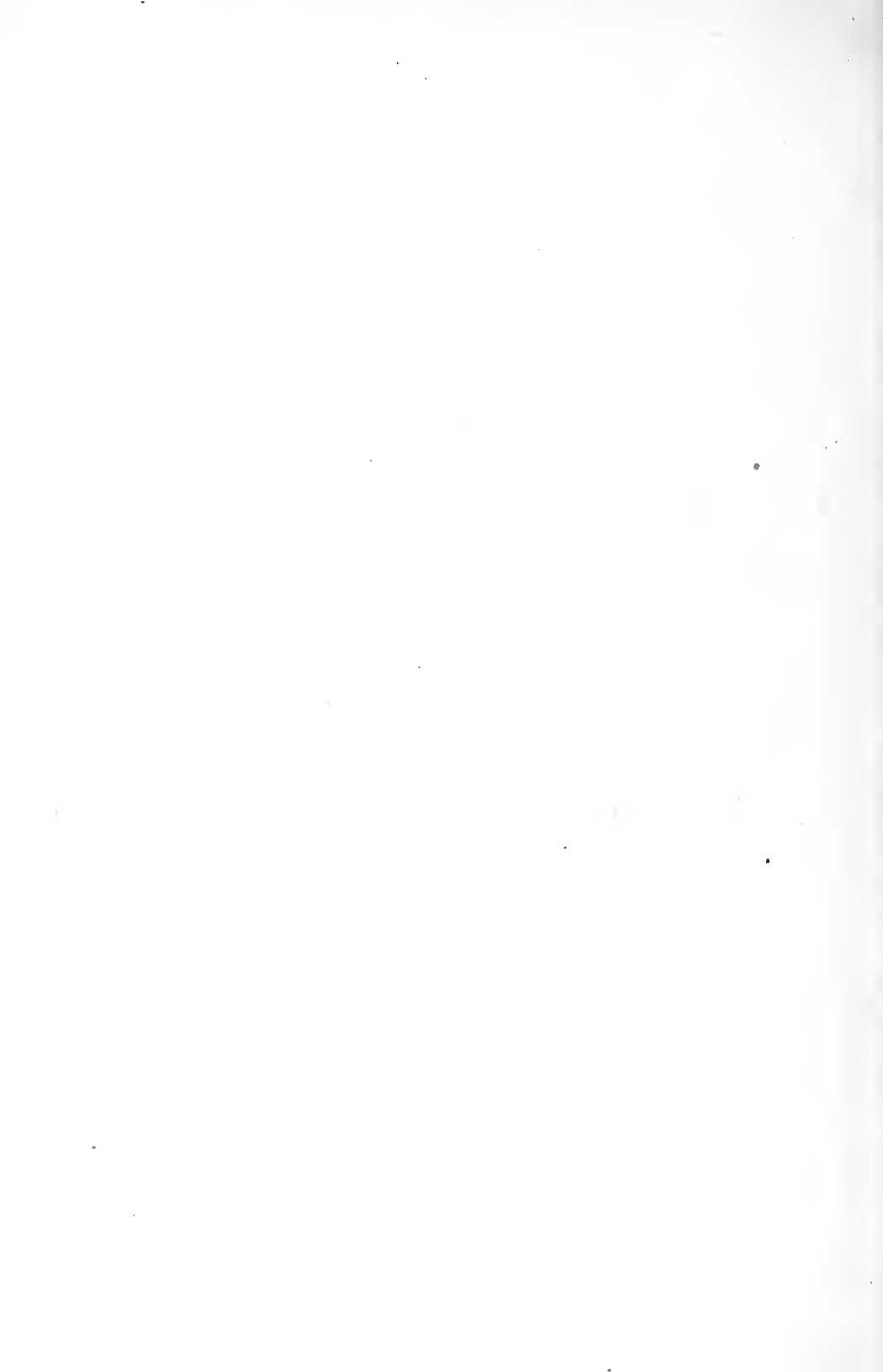
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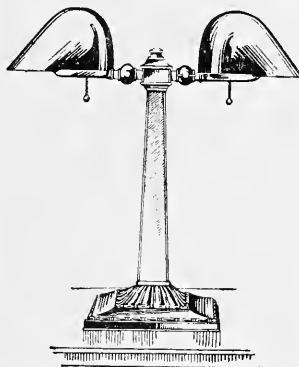
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# THE LANTERN

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## THE BURNING QUESTION

The postponement of the decision on week-ends should not be displeasing to anyone, for it gives ample time for the college administration, the alumnae and the undergraduates to consider every phase of the question, and to comprehend fully the principle involved. All groups concerned are sincere in wishing to do what is wisest for the future of the college and if we disagree as to the method, we can work the matter out only through a thoughtful consideration of all the varying points of view.

Should the worst occur and the Self-government Board be forced to resign, the resulting situation would test severely the sanity, maturity and self-control of the Undergraduate Body. Any precipitous action would be not only regrettable but tragic.

But either a temporary or a permanent abolition of self-government is to be avoided if possible. We have only to look at political history to see how inevitably self government comes to developed races. We have flattered ourselves that we had reached a sufficiently high stage of development and we hope we are not mistaken.

One of the most regrettable sides of this controversy is the revelation of the administration's lack of confidence in us. How

have we erred in the past that the administration should find itself unable to put the least trust in our dealing adequately with the matter of week-ends? We have prided ourselves that Bryn Mawr was one of the first colleges to establish self government and that the system on the whole has been a tremendous success. This means that individually and as a body we have lived up to the responsibility placed on us. It is a heavy blow, therefore, to find suddenly that the confidence we supposed we were inspiring is fictitious; that we have been paying tribute to mere shadow and semblance. It is well that we have found this out when we have. Let us hope that good will come of the revelation; that mutual respect and confidence can be restored between the administration and the undergraduates as a self-governing body, for without such a relation the proper development of the college cannot ensue.

### THE STANDARD BEARERS OF ERUDITION

It is not "the thing" to be tolerant any more. Be radical, be conservative, be anything in the world you want to, but be sure to know what you are, and do not admit that there is the smallest chance that you may be wrong. It is an eminently practical age, and doubts limit efficiency. It is very necessary to know one's own mind therefore.

Again and again we have been told that "the college woman is the greatest hope of the future." We know that this is an exaggeration and we laugh, but nevertheless, there is a certain subtle poison in these words that creeps unperceived into our minds. We turn our eyes toward the information we have heaped up within us. It is a fair amount. We have worked hard and perhaps we have laid a good foundation for the ideas that will come to us in the future. But strangely enough I think we have become hypnotized by this foundation. Our eyes firmly fixed on what we know (or think we know), and our back resolutely turned toward what we do not, we make rapid and immature judgments on any subject that crosses our path. It does not seem to occur to us to say that we are right only in so far as we are able to judge. Each one seems convinced that she holds the only true solution for every problem that she undertakes to solve. Why are we not as competent to judge as another? We are told often enough that we are of the Intellectual Aristocracy of

the world. Intellectual Snobbery has us by the throat, and woe betide the world if it prove strong enough to strangle the wholesome humility out of education!

Some day when we flounder through the "Slough of Despond" of our own ignorance, we will wish that it had been more firmly urged upon us that "there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in our Philosophy."

## HAVE YOU A LITTLE PERSONALITY

OR

## WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

Much, too much, has been said about the Hylan administration, the immorality of flappers, and prohibition—more has been said about individuality. It is necessary for everyone to possess a character, and no commonplace character will do; it must be extraordinary, it must, in a word, be individual. Society demands it.

Possibly you have no character; many people have not. Do not let this disturb you. Individuality is the most easily cultivated of all the arts. Many have cultivated it so successfully that they have acquired temperaments, the divine right of modern times—but this process is more expensive, involving a piano, studio or typewriter.

It was while I was still in college that I discovered the necessity of a character. I was my idea of a nice girl; that is, I was kind to my friends, conscientious in my work, regular in my habits and arrived at appointments a few minutes before the time. My friends did not appreciate me, my professors gave me low marks and the other person was always late. One night I thought. It had been one of my habits: when I encountered a problem. I thought. Suddenly I realized it was not individual, everybody thought. I stopped thinking. My character came to me. I asserted it.

I came to breakfast at eight-thirty. I walked in. I neither dodged nor crawled. I walked, and I smiled an impersonal good day to the warden; there was nothing nervous or placating about that smile. She smiled in return, there was nothing nervous or placating about her smile. I took a quizz. I had not studied for it; it has been said that people study for quizzes and I was not going to be a sheep in the common herd. When asked to state a chemical formula I replied that Dante wrote the Inferno. It was an original answer;

no one had ever associated a chemical formula and the Inferno in quite that way. I got High Credit. I knew I was on the road to individual expression. My life became a career.

My friends were charmed with me. When I borrowed and lost their pearls or sables I had but to say, "Sorry, I forgot it was valuable," in a tone which forced them to reply it wasn't. My mind was above such things. Most people think of the value of a sable. I was original, and it was not my sable. I soon broke myself of the habit of being on time; it was quite as easy to be from one to two hours late, my arrival was then much more appreciated. If my friend showed signs of regret because we had missed the first two acts of a play, or the train, I remarked casually that I had quite lost track of the time, being absorbed in contemplation of the Self.

I made it a point never to be present when I was expected, especially in the case of dinner and bridge parties; when I knew my absence would be the most felt, at least by the members of my table. When I did play bridge I no longer found it necessary as I had once supposed, to attend to the game. On trumping my partner's ace, I smiled charmingly, "Oh, are *those* trumps? I thought they were spades. You know I never did have a head for mathematics." (Since everyone will assume you have a head for something, it is not essential to state what it is for; if they are unable to discover they will lay it to the depth of your character.) I soon learned that the oftener I failed to appear at social gatherings the oftener I was asked. Hostesses considered it a feat to catch me, and instituted parties solely for this purpose. Sometimes I fooled them and came.

I graduated from college, president of my class and of two leading organizations. The party in opposition, so small that it quite escaped my notice at the time, was heard to say that my sense of responsibility was lacking. The majority, however, pointed out that it was certain that as soon as these offices were conferred upon me I would feel the responsibility of them. It was a vote. Since they were confident I was feeling my responsibility there was no need for me to trouble to do so. Having convinced them of my outstanding personality, I was safe in all that I left undone. Possibly I was not so safe in all that I did, but I was original.

I am not kind to my friends; I do no work, and, therefore, cannot be conscientious about it, my habits have become most irregular (*honit soit*) and I am never on time. I am a success. My friends adore me; I may delight or madden, but I never bore them. I am individual. I am myself.



## THE GOVERNMENT OF EREWHON

GRACE RHOADS, '22

The Erewhonians insisted that they were self-governing, but I found in this, as in other matters; that they spoke the more decidedly when the facts warranted an opposite statement. It was only after some months of residence there, however, that I became aware of the absolute control which the Emperor, in a nominally limited monarchy, exercised over his subjects.

An assembly met at stated times and decided questions relative to the internal policing of the land, the punishment of minor offenses, and the advisability of holding certain festivals. But when an inhabitant was charged with a crime for which exile was a possible punishment, the Emperor himself decided the case, juries being almost unknown. No foreigner was allowed to enter the country and speak to the people without the Emperor's permission; in fact "freedom of speech" was a mere phrase. And, most remarkable of all, shortly after my arrival an edict was issued forbidding the people to go out of the country more than a certain number of times in a year. Only thus, the Emperor thought, could a national spirit be maintained.

This system of government seemed to me even stranger than the Musical Banks or the hypothetical language.



## LEGATION STREET

ELIZABETH VINCENT, '23

"Rodgers, old man, what do you think of it?" said Mr. Willaims of the American Legation, a sodden sort of person who looked as if such curiosity might be rare with him. Rodgers was his inferior in position, but showed more outward signs of intelligence. He had red hair and a pleasant splattering of freckles.

"I'm not sure," he said. "If the Chargé d'affaires of the Italian Legation wants to go sight seeing all over China in the middle of summer, it's his own affair, I guess. I'm not going to participate again, at any rate. The lady is very charming, of course—even I will grant her that." He laughed ruefully. "And then, she's beautiful. Dandini has a passion—an æsthetic passion—for feminine beauty. He pursues it. Fortunately Madame Dandini understands him or her life would not be a happy one. You know she told him before he went that he could fall in love with anybody but a Chinese, and that there only she drew the line? Dandini tells that story with the greatest pride. She's a charming woman."

"Yes, but my wife thinks——"

"Oh, of course your wife thinks, and so does all Peking. It's because they haven't anything else to do. They sit around and drink cocktails at the pool there and elaborate scandal for the pure lack of other amusement. We all do. If we didn't we'd have nothing to talk about. But that's no reason for believing the things we say. Why, Dandini's the most conventional of the whole lot of us."

"My wife seemed to think he had been going a little far, somehow. I suppose all this about her past is what started people talking. Isn't she one of those St. Louis——"

"Lamberts, yes. Widow of the oldest son."

"My wife said a friend of Broughton's who came over on the boat with her had written the story from Tokyo. Something about an actress, isn't it?"

"Williams, is this possible! I thought all Peking had the story backwards by now. Lambert shot himself, you know, after they had been married two years, leaving some four and a half millions to his child. The actress came over from London with another child, which she proved was his, and contested the will. Made a beastly unpleasant mess. They sent Mrs. Lambert out here with her aunt

to get away from it. She was way down and out when they got here, but since Dandini's been playing around with her she seems to have revived a little. He bought two ponies the same afternoon he met her, and took her riding next morning. They've ridden all over Peking since!"

Williams shook his head.

"Seems a great deal of exercise to take for an æsthetic passion," he said. "It's my opinion Dandini's been out here too long."

"Well, he's waiting for his orders now, and when he gets 'em he'll leave, right enough," said Rodgers, getting up. "He's had enough of this. Come on, Williams, let's go and have a swim. This club is deadly. Ayah! Boy! Two 'rickshaws."

In the summer, Diplomatic Peking spends the interval between tea and dinner at the Williams' pool. It lies in a grass plot of a garden between four white walls, where a high old tree droops greenly over the rippled water. Except for a few curved roofs visible above the wall, the garden succeeds in shutting away China for the weary Europeans who take refuge there, and in making a setting almost occidental for their occidental intercourse.

Of course Peking, since it is Peking, and not London or Paris or New York, has to some extent modified the etiquette of "civilization," so called. Conversation in Peking may be a little more pointed, conduct a little more daring, convention a little less rigid than "at home." The Peking code is none the less a fact for all that. It must be observed or Peking sits in judgment. In summer, when there are no diplomatic dinners and social functions, the Williams' pool is the open forum for trial and condemnation.

Down Legation Street to the pool Williams and Rodgers rolled behind sweating 'rickshaw coolies.

Every one was there. Broughton and an American Lieutenant of Marines were diving over benches to amuse Madame Brandelle, who screamed pleasantly in French at every splash. Two or three under secretaries' wives were dangling their legs at the shallow end; Mrs. Williams was on the terrace with old Prince and Princess Ardalianovitch; and around the cocktail table sat most of the élite of diplomacy, laughing over a joke of Dandini's, which came to the point as Williams and Rodgers entered. It was obviously a good joke, Rodgers thought, and from the quality of the laughter, a little risqué as well. Mrs. Lambert was conspicuously serious, though her aunt, a weather-beaten lady of uncertain age, laughed with evident enjoyment.

"She's shocked," thought Rodgers. She did not look shocked, however, but wistful, as if she did not have the power to be amused. There were dark circles about her eyes, and a drawn expression to her well-shaped mouth. She was, as Dandini had once remarked to Rodgers, a subdued beauty. She was none the less a beauty for that.

Dandini at her side laughed with white teeth and head thrown back. His thin face was dark, almost swarthy, and lined with thought. There were little humorous wrinkles around his narrow eyes. A suggestion of quick passion and deep feeling lay beneath the cynical set of his irregular features. Above all, however, was he marked by an unobtrusive stamp of refinement, the "*je ne sais quoi*" of real breeding. His easy movements as he rose, took Mrs. Lambert's glass from her hand, and set it on the table, had the grace and air of a courtier's.

"Dandini, you're a socially perfect animal," Rodgers had once told him, "but where does it get you?"

"*Bien loin, chez les dames*," had been the answer.

Rodgers liked Dandini, as did all Peking, for his sophisticated humor and what Madame Brandelle called his "divine sparks." She accounted for them by the fact that his mother had been a talented English woman who died mad, and though no one could follow her reasoning, much of the incomprehensible in him was put down to his mixed blood.

Mrs. Williams came to meet Rodgers with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Rodgers," she said, "you've recovered gallantly. But my dear man, a sunstroke is what you deserve for going to the Western Tombs in the middle of summer." She measured the distance to the table over her shoulder, and went on in a lower tone, "If you're not careful, Rodgers, your fair Louisine will finish you off altogether."

"Not mine, really, Mrs. Williams. I am very willing to admit that Dandini has prior claims. He took me along to the Western Tombs to talk to the aunt, you know."

"Well, they're planning another trip now—Dandini told her about a mountain with a white flower on it, and he's taking her there tomorrow, on donkeys."

"Hm. Thank you for the warning."

"Not at all. The cocktails are up there on the table."

Rodgers' sunstroke had been amusing Peking—and no wonder, he thought, as he came to realize from the remarks now hailed upon him, what Dandini had probably given out as the true account of

that misfortune. He did not, however, make any effort to deny that he had been carried delirious through the bushy waste shouting "Alice! Alice!" to the stocks and stones. There was no use calling Dandini's overpowering bad argument down upon one's head. Mrs. Lambert alone spoke seriously.

"Oh, Mr. Rodgers!" she exclaimed, "I do hope you weren't very ill. I feel terribly responsible, as you and Mr. Dandini went on the trip for me,—" then smiling a little, "Mr. Dandini said you were as blue as your new pajamas last night."

"I couldn't tell where Rodgers left off and the pajamas began," said Dandini. "But now he's pink again in the very nick of time. We're away at dawn to Tan-ge-sze and the Hill of the Seven Splendors, where the Sacred White Flower blooms alone—and the mosquitoes are legion. What do you say, Rodgers?"

"Sounds fine, but—a—unfortunately I have some people coming to dinner and can't get away."

"That, my dear fellow, is an ungracious excuse. Never mind, we'll do without you. Come along, Gloriana, if we are going to be only half an hour late to Broughton's party, we must start you dressing. *Nest ce pas*, Aunt Margaretta?" They all three rose. "I suppose you will be at the wall, Mrs. Williams? *Au revoir*, then. Rodgers, next time you go delirious, I advise choosing a more private spot."

He escorted the two ladies down the gravel path, leaving the field clear for comment.

"Gloriana!" said Mrs. Williams, "who ever heard of such a name?"

"Dandini just calls her that," explained Broughton, who seemed to know all about it. "He borrowed it from Spenser, I believe. He's always naming things—it's a sign of genius."

Madame Brandelle was attacking from another quarter.

"Why does she not go to Shanghai to wait for her passage, if that is what she is doing? I think Shanghai is a better milieu for women of her sort. *Pah!* Our Dandini is *fou*, *enfin!*"

Rouanet, a pimply little Belgian Secretary, turned to Rodgers.

"He is not sorry you will not go, Rodgaire. He and she will do without you. *Ha-ha!*"

"They've got Aunt Margaretta," said Rodgers.

"Ah, *mais*, une *vielle infirme*."

"Not so infirm either."

"Yes, of course, but—a good arrangement, *enfin.*"

"Look here, I don't know what you are thinking, but I have an idea it is nonsense. If you think Dandini is—is having an affair with Mrs. Lambert, you're wrong. I know——"

"But how do you know?"

"Well, I can see, can't I?"

"What can you see? That he buys her ponies, that he invites her to the Legation for three weeks, that he takes her to the Western Tombs and the Great Wall and *je ne sais ou*, that he goes with her on donkeys to Tan-ge-sze and talks of sacred white flowers—you see that, and yet you do not at least suspect—? *Mon cher, qu'avez vous done?*"

"You're wrong," repeated Rodgers doggedly, "you're wrong, you're wrong."

"*C'est possible, mais je ne le crois pas,*" and Rouanet ended the conversation with a shrug of his thin shoulders.

Rodgers knew that his lone conviction of Dandini's honesty would not stop gossip in Peking. As he also knew better than to remonstrate with Dandini himself, there was nothing to do but hope Mrs. Lambert would get passage soon.

To say that Peking has no social life except in winter is not really true, of course. In the summer Peking entertains from inclination. It takes the rarest pleasure in breaking in-season conventions. It mixes its dinner parties as far as the available variety will permit, even going so far as to draw from the medical and missionary population—the submerged tenth, as Dandini calls it—which lives outside the Legation Quarter, and as a rule outside the diplomatic consciousness as well. Visitors at the hotel, too, if not of the aggressively sight-seeing type, often turn out quite possible material for dinner parties. If they have been in China long enough to be over wanting to talk about it, their conversation is refreshingly different.

Broughton, of the British Legation, was giving a dinner that night in honor of a young Mr. and Mrs. McLean from New York, who were reputed (through the friends in Tokyo) to be charming and entertaining people. He was having it on the wall. It is always amusing, once or twice in a summer, to have dinner on the wall. Lanterns are swung around the base of the great dusty gate-tower of Chen-men, where over crumbling battlements you can see the seething Chinese City, the South Gate, and far away beyond, a ragged range of cloudy hills. When sunset has burned out behind the hills and the 'rickshaw coolies in Chen-men road have lighted

their swinging lanterns, a breeze, almost cool, blows over the mysterious city, carrying up from unknown streets faint cries, and wails of unfamiliar music, gong-beats and hollow drums, and all the night noises of unfathomable Peking.

Broughton's silver and linen was resplendent in the bright lantern light. He had carpeted the flagstones of the floor, and shut out the gloom on two sides with ornamental screens. On the third rose the dusty carved side of Chen-men Tower, its curved eaves high above only dimly touched by shifting bars of light. To Broughton's immense relief, Mrs. McLean did not go into raptures over her first view from the wall. Indeed, beyond an unimpressed "how wonderful" as they stood at the battlements, high above the crawling, shouting street, she made no attempt to define her reactions. Mrs. Lambert, on the other hand, embarrassed him extremely by her breathless appreciation of the sight. Even after dinner, when others were entirely engrossed in the conversation, her delight at the picturesqueness of the scene still shone in her frank brown eyes. She looked almost happy now, and the soft lantern light upon her face, accentuated its still beauty. Dandini regarded her now and then with an expression that smacked of satisfaction, Rodgers thought.

Mrs. McLean lead the conversation ably. She was not handsome, but "deuced cleverly gotten up," as Broughton expressed it, and she had the nimbleness of wit that New York requires in the un-beautiful. As there were few people of consequence, either in New York or London, that she did not know or know about, they kept her talking most of the evening about mutual acquaintances, their fortunes and their foibles, and why they had married their wives. Old scandals were enthusiastically raked up, old stories retold with the art that comes from much practice, old disputes revived and hilariously carried on. Mr. McLean, a mild, blonde young man, who conversed only when called upon, and Mrs. Lambert were the only members of the party who took no active part in the conversation. Aunt Margaretta fairly bristled with anecdotes, and Dandini was enjoying himself immensely.

It was not until long after twelve, therefore, that the party broke up, and drifted away in twos and threes along the wall to the steps where their 'rickshaws waited. Rodgers stayed, with Dandini and his guests, when the rest had gone, listening to Mrs. McLean's account of her arduous journey to China. Apparently she had spent most of her time chaperoning Rosa, the most essential part of her travelling equipment.

"I really can't take my eyes off that girl one minute," she laughed ruefully. "She picks up a cavalier wherever she goes. I can't have her marrying a missionary and staying out here, you know—I'd never get home. Randolph is so horribly clumsy about buttons."

They laughed loudly in the subdued night, and wandered to the battlements to look at the dim city. 'Rickshaw lights were fewer and more hurried now. Except for a distant temple bell, all the night noises had died away.

"Ah, la lune!" said Dandini quietly. Unnoticed in their lantern-lit circle, the moon had risen high behind the gate-tower, which now loomed dark against the silvered sky. Dandini sat down on the edge of the wall and looked at Mrs. Lambert.

"'We'll sit beneath a tree and sing a song to the moon,' " he sang softly.

" 'Did it want the moon to play with,

And the stars to run away with?

Lulla, lulla, lulla-bye.'

I say, Broughton, did you notice that the Hon. Mrs. Dominick produced her best emeralds for your party? What could be a greater tribute to your social prestige?"

Broughton grunted. Mrs. McLean sat down on the wall.

"Sing about the stars to play with again, Signor Dandini," she said. "The view is really wonderful from here."

"But the smell is really atrocious. Do you know how many people are sleeping below us there who have never had a bath in their lives?"

"Mr. Dandini! How can you? The stars, the stars, quick, the stars!"

"When I was a small boy in Tuscany my English mother used to tell me that the stars were holes in the sky poked by the little angels who wanted to look down from heaven. And the little broken bits of sky, so very blue, floated down to earth and turned to violets. . . . How's that for a story, Gloriana?"

Mrs. Lambert smiled.

"It's a very nice story," she said.

"It's a remarkably foolish story. Ah-hum." Dandini looked out over the still city. "It looks like that picture of Saint Genevieve looking over the roofs of Paris—Chavannes, isn't it? I don't know. Have you ever heard the song about the jam factory, Rodgers?"

"But, Mr. Dandini—" began Mrs. McLean.



"Yes, yes, dear lady, I know what you are going to say. Let me first explain to you a little theory of my own. I hold that one can be as sentimental as one likes, as long as one is commonplace afterwards. Blow all the bubbles you please, but be sure you break them. Be as poetic as you will, but spoil your poetry when 'tis done. That is the way it goes in life, it is a golden rule. Mlle de Varcennes, who talks poetry, or rather sentimentalism, all the time, is even worse than Rodgers here, who talks nothing but prose."

"It's getting late, you know," said Rodgers, testily.

"What did I tell you? Well, prose has a way of being accurate. Come, Gloriana, you are getting up most unpleasantly early tomorrow, you know. I think Aunt Margaretta has been wanting to get you home for some time."

Mrs. McLean protested as they took their leave.

"You must surely come to dine with us at the hotel, if you won't stay now," she said.

"Provided Rosa doesn't elope with a missionary and force you to take your meals in your bed-room, I will," answered Dandini with a bow.

During Dandini's absence, Rodgers went to the pool every afternoon. He sat gloomily on the terrace, listening to Rouanet's gossip, and contradicting him flatly after every smirking insinuation. Madame Brandelle upheld a theory of her own, which she recited every day with increasing conviction.

"I know this Dandini," she would say, "he is a gentilhomme. But he does not belong en Chine. For three years when he was a young man he was envoy at Vienna; he learned the diplomacy of the old school; he had his ambitions, et puis—they leave him for nine years in this Peking. It is too much for such a man like him. And this spring, when he expect his orders to go, and get all prepared, send home his wife with the children—all ready, then that bête of a Ministre goes out of his head reading Schopenhauer and our Dandini must stay. Is it a wonder that he become discourage? He is mad, c'est tout. His mother, that charming Anglaise, did she not die mad? In his right mind our Dandini, who is so very convenable, so tout a fait conventional, would he behave so? Ah—non, il est devenu fou!"

No one else at the pool took any stock in Madame Brandelle's theory. Since Mrs. Lambert's arrival Dandini had been no different than ever, except, of course, for his total preoccupation with her. He had certainly shown no other evidences of irrationality.

"What I don't understand," Broughton would say, "is how, if there is nothing in it, he can go on compromising himself, not to mention the woman, when he knows perfectly well what Peking is saying about him. It will get to his wife sooner or later if this goes on. I swear I don't see——"

"You're talking rot, Broughton," Rodgers would interrupt. "It's enough to make any one sick— They have——"

"Now don't bring in the aunt again, Rodgers, you old goat. Of course, they've got the aunt with them, and she's a respectable lady of forty and all that. It proves nothing, however."

"Well, hang it, you can prove nothing, either," was Rodgers stubborn reply.

The trip to Tan-ge-sze lasted longer than Rodgers had expected. At the end of a week the party had not returned.

"Perhaps they won't ever return!" was the whisper at the pool.

That was the sheerest nonsense, of course. Coming into the Italian Legation late one afternoon after possible news of the trip, Rodgers encountered an excited secretary.

"Good afternoon, Signor. There is as yet no word from Signor Dandini. But this afternoon a cable——"

"Not orders——?"

"Si, signor. A new Ministro is to arrive shortly, and Signor Dandini to go back to Italy on the first boat. I hope he will return soon. He has been waiting a long time for this cable, Signor Rodgers. It was a great disappointment to him not to go with the Signorina. He will now rejoice."

"He'll not waste much time about leaving, either, I bet," said Rodgers, with misleading cheerfulness. "Have you engaged him passage? You might just as well, you know."

"No Signor, but I will do so."

Rodgers looked at his watch as he got into his 'rickshaw.

"Go to pool, chop-chop," he admonished the waiting coolie.

On Legation Street he met Mrs. McLean, who waved him to stop. "Hasn't Mr. Dandini come back yet," she asked, "we're leaving Saturday to catch our boat, and I'm fearfully anxious to see him again."

Rodgers replied that he had not yet returned.

"How provoking!" Mrs. McLean whirled her parasol with impatience. "But oh, Mr. Rodgers," she exclaimed after a pause. "what *do* you think has happened? The catastrophe came when I least expected it."

"Catastrophe?"

"No less! My dear Mr. Rodgers, that girl Rosa has gone and done it. She's engaged to a subaltern in the French Legation guard, and is leaving me! Did you ever hear of anything more ridiculous? If I weren't so annoyed, I'd be amused, really."

Peking was amused. At the pool Rosa's tale was going the rounds gaily. But Rodgers' news of Dandini's release quickly turned the conversation.

"He will perhaps now get back his wits," remarked Madame Brandelle.

"I wonder what will happen to Gloriana," said Mrs. Williams. Broughton laughed.

"She is waiting for passage, you know, perhaps they will travel together."

"C'est mon idee," put in Rouanet darkly, "that he will not go."

Going back to the Italian Legation next afternoon, Rodgers found the secretary very worried.

"Signor Rodgers, what shall I do? I have tried Cook's office and I have even telegraphed to Shanghai, but they say no passage any way for three months—not to India or America on any line. The waiting lists are already long. The Signor will again be disappointed."

"Um—No, I think not," said Rodgers, and took the vestibule steps three at a time.

In half an hour he was back, rather red in the face but entirely satisfied. He laid a steamer ticket on the secretary's desk.

"*Empress of Russia*, sailing Monday," he explained, "The lady who owns this is embarking on matrimony and has to get another ticket."

"Ah, Signor, is it possible! What a good fortune! The——"

"Hello!" interrupted Rodgers. "What are all those things in the hall? Are they back?"

"Si, Signor. They have just returned. Signor Dandini was very much excited when he has read the cable. He is in his room. Shall I send word that you are here?"

"If you will. I'll wait in the garden."

The Italian Legation, a massive villa with wide collonaded porches and a marble portico, stands in the largest garden in Peking. There is a stretch of real lawn, and besides the ornamental flower plots, a whole grove of thick-branched trees, whose solid foliage cuts off all sight or sound of Peking. As Rodgers stood in the garden it

was already beginning to grow dark between the tree trunks, though overhead the sky glowed calmly with sunset light. Except for a small noise of locusts there was nothing to break the placid stillness.

Presently Dandini came down the wide steps to the lawn. He paused a moment on the grass to look at the deepening sky and the dusky shadows of the garden—a long moment, in which he stood very still with his hands behind his back. He raised them all at once in a quiet little gesture and turned toward Rodgers, who stood at a little distance.

“‘Oh, she works in a jam factoree——’ ” he sang

“‘And that may be all right—

But you can't fool me,——”

“I say, Rodgers, is that where you are? Well, how's Peking been in our protracted absence? Aunt Margarettta followed your example and had a sunstroke, you know.” We had to carry her out over the sacred mountains in a chair, and bring her home from Tai-fan in the regimental Cameon. She wasn't delirious, though.”

“Peking has been discussing your release,” said Rodgers, conservatively.

“Ah, yes, my release,” Dandini held out a crumpled paper. “Here it is, all right, but apparently I'll have to swim to get the use of it. They say——”

“My dear fellow, you've got a ticket for the *Empress of Russia*, sailing Monday. It's in on your desk. Rosa has changed her mind.”

“Who? Rosa? Ah! she has found a missionary in spite of Mrs. McLean, then. My Rodgers, the gods are with us after all! Monday, you said? . . . Monday from Shanghai? . . . Then by late August or at least September. . . Have you ever been in Italy, Rodgers? In Tuscany rather? They have crickets that sing much as they do here. Carducci, I remember, in ‘Le risoghe ohi San Miniato al Tedesco’ speaks of them. They sing still in September. Rodgers, I must leave Rosa a wedding present, most certainly. You shall deliver it. . . . Ah——”

Both men turned as Mrs. Lambert came down the steps to join them on the lawn. Rodgers at once noticed the change in her. She was gayer, less reserved, less impassive than he had ever seen her before. She laughed easily as she told about Aunt Margarettta's sunstroke (it had not been a serious one) and rallied him, without hesitation this time, on his own mishap. Even her face

was changed, he thought, when they returned to the lighted porch. The wistful look had gone from her eyes, a dark coat of sunburn had buried the shadows, her whole expression was wonderfully, brightly changed.

Rodgers, following Dandini's example, said nothing about the cable from Rome. They sat talking of the trip to Tan-ge-sze. It had been by far the best trip of all, Mrs. Lambert thought, and she ran on gaily about the shaded monastery, the pleasant old priests, and the wild beauty of the mountains. Then after a pause, she remarked:

"Aunt Margaretta has a sister-in-law in the Philippines who wants us to come visit her. I'm terribly afraid we'll have to go—Ugh! I have a wicked aversion to relatives-in-law—they're so gloomy, really."

"Then you mustn't go," said Dandini, "with your name, Gloriana, you should avoid gloom like the pestilence. You belong in the light and air—you are a creature of the sunlit spaces. . . ."

"You know perfectly well that my name is Jane," said Mrs. Lambert, with a little laugh. Then, as she turned her eyes to Dandini's face, Rodgers saw the light that shone in them. The significance of that look struck him like a cold douche; it set him shivering with the suspicion he had so long and so honestly repudiated. She had never looked so before—Rodgers knew it, for he had watched her, and on her passive indifference based his conviction that there was nothing wrong. But Dandini—he, too, must have seen that look. With a short laugh he had pushed back his chair and walked to the top of the steps, where he stood now looking out into the silent garden. This, in itself was not a good sign. Rodgers rose.

"Are you going, Rodgers?" said Dandini, over his shoulder. "Well, we'll see you at the pool tomorrow, then. That's Friday, isn't it? . . . Goodbye."

There was nothing to do but go.

Rodgers reflected often in the course of the next twenty-four hours that he had been exceedingly clever about Rosa's ticket. Apparently it was a solution to more than he had guessed—to what he had been confidently denying, in fact. At the pool he told the story with undisguised satisfaction, therefore, and Peking, always willing to surrender its hopes of a really first-class scandal in an amusing denoument, applauded him cheerfully. In the thick of the discussion Rouanet arrived with excitement glinting in his narrow eyes. He sat down.

"Have you heard that our Dandini sails back to Italie on Monday?" asked Madame Brandelle, "and how Rodgaire has found him a ticket?"

"Rodgaire might have spared himself the pain," responded Rouanet, "for our Dandini is not going back to Italy. I have heard so this minute from his lips."

"Not going?" Rodgers stood up. "Not going? *Why?*"

"I have my idea why. You have found only one ticket, enfin!"

"No—but not—he will—" The force of the suspicion was too much for Rodgers.

"I don't believe it," he choked out as he turned away.

It was then that Dandini came in. He walked nonchalantly up the path, saluted the staring circle with his graceful gesture, and helping himself to a cocktail sat down in Rodgers' chair. Though his face was pale and drawn, a twinkle lurked in his keen black eyes.

"What's the matter with old Rodgers?" he asked pleasantly, addressing the circle at large. Rodgers turned around.

"Dandini, are you going back to Italy or not?" he demanded, in a tone which set the onlookers for a scene.

"If you mean, am I sailing on the *Empress of Russia* on Monday, I shall have to answer that I am not. For the future, it is more difficult to say. It depends on a number of circumstances."

"Oh, I see," Rodgers flushed. "By the way, where is Mrs. Lambert this afternoon," he asked again, hotly.

"Gloriana is now, as far as I can guess—though, of course, you can't tell for certain what a woman is doing, even when you have your eye on her—but as far as I can guess, she is now nearing that stretch of the Yangtze where 'the cows are indistinguishable from the horses'. Do you ever read Chinese poetry, Rodgers?"

"The Yangtze?"

"Just so. By my advice they took the boat rather than the train from Nanking. They will arrive in Shanghai in plenty of time to get Aunt Margaretta off to the Philippines tomorrow. By my advice, Gloriana is not going to the gloomy relatives. She will be home in August—middle August, I think—. She is going to her mother's in Virginia."

"Virginia? But where—? on your ticket—! Well, I'll be——"

"Damned?" suggested Dandini.

A week later Rodgers was ordered to Siam. When he left Peking, the pool was still locked in controversy over the incident

of Mrs. Lambert, Dandini having removed all possibility of explanation by going to Shanghai immediately in the hope of getting a coast ship of some sort to Calcutta. At the Astor House in Shanghai Rodgers met him. He was jubilant.

"I say, Rodgers," he had called across the lobby, waving an open letter, "come here and congratulate me. I've landed a passage to India and been recommended for the heavenly choir all on the same day. Let's sit down. Will you have lemon squash or a real drink?"

In the course of the ensuing conversation, Dandini drew the letter from its envelope and handed it to Rodgers.

"This letter," he said, "is an extraordinarily exaggerated statement of a fact or two you might be interested in. I feel that I owe you an explanation about that ticket. It was really the only thing possible under the circumstances, you see."

The letter was post-marked Kobe, and headed with the *Empress of Russia* crest. It ran:

"Dear Mr. Dandini,

"Of course it is useless for me to write to you what you already know. And yet I think that even you, who are the most deeply sympathetic person I have ever met, cannot realize all that you have done for me. When I came to Peking I was more unhappy than I had dreamt it was possible to be. I thought I had come to the end, that I would not be able to hold out another day—and yet I am going home now with a will to live. How you did it I do not know. I only know that I shall never forget how you bought those ponies almost before you had known me an hour, and insisted that I ride with you. That was the beginning of my rescue—for it was a rescue. Somehow you caught my interest unawares and held it against my will, until suddenly I found that I was not unhappy any longer, and hoped again.

"You do not like me to write like this I know, and yet as well as I can I must tell you what I feel.

"Sorry as I was to leave Peking, I have most to thank you for finding me passage and urging me to go home after the trip to Tan-ge-sze. You can never know how much I needed to leave China that very Friday, or what an added service you did me then.

"This is incoherent and inadequate, I know, yet you must feel how sincerely it is meant. Please believe it.

"Gloriana."

Rodgers handed back the letter.

"Well," he said, "it's a cinch that Legation Street will never get that straight. Its imagination doesn't work that way."

## THE OLD WHARF

EDITH WALTON, '25

There is a wharf—a place of quietness,  
Where once the fishing sloops dipped out at dawn,  
And tall ships glided in and life was quick—  
All lonely now, all mossy and decayed,  
With crumbling beauty lent by ancientness.  
Beside the wharf a shabby house there is,  
Decaying too, yet strangely full of stir,  
Where children tumble round the rotted steps  
In torn old dresses and with tossed bright curls.  
A tired woman tends the little house,  
Black-haired, sharp-featured, sombre-eyed and pale,  
Who slips down to the wharf when tasks are done  
To hear the roughened water slap and lick  
Old timbers and encrusted barnacles,  
To watch the sea that churns the harbour-bar  
And flushes redly in the sinking sun.  
A still drab figure on the old, old wharf,  
She seems an echo of forgotten days  
When sailors' wives strained through the dusk to find  
Some sight of home-come ship, some swift white sail,  
Some trace of wanderer winning back from sea.

A soft gray trail led into the limitless pine-barrens, through the rain, a trail just such as all these that I love; and at the main road where it began, the sign said "To Paradise".

Will Paradise, then, be this also? Will the awe of great cathedrals, the rapture of early morning, the content of work well done, all beauties not be "made perfect", unless it hold also this dear country and the lonely roads so full of tears for the four who will not tread their ways again on earth?

VIRGINIA GRACE, '22.



## HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

ELIZABETH GORDON GRAY, '23

He was the lion of the house-party, a very uncomfortable, unhappy, wretched lion, who had a trick of rubbing the lobe of his left ear when he was embarrassed, who strove to hide his six feet of dark good looks away from the coos and twitters of the girls. Winthrop Whitney had returned from France with the military cross, which he won for holding a bridge single-handed against a party of Germans. The story leaked out when he went back to college and he was dubbed "Horatius at the Bridge." He rose to the top of his class; he led the baseball team to unheard-of success; he captained the Debating Team. But he could not say three words to a girl.

In vain the girls of Tom Buchanan's house-party put him at his ease; they talked to him incessantly, sparkingly; they tried to draw him out; they admired him; they dimpled at him; they mothered him. Through it all, he rubbed his ear and laughed nervously. Then, slightly piqued, they teased him. And this was hardest to bear. But he could have stood it, if there had not been Mabel. She affected a paralyzing handshake, middy blouses, and the athletic pose. She called him "Horace" as a sort of pet-name of her own.

"I hate this sitting around in chairs and this everlasting small-talk," she said as they sat on the porch and looked down over the valley. "Give me a good game of tennis, or a good hike. I don't like girls' things. I wish I were a boy."

He struggled to fill the pause. "I wish you were," was on the tip of his tongue, but he discarded it.

"I feel different about men, too," she went on. "I don't want them to hold my hand or say silly things. I just want them to be pals. Of course, to be friends, you have to have a lot in common and like each other immensely. I think it's a firmer basis of life to have real friends, instead of summer flirtations. Don't you feel that way?"

"I—I see what you mean." But he wasn't altogether sure that he did.

"I like to think that we're friends, Horace," she said in a lower tone.

He jerked his ear. He wanted to say the gallant thing, but he could not.

That evening he disappeared for more than an hour. As determined in his cowardice as he had been in that stirring scene on the bridge, Horatius walked the two miles to the postoffice, and deposited in the slot a special delivery letter. Late the next afternoon, there came a telegram from his family, summoning him home immediately.

They received him in sympathetic silence. He settled down into the easy life of a farm where the manager directs everything and the son of the house need do no more than his desire for exercise suggests. He fished in the creek that wound through the woods below the alfalfa field and through the south meadow, where the gnarled old willow trees dropped their green veils almost into the water. In the evening, when the frogs were croaking and the willows were silver in the twilight, he and his mother would wander arm in arm down to the old bridge and, leaning over the rail, watch the reflection of a slender moon in the stream.

"Mr. Jerome must be back again," he remarked once, looking up at the hill, where a few twinkling lights showed that the big house there had been opened.

"Yes, I met him at the post-office this morning. His granddaughter is visiting him." Mrs. Whitney paused. "You used to play with her when you were little," she added.

"I remember. A big-eyed, bookish little thing, with red hair."

The subject rested there until the next day, when his aunt, Miss Winthrop, brought it up at the luncheon table. Miss Winthrop was as garrulous as the Whitneys were silent; she delighted in gossip, and hurled it at their impassive heads until they wondered why they had invited her to spend the summer.

"I saw Gabrielle Jerome this morning," she began. "How that child has developed! Why, she's grown pretty. She always was sweet; why, you remember, Winthrop, how she used to play with you so nicely. I'm afraid she'll have a dull time here; there's so little to do and nobody near but us and the Maxwells and everybody knows they're positively queer. I know her mother well and I want to do something for Gabrielle. I think you ought to go with me to call. You can't run away from girls all your life—don't pull your ear that way. It looks so awkward."

When Miss Winthrop called upon the Jeromes, she went alone. Horatius was not to be found.

He met Gabrielle after church the following Sunday, when people were lingering under the old pines to chat. Miss Winthrop dragged him up to her, and left them, though both mutely implored her to stay. Gabrielle was short and slender, with big, thickly-

lashed eyes. Her hair flamed out under the wide sweep of her black hat. She looked up at Horatius, and waited for him to speak.

"It—it seems funny that we used to play together," he began desperately.

She smiled assent.

"Yes, it does," she added after a pause.

Horatius tried again. "Do you expect to be here long?"

"The rest of the summer, I think."

She stood still, contented and unembarrassed, but quiet. Horatius saw people watching them. They must look jolly funny, standing there without a word to say to each other, he thought savagely, tugging at his ear.

"Have you ever seen the graveyard?" he demanded abruptly, and wheeling about, he slipped a hand under her elbow, as he had seen men do, and piloted her irresistibly through a low gate. They sat down on a bench, facing the stone of one John Whitehouse, who lay in peace surrounded by his wives, Jane, Sarah, and Evelina. A tanager flashed scarlet in a nearby pine; a song-sparrow trilled in the sloping field beyond the low stone wall. Horatius groped for something to say.

"You know, a graveyard is a cheery sort of place," he remarked. "In France, when we felt low, we used to slip away and wander about in the little village cemeteries. It was mighty peaceful there, and you could almost forget the war and everything. There was an old *curé* that I met who told me—" Her eyes were fixed on his; she listened absorbed, while he talked on, telling her in five minutes more than his friends had been able to extract from him in a year.

The long, gurgling toot of an automobile horn brought them to their feet with a jump.

"That's over," he thought, as he put her in the motor with her grandfather. On the way home he wondered what he had said in that long monologue of his; he hoped he had not made himself ridiculous. She had an engaging way of wrinkling her nose when she smiled, and she did look interested.

When he saw her again, she was fleeing, terror-stricken, from a placidly ambling cow.

"It's all right! She won't hurt you!" he shouted, and advancing on the cow, headed her over the brow of the hill.

Gabrielle sat down on the bank of the creek, laughing tremulously.

"You don't feel faint, do you?" he asked.

"Oh, no. It was silly of me to run, but the cow was coming

straight at me, and I'd hate to have it bump into me, no matter how amiable it felt."

"I'm glad I happened to be around."

"Oh, so am I, awfully. And it was good of you not to laugh."

Horatius began to talk immediately; he dared not hesitate.

"I was just coming back from the village, 'cross lots. I left the Ford there to be fixed and walked back. I've been industrious this morning—rolled the tennis court, among other things. Do you play tennis? I wish you'd play with me some time." He babbled on. It seemed as if someone outside of himself were talking endlessly, while he listened and criticized. He remembered that she had loved books as a child, and searched his mind frantically for literary material.

"I've heard of the *Pickwick Papers* all my life as being excruciatingly funny, and I've just finished reading them for the first time. I'm disappointed. Parts of them are merely silly." He stopped for breath.

"The Christmas parts are nice. But I don't care for most of Dickens' work. I'm glad you don't either." She looked at her watch. "It's getting late. I ought to be going."

Horatius walked home with her, still talking volubly. He even became personal, and told her, as she was leaving, that her hair and her yellow linen dress, against the gray stone house, made a wonderful picture.

They sat on the terrace that evening. She rested her chin on her hand, and with her eyes, encouraged him to talk. He rambled on, until he happened to strike the Trossachs, which proved a mutual interest.

"I have some water-color sketches I made there last summer, if you'd care to see them," said Gabrielle.

He did care; and if he praised them more highly than they deserved, he was at least sincere.

They walked down to the bridge by the willows that night and many times after that. He wrote a poem on red hair in the moonlight, but tore it up almost immediately—and saved the pieces.

It was Gabrielle who suggested reading aloud one afternoon, Horatius gasped with relief. They—or rather he—had been discussing re-incarnation, and he felt exhausted.

"I'm so glad you like Kipling as well as I do," she said, running her fingers over the row of books on the shelves, and pulling out one. "Let's read '*The Finest Story in the World*'—it's just what we've been talking about."

At home he remembered what Mabel had said about friends, and wondered if this was the sort of thing she meant. If so, she was right. But he found it hard work. And he sighed as he opened the *Atlantic Monthly*—which was his conversational mine. Horatius always did things thoroughly.

That it was worth the trouble, he recognized when he met Gabrielle on the bridge. She was so little and so quietly understanding, so altogether adorable. They sat on the bridge, and swung their feet over the edge. A bat swooped low over them, then circled up, now disappearing in the dusk, now showing black against the pearl sky.

"It gives me the shivers," murmured Gabrielle, with a little laugh.

He slipped his arm about her and held her tight, then suddenly drew it back. He realized all at once that he could not tell her what he wanted to. She did not know him, the real, taciturn Horatius; she thought him talkative. He could never keep up this mad orgy of conversation all his life, and would she be likely to endure his silence?

She looked up at him and smiled, her crinkly smile. He rose and helped her up, saying brusquely that it was chilly and she would catch cold.

He did not go to see her again during the next few days. His father and mother wondered secretly, his aunt audibly. Miss Winthrop detailed bits of gossip about her, what she wore, how she looked, what she said, and Horatius continued to rub his ear. Her mother came to be with Gabrielle. Miss Winthrop posted over to talk to her old friend.

Horatius was silently miserable. He spent one afternoon sprawling on the bench in the garden. Over the box-bordered flower-beds and the sundial, through the opening in the high privet hedge, he could just see the bridge, the willows, the stream, and Gabrielle, sketching. He heard footsteps on the other side of the hedge, and his aunt's high voice.

"I don't understand it," she was saying, "Sally Jerome says Gabrielle doesn't seem very happy, yet she must have turned him down. All she'll say about him is that he's dear, but—here's the queer part—he talks too *much*! Mercy! What's that? Was that Winthrop? Do you suppose——"

But Horatius was striding toward the bridge—and Gabrielle. He was going to make the speech of his life, and then, be silent.

## FIRE-WEED

DOROTHY WYCOFF, '21

Have you seen the fire-weed, burning in the shadow—  
Burning in the shadow, where the spruce trees climb?  
Ghosts of flames that swept the slope, laying waste the forest,  
Roaring to the stars—in a far-off time.  
All the barren wilderness, blacken'd by their passing,  
Now is grown to green again, with straight young trees,  
Fallen trunks half-hid in moss, fern in all the gullies—  
But here and there the fire-weed flickers in the breeze.

Where a spring is musical over shining pebbles,  
Where wet brambles quiver at the hill-wind's breath,  
There you find upspringing that fiery-hearted beauty,  
From long-buried ashes of the wild-fire's death.

The following article was contributed by Christine M. Doyle, an employee of the Wilson Laundry in Bryn Mawr, who attended the Labor School.

## THE SUMMER SCHOOL

CHRISTINE DOYLE

The opening session was given over to addresses of welcome, which were simple but impressive. "Who knows but what you have come here for just such a moment as this," were the last words spoken to the students that morning. I think those words remained in the minds of the students through the eight weeks, as they seemed to bend every effort to get the most out of their studies in order to return to their homes and work better equipped to see and understand the problems constantly springing up around them.

All of the students had had some experience in trying to solve industrial problems, some had but little and others a great deal. All were agreed that education for workers was needed; it was the method of giving education to workers upon which they disagreed. School began in earnest the following morning. A temporary self government organization was adopted, the feeling of open mindedness, gratitude and high hopes could be felt in the air. By the end of the first week, the presence of a new influence was felt; by the end of the second week there was evidence that pressure was being applied and the Student body seemed to divide itself into two camps, one for control, the other for co-operation. Towards the third week the breach widened, in some quarters there was a disposition to read into history, present-day motives and into the school, problems that belonged to trades or labor unions. The air became heavy with rumors of dissatisfaction. At this junction the administrative committee invited the students to select from their number a member to the directing committee, and eight members to sit with the faculty to advise with them about their studies.

The Student body went into executive session and there cleared the air by discussing their fears and suspicions. The students, classified by trades, chose the eight representatives so that unionist and non-unionist were represented thereon. The nomination and election was by secret ballot. The administrative further extended to the eight student-representatives the right to vote. Meetings were numerous, discussions lengthy, and some changes were made.

The teaching throughout was given to pointing out and analyzing facts without saying what they did, or did not, believe. Stu-

dents were always urged to compare their own experience with those facts, and thus find their place in society and industry to the end that a better understanding of our problems may be attained.

No general solution to the problems was offered, but a rapid study of the general situation from 1760 down to to-day was made, which brought to our attention many important facts unknown to us before. That alone was of great value, and the association with our fellow workers (teaching staff included) made clear to us the need of constant discussion of our problems.

## HUMAN BEINGS

Extract from *The Bryn Mawr Daisy*, the Magazine of the  
Labor School

BY REBECCA MEYEROWITZ

Who are you? You who advocate tolerance without knowing what it means to be tolerant. You who advocate freedom and are the first to enslave every one about you. You who in some moments of exaltation see friendship in its best and most beautiful light, but who also at other moments and toward other people bring unbearable moments and destroy their outlook in life. Who are you, you bundle of emotions, have you stopped to reason?

All, all of us are a part of this whirlpool where we are dragged and where we see others dragged down. In our moments of unselfishness have we ever stopped to see, or count, toward how many we are unselfish? Take the mother for instance. She loves her child, but would sacrifice every other child for hers. Fathers would make millions of other people slaves in order that they might give their children comfort. A brother would kill another brother if he dared lure his sister; but he goes on luring others' sisters. A sister would fall in a faint—would lose part of her life if she heard that her brother was betrayed, yet she would not be very scrupulous in bringing lovers to her feet and in sending them off with a smile after she had encouraged them, and saying, "I cannot love you."

In all this splendor of beautiful words and preaching we forget to see that we are in this very tumult—that we are the ones who create it. Even as the Puritans when they were oppressed and suffering, found a solution and so migrated to the land where they



had the freedom they sought for; but to what advantage other than for themselves have they used this opportunity?

Are we to see this continue? If so it would lead to desperation. I am tired of seeing the different excuses we give ourselves of this sort, national, group, individual. We are narrow in our conceptions and our arms too small to embrace the world. We often hear people say, "It is human to err," after they have acted wrongly, but isn't this only an excuse? Isn't it human to err because we think it human? What would we think of a man in our civilization eating up a human being? Barbarians—all kinds of names we would call them, but the barbarians have their way of reasoning and justifying themselves just as we do.

No, soul, you cannot succeed until you destroy the devil within you, from whom you free yourself only for periods and only when you are actually in trouble.

Not until we are part of the infinite and every trouble of this world our trouble, every sorrow our sorrow, every mistake our mistake, can we be free from any force that will result from this process and can we ever hope to be human beings.

### SONNET ON A HILLTOP

DOROTHY WYCOFF, '21

Slender and childish, leaning to the wind  
With arms outspread to grasp its nothingness  
And face uplifted to its chill caress—  
Eyes closed, as if sheer joy had made you blind—  
You stood, against the pale sunset outlined,  
Opposing your slight strength to that great press  
And power; your vibrant being seemed no less  
Eternal than the cloud wrapped hills behind.

Oh, may that hilltop memory never fade!  
And may you never learn to cringe and cower  
Before the winds o' the world—the radiant spark  
Breeze-blown within you, burning unafraid,  
Vividly joyous, in that windy hour  
Between the dying sunset and the dark!

## BACK TO METHUSELAH

EVELYN PAGE, '23

If you were sixty, would you consider yourself fully grown? Your life's work nearly finished, the greater part of your existence behind you, few could reproach you with youth. Does it seem foolish to ask the question, and more so to argue about the answer? But stop before you reply! There is one man in the world who considers a septagenarian an infant in arms, and he is Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Mr. Shaw points out, with no little force, that supposedly mature men have done their best to wreck humanity, that with one accord they dash wherever their instincts and emotions are pleased to call them. From the time they first walk until they cease walking forever, they are gamesters, spending half their time in the pursuit of elusive little balls, the other half in the playing of politics and the mauling of men.

It is obvious, then, that life is too short. We human beings live and die children. What we learn in our short career dies with us, and our posterity must make over and over again our same mistakes. Let a man live three hundred years, and he will be an asset to the community. The future of the world lies with the long-lived.

Such is the theme of *Back to Methuselah*, a theme advanced, not as a joke, but as a serious scientific matter, backed by all the forces of Creative Evolution.

Adam and Eve, relates the play, were born immortal. As long as they existed alone and indispensable to each other, life was dear to them; but when they had peopled the world, and the death of one being no longer meant eternal solitude for the other, life became cheap, and war took up its sway over human destinies. Death was born. So the span of existence became shorter and yet more short.

Skip to our own time. Here we discover the child-man and his works. Two scientists, meditating on the general mess of things, come to the conclusion that man, the last experiment of nature, must fail unless his life is prolonged. They promulgate their doctrine and are ridiculed for their pains, but *the thing happens*. One man lives three hundred years, and henceforth the long-lived inherit the earth. Toys lie idle. War is forgotten. The passions disappear. There is no such thing as natural death. People may die by accident, but if they do not, they live forever, above the material, rejoicing in untrammelled intelligence.

"This is very fine and inspiring," I hear someone say, "but obviously impossible. May I ask how one is to help dying? I wouldn't mind living a few years longer myself."

The very question I asked myself after reading the play. How could such a thing come to pass? I happened at that time to light upon an insurance report, which stated, "In the past fifty years, the average life of man has increased ten years." Here, I thought, is the solution. We must wait for immortality. Then the "world war" happened by to blast my hopes.

An enterprising friend of mine suggested another solution: education. A child of today has gathered as much or more knowledge than possessed a man of a thousand years ago, therefore the child's age is to all intents that of the man. Knowledge is increasing, so that a thousand years from now a man of fifty will possess the knowledge that a man of three hundred could acquire today. For all purposes his age would be three hundred.

This theory sounded very plausible to me, but great was my consternation when I read in the Preface to *Back to Methuselah*: "Our schools teach the morality of feudalism corrupted by commercialism, and hold up the military conqueror, the robber baron, and the profiteer, as models of the illustrious and the successful. In vain do the prophets who see through this imposture preach and teach a better gospel; the individuals whom they convert are doomed to pass away in a few years; and the new generations are dragged back in the schools to the morality of the fifteenth century, and think themselves liberal when they are defending the ideas of Henry VII, and gentlemanly when they are opposing to them the ideas of Richard III. Thus the educated man is a greater nuisance than the uneducated one: indeed it is the inefficiency and sham of the educational side of our schools (to which, except under compulsion, children would not be sent by their parents at all if they did not act as prisons in which the immature are kept from worrying the mature) that save us from being dashed on the rocks of false doctrine instead of drifting down the midstream of mere ignorance. There is no way out through the schoolmaster."

The will to live is the thing, says Shaw. Let the race consciousness determine on longer life, and life will reach immortality. The same inherent power that developed man from an amoeba will seat him among the gods. The process goes thus, ". . . the great factor in Evolution is use and disuse. If you have no eyes and want to see, and keep trying to see, you will finally get eyes. If,

like a mole or subterranean fish, you have eyes and don't want to see, you will lose your eyes. If you like eating the tender tops of trees enough to make you concentrate all your energies on the stretching of your neck, you will finally get a long neck like the giraffe." Stating the same thing in other words, Shaw says, "You are alive; and you want to be more alive. You want an extension of consciousness and of power. You want, consequently, additional organs, or additional uses of your existing organs: that is, additional habits. You get them because you want them badly enough to keep trying for them until they come. Nobody knows how: nobody knows why: all we know is that the thing actually takes place."

If a man wishes to live longer, he can do so. It is this inherent power to change that will, if exercised, lift the world from its slough, and change the nature of mankind. This is the outcome Shaw depicts. Lilith, the source of Life, closes the play so:

"I had patience with them (men) for many ages; they tried me very sorely. They did terrible things; they embraced death, and said that eternal life was a fable. I stood amazed at the malice and destructiveness of the things I had made: Mars blushed as he looked down on the shame of his sister planet: cruelty and hypocrisy became so hideous that the face of the earth was pitted with the graves of little children among which living skeletons crawled in search of horrible food. The pangs of another birth were already upon me when one man repented and lived three hundred years; and I waited to see what would come of that. And so much came of it that the horrors of that time seem now but an evil dream. They have redeemed themselves from their vileness, and turned away from their sins. Best of all, they are still not satisfied: the impulse I gave them in that day when I sundered myself in twain and launched Man and Woman on earth still urges them: after passing a million goals they press on to the goal of redemption from the flesh, to the vortex freed from matter, to the whirlpool in pure intelligence that, when the world began, was a whirlpool in pure force."

Such is Shaw's happy ending to the fairy tale of man.

## THE COMPLETE EGOIST

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING, '96

It happens not infrequently when the talk turns on modern Spanish writers, if anyone ventures to admire *The Dead Command* of Blasco Ibáñez or Ricardo León's *Gentle Blood* (Casta de Hidalgos), that somebody breaks in, "Oh, they're nothing, quite bad indeed: you should read Pio Baroja!" If one asks, submitting that one has read a shelf of Pio Baroja, why he is superior to his contemporaries and more satisfactory to read than Pérez Galdós, one is told that he expresses more profoundly the Spanish soul.

Luckily, that is not true. Ricardo León is more typical, Blasco Ibáñez is more living and modern in his attitude toward industry and politics, the great Galdós is in his psychology profounder while less depressing. But since Pio Baroja is really worth now a long evening by the fire, and again a long day by the sea, I have tried to make out on a piece of paper three things: first, why some people honestly like his books very much indeed; secondly, why this systematic advertising publicity is kept up; and thirdly, what is in truth his proper excellence. It is there, discoverable, though with all his talk about himself the author never approaches it. The author is what he calls himself, a Harlequin, posturing on a platform: talk goes on and on, but there is a real man under the motley.

Pio Baroja is about fifty years old: as with all the men of '98, something ails. With Azorín, the lack of vitality only appears as a sort of delicate tenuity of style and invention that is a grace in itself; his little essays are like silver-point drawings. With Pio Baroja the malady is graver; the "inferiority complex" may account for a number of characteristic traits. For instance:—he was born and grew up in the little Basque provinces and is still self-conscious and uneasy about his Castilian tongue, therefore he has a hard word for all scrupulously pure speakers, and cries aloud that he will speak as he likes. He comes out of the smaller professional class, where means are most straitened and life enjoys least freedom of choice; therefore he is a furious third-estater and, as we say, *down on* the unions, and organized labour, and indeed all hard-working operatives and artisans. For long he was a journalist, his success not quite assured; and the self-assertion of a book like *Youth and Egotry* is rather piteous as a sign of the fixed fear that

he may be overlooked. In the same way must be explained the regrettable impertinences he allows himself toward the two groups of men to whom modern Spain owes light and hope and recovery; those once at the University of Oviedo, and those of the *Institución Libre de Enseñanza*.

Recurring to the inferiority complex and Pio Baroja, two more items occur. Shivering in a world of frustration, he is loud for action, without much concern what the action may be: and the philosophy of Nietzsche, invented by a neuroaesthetic for the decadent children of an exhausted century, still dominates his imagination in the figure whom he calls the Man of Action. Finally, because his genius lacks the architectonic sense, he repudiates structure as unnecessary to art.

Certain traits, on the other hand, which are racial and always delightful, have determined the style and form of his books: the stubborn individualism which though it may be used as an excuse for petulance is the backbone of Spain; the intermingling of extravagance and realism which communicates its peculiar and recognizable flavour to everything Spanish; and the picaresque humour that makes an inconsequent and vagabond life the thread on which every narrative is strung.

The general reader will want to know a little about these books. Invention being difficult and disdained, more than half of them are frankly imitated from whatever the author had lately read. *El Mayorazgo de Labraz* repeats in the plot as well as the name Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae*. The three volumes grouped under the general title *The Struggle for Life* (they are called *The Search*, *Ill Weeds*, and *Red Dawn*) combine reminiscences of Eugene Sue with others of Zola in his last years. His description of the under-world would be a marvel if one had the least assurance that it were true to fact, though indeed some of the episodes are fit only for the impassioned realism that Zola and the Scandinavians use. *Sobriety Fair* starts out as the old-fashioned melodrama of an illegitimate child, but like *Caesar or Nothing* ends rather sketchily in politics. These are modelled probably on the English political novel. He knows both sides of the English Channel; his picture of London and a boarding-house in Bloomsbury is really incomparable. Sundry trilogies start with a definite idea and lose it before the end. Elsewhere it would seem that a happy title had beguiled the author first, as the purchaser afterwards, but the book proves irrelevant: in the case of *Sobriety Fair*, for instance, and *The Tree of Knowledge*,

and *El Mundo es Ansi*, which means literally, "The World is Like That!" The best of all, *The Way of Perfection*, beginning with tiresome medical students, ends in a sort of fat middle-class matrimony that is not what the title pointed toward; but it incorporates some admirable description of Spanish country.

The author, as already admitted, has no turn for plot; one incident follows after another without even, at times, identity of the protagonist. For the modern mind small insignificant events are important only if they reveal character or bring about events: our author relates with prolix solemnity events which are not in the chain of causation. Uncomfortably aware of his foible, he urges, in effect, that his intention is not to have a plot, and repudiates Aristotle's canon of the beginning middle and end. He offers a cross-section of life; that is what it comes to. But a cross-section gets you nowhere, and is indeed material for science but not for art. Actually, every man sees his life in some perspective, and whenever his mood varies arranges the material of his past in different schemes of causation, all logical, by selecting different events as significant. Art is not a piece of life, but the arrangement of a selection from life; and it must be admitted that Pio Baroja's arrangement is messy. The episodes of the different books tend to blend and confuse themselves in memory, and the anaemic and atrophied protagonists are almost interchangeable.

This is probably why a Spaniard likes to read the novels; he knows himself for a better fellow than that, and enjoys the consciousness. The sordid boarding-house interiors he recognizes with malicious satisfaction, and thanks his God that his life is a shade decenter. The average prosperous reader likes to stretch his legs and unbutton his waistcoat and think how well off he is, body and soul. This is, of course, the source of much of the pleasure of realism. To this in the underworld novels is added the interest of a slight shock or shrinking. All this is bourgeois, but permissible; it is honest middle-class success. Lastly, the prosperous citizen mightily relishes attacks on the "high-brows", the contemporary writers whom he is not quite up to admiring as he feels he should. In *Youth and Egotism* Harlequin stands on his platform with a clipping album, reads out paragraphs that have been written about him, and slangs the critics and everyone else, by name, and pun-gently. It is only the inferiority complex functioning, but it is great fun for the crowd.

In this country and England, unquestionably, an effort has

been made to launch his boom. Part of this is commercial and permissible: one publisher has undertaken Blasco Ibáñez, another is translating Ricardo León. But there is something in the shade; apart from this and presumably independent of it, is a serious policy of exploiting Baroja, who is honestly reactionary, in the interest of clerical reaction. He is used like a duck-shooter's blind, and the ducks shot at are the liberals, the republicans, the anti-clericals, the anti-militarists. Blasco Ibáñez has sat in Cortes for the republican party and lain in jail for his faith. Pérez Galdós drew familiar types in *Doña Perfecta* and set his last signature to a protest against an army scandal and the injustice it had worked; whereby three weeks later the due and customary honours were denied to the great dead. There are practical, political, international reasons for disparaging such writers. I fancy plenty of honest men, Spaniards and others, if not in Spain at least here, have lent themselves to this propaganda unaware of its implications. It is easy to catch up a cry and then hoot down another name. Blasco Ibáñez has kindled his pages with impersonal passion and every book of his is a tract: Pérez Galdós is a great novelist as Dickens and Balzac were great. The excellences of our author are different from these, and—if it could but be understood—he is not wronged by the praise of these. They have both, indeed, a passion of sincerity. He is, as appears, not quite sure about himself. More than once, on the platform, in the arc-light, Harlequin stops to ask: "*Seré yo un farsanté*" which is, being interpreted, Am I a fake?

He is, if he only knew it, more than most writers, candid, legible, and logical. He draws on actual experience for the greater part of all his novels; he constructs his psychology from within. Those interchangeable protagonists are done from the life, as surely as those cafés with marble tables, red velvet settees, and smoke in the air. He describes only what he has himself seen, as he relates best what he has himself done, and he analyses only what he knows perfectly, himself. The disease from which his Fernando Ossorio suffers, was not peculiarly Spanish in the latter nineties; like the influenza, it was international. What he presents is not the deepest that the Spanish soul can plumb, nor the broadest that life in Spain embraces; but it has the inevitability of immediate experience.

That, for one thing, is why his books are worth reading. Another is that he can give an extraordinary illusion of acquaintance with Spanish cities and landscape. The trick is easy when you



know it; you need not even have been in the city you describe if you can get a map out of Baedeker. Harlequin's dexterity here rises to the art of creation; for the reader he can evoke Madrid and it comes up; it is not unworthy of memory beside the Paris of Zola, the London of Dickens, the European cities of Henry James and Theodore Dreiser. Besides and beyond that, he can, when all is said, convey a curious massive sense of life going on. That is a great thing to do. It is a privilege of the picaresque novel in all ages, and his modern method of realism enhances it. The immense confused spectacle of things, that he can offer; and if at times it looks remarkably like a picture by Piccabia, at others it is familiar and undeniable as your own street and your own sitting-room.

Harlequin sells no pills: for this shabby frustrated world no remedy is recommended. Under the motley is a figure rather piteous, that somehow ails. Though the inferiority complex is perpetually functioning, its field of operation is a man like ourselves; if you prick him, he bleeds. Poor humanity is in his person.

NOTE:—Three books of Pio Baroja's have been published in English by Knopf: *The City of the Discreet, Caesar or Nothing, Youth and Egotry*: and *The Lady Errant* is to follow this year.



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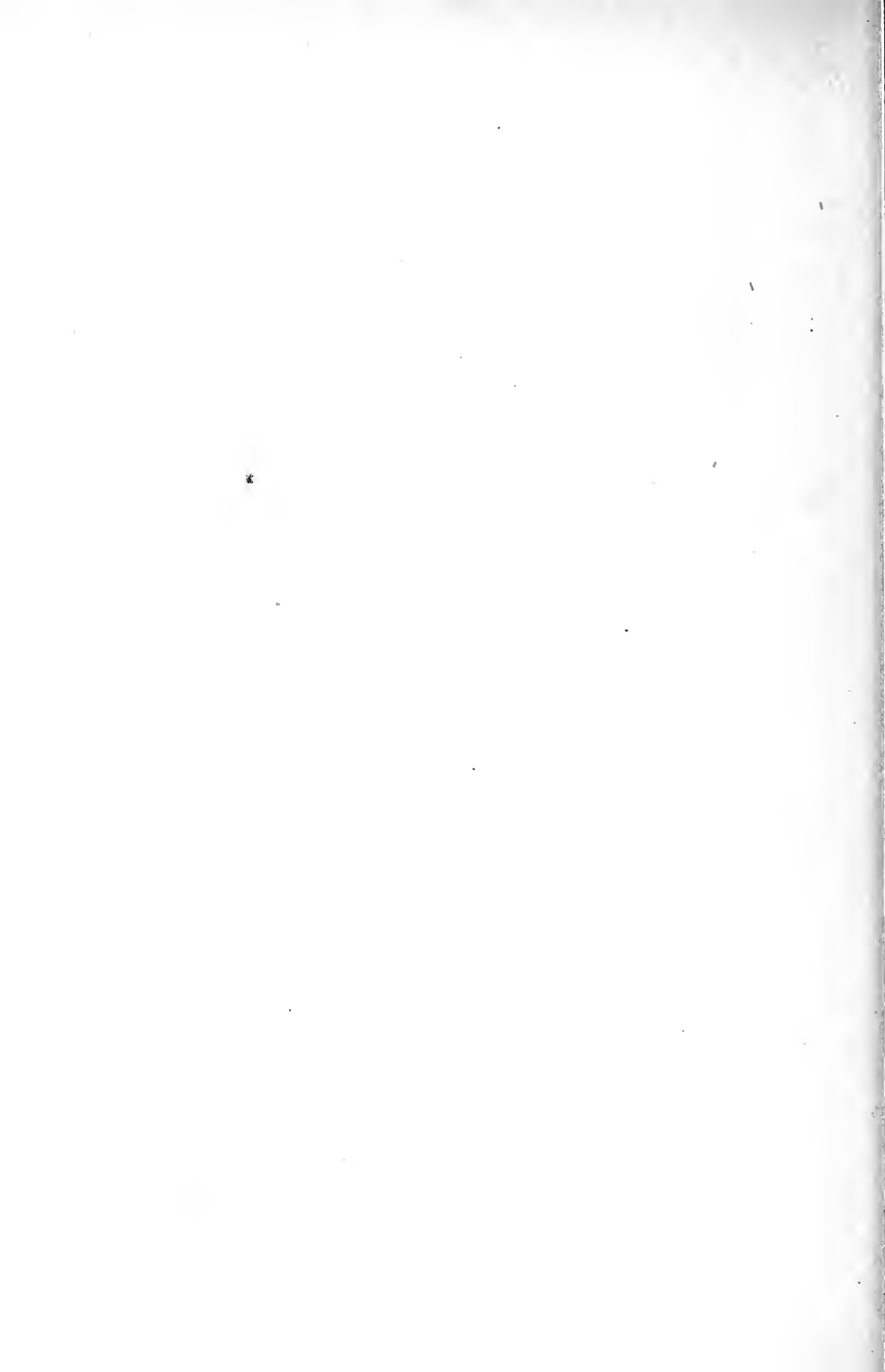
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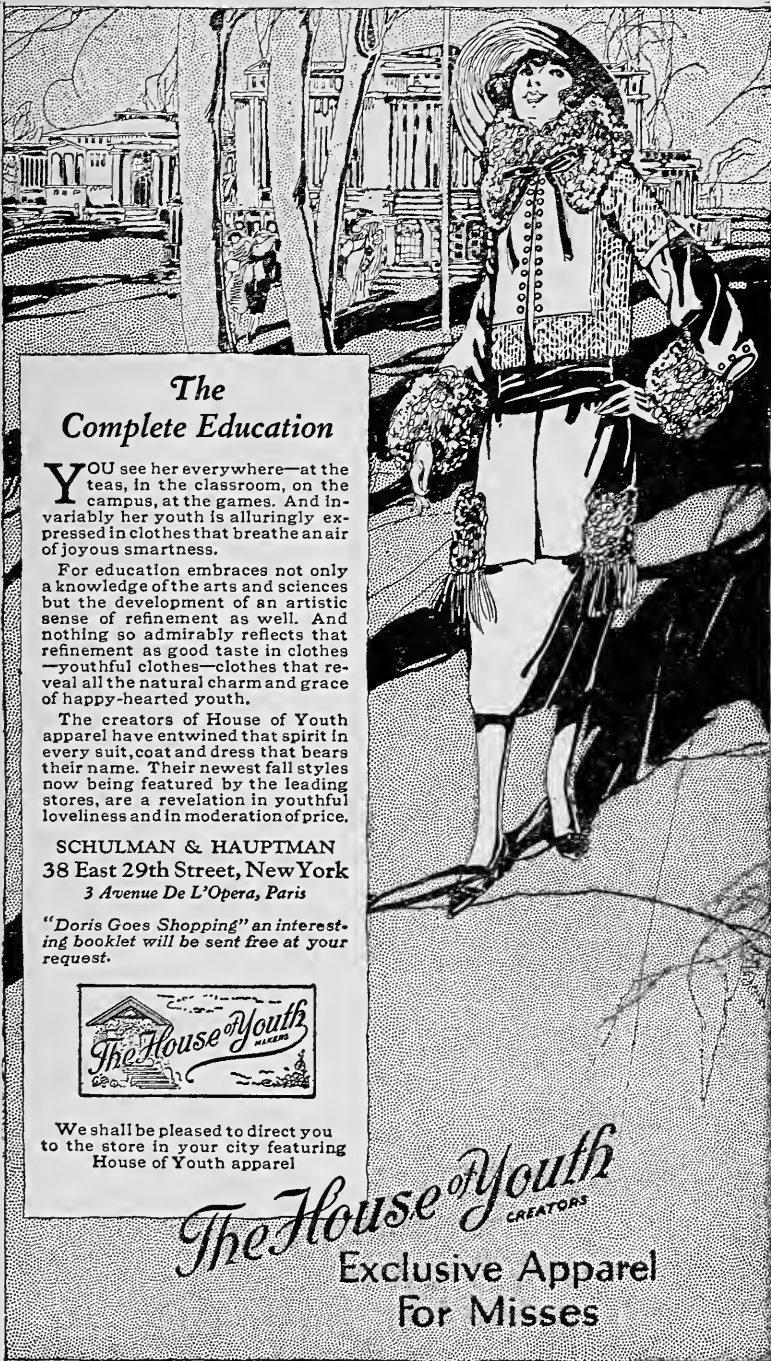
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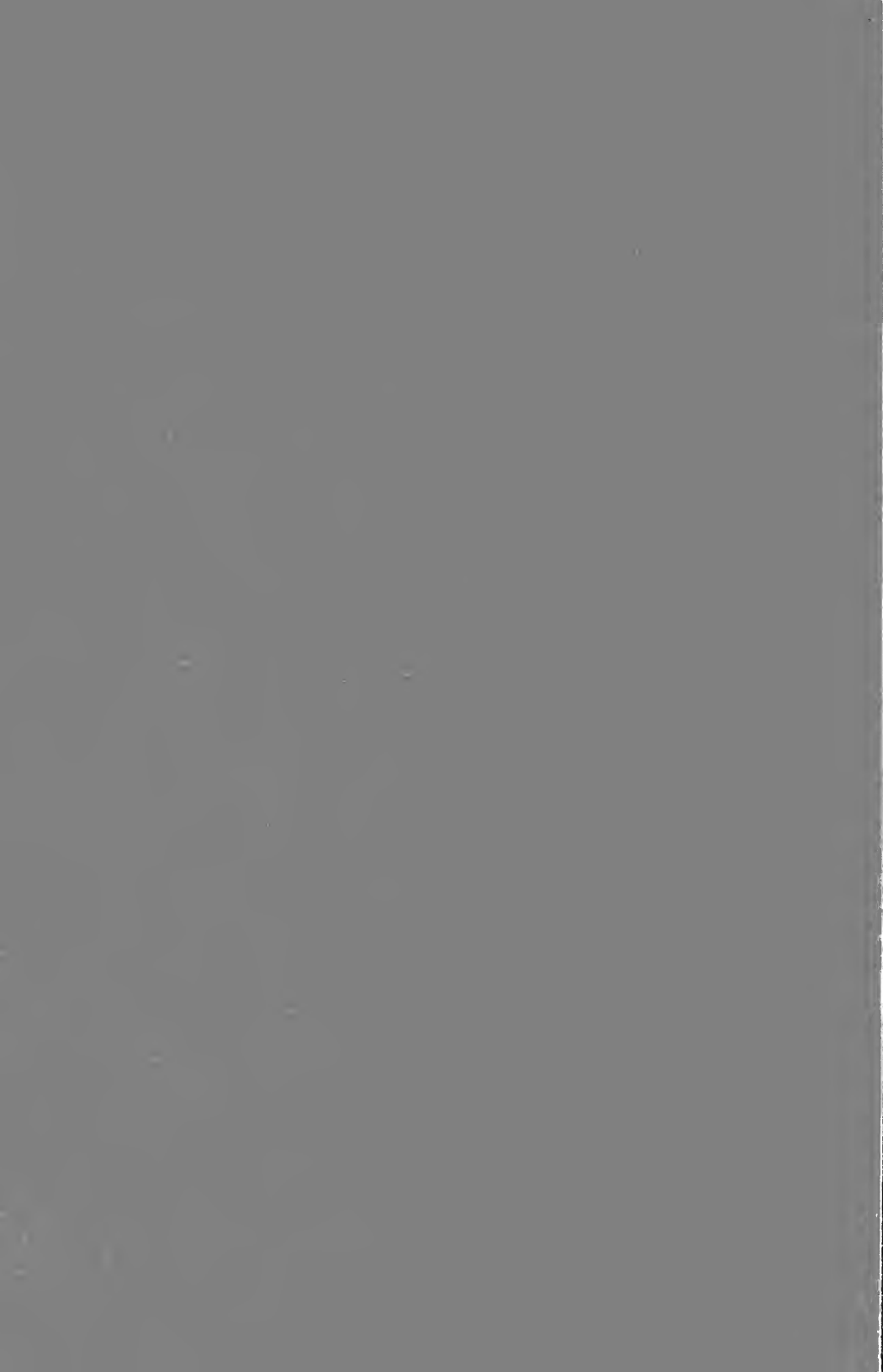


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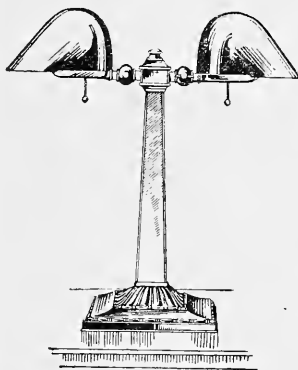
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# THE LANTERN

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## LOYALTY

Recently the attention of the College was called to the subject of loyalty. The immediate cause for this was a foolish and hasty remark on the part of a student to the effect that one could not trust the College authorities. Although the office is too often remarkable for the ease with which it changes its mind, even an outside observer might have noticed in this famous chatterer a tendency to be "smarty" at the expense of exactness.

Should the loyalty of the College be judged on such a basis? Should we, through the danger of such remarks as this, limit our criticism of the College to which we devote four years of our lives?

President Thomas has given us the best answer to this question in a speech which she made this autumn to the students of Holyoke College on a somewhat different subject. In this speech she said that teachers were contemptable who taught their pupils to believe in the principle of America first, and to think that America is always right; that if we were to cease to see the faults of our country we would be unable to remedy them, and hence our efforts at world betterment would be at a standstill. Can we not apply this to Bryn Mawr? How is the College ever to progress if those who have the best opportunity for observing do not see its faults clearly and so strive to correct them?

But perhaps it is an entirely different matter to criticize the College among ourselves and to do so publicly. In thinking over this question, however, we ought always to realize that we live in the public eye. As a matter of fact, we have an organized agency for publicity, which feeds to the press those things which we desire the world to know. Would it not be fairer if the people who support us were to hear of our faults as well as our good qualities?

Suppose at some time we become complacent and settle down comfortably in our rut. What is to stir us out of it, but public opinion? Suppose we have nicely dosed public opinion with sugar candy. Then we will stagnate; but even so, we will be forcibly reminded sooner or later that an excess of sugar candy brings on extreme indigestion.

It all comes down to this—which is the better way to get faults corrected, to talk about them, or to gloss them over? Then let us criticize long, loudly, and loyally.

## WASTE

HOWARD J. SAVAGE<sup>1</sup>

The past autumn has added to the list of class plays at Bryn Mawr College three performances which may be fairly accounted successes. For some time, except when the war and May Day have intervened, our yearly production has averaged nearly three dramas, and two or three other performances, all staged at the cost of a good deal of time and pains. To enthusiasts it may seem as if almost no effort in preparation for a play is extravagant if only it assures success; but to some others, especially if they are in a position to estimate the difficulties involved in each three-hour entertainment, there must eventually occur a very reasonable doubt. Are our plays worth the trouble? I shall not try to answer that question directly, because an

<sup>1</sup> EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Savage has assisted in the production of the following plays at Bryn Mawr College: 1915-16, Laurence Housman's *The Chinese Lantern* (Class of 1918), Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband* (Class of 1917), G. Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell* (Class of 1916); 1916-17, Percy Mackaye's *The Scarecrow* (Class of 1919), Clyde Fitch's *Beau Brummel* (Class of 1918), C. G. Wilcox's *On a Mantelpiece*, M. B. O'Shea's *The Rush Light* (Class of 1917); 1919-20, Louis N. Parker's *Rosemary* (Class of 1922), Housman and Granville Barker's *Prunella* (Graduate students); 1920-21, Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* (Class of 1923), Arthur W. Pinero's *Trelawney of the "Wells"* (Class of 1922); 1921-22, Andreyev's *He, the One Who Gets Slapped* (Class of 1923), Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion* (Class of 1924).



answer might well be considered gratuitous. I shall be content if I succeed in posing it, and in suggesting one other question with sufficient force to lead someone else to answer both. Should I lay myself open to a charge of understatement in any particulars, I can only plead the better part of valor in extenuation.

Not many spectators at one of our class plays have the means of estimating the difficulties which have beset the enterprise from its inception. The choice of a play is not easy—indeed, one sometimes thinks it the most troublesome single step in the preparation. Academic standards, the abilities known or potential in a class, the probable temper of an audience, conditions of staging, mounting, lighting—these are only a few of the factors in the problem. Each must be evaluated, each must be correlated, each is not theoretical, but practical in the strictest sense. They exist in some degree at every college, but at times I wonder if the combination has to be met and resolved with the same standards of artistic and practical judgment at, say, Vassar or Radcliffe or Smith as at Bryn Mawr. Of the primary factor to militate against illusion, the playing of men's rôles by women, I have nothing to say; it is charitably reckoned with and accepted by every person who decides to go to a play at a woman's college, and it must be taken or left at its face value.

Once the play is chosen, the activity which has before been confined to the few reaches out to involve the many. The rehearsals begin. Lines are learned—usually none too early and none too well. (I often shudder when I think what an author would say of the liberties that we—players, play-committees, stage managers, producer—take with his text.) A certain discipline over rehearsals is established, partly by individual self-respect and conscience, partly by pressure of class opinion. Committees on scenery, costumes, and properties begin their work, which varies in difficulty with each performance, but which is never easy. As soon as things begin to move, and the way seems clear ahead, there invariably arises the problem of the stage, the most wearing and distressing problem of all, because there is no fun in it. It tests the patience of the Committee on Schedules, of those in charge of physical training, of the management of the play or plays, of everyone who is either nearly or remotely concerned, down to the caretaker of the gymnasium. Usually this single problem costs more in vitality than a final week of rehearsals, and even after it is solved, by compromise and generosity, mutual or individual, the difficulties of staging and setting the production still remain to be surmounted.

The temporary, makeshift nature of our arrangements for plays lies at the root of all our greatest difficulties. With other college and amateur organizations we have certain trials in common. This one, as far as I know, is uniquely of Bryn Mawr. Our ambition, fed upon our relative successes, perhaps upon our college pride, has outrun our equipment.

The erection of our respectable if unlovely proscenium and of our stage without "dock" or "traps" or "wings", whose boards would creak to the tread of a fairy, involves so many persons and so much haste and trouble and expense (I am told that the cost is almost \$200 for a single performance) that beside it, those other matters which imply the practical or artistic excuses for giving plays become distinctly secondary. Its most pernicious aspect is the waste which it entails—waste of temper, effort, money, physical strength; of electrical equipment, like wires and bulbs; of scenery and paint in the wear and tear of moving and inadequate facilities for storage—of everything, indeed, which goes into the preparation for a theatrical performance. Most serious of all is the fact that it often seems to overtop any value or reason which the production of a play may show. That is serious. Why should a college sponsor or tolerate student plays unless on the ground of educational value? In the absolute scale the art of the average of them is, by and large, not impressive to a seasoned theatre-goer. The amusement, the fun of giving a play, is and should be rather secondary until the performance has passed into recollection. The learning of lines, the devising of a mounting which not infrequently redeems makeshifts to beauty, the assumption and fulfillment of responsibility, the discipline, intellectual and social, are educational, and only upon that ground can a college deal officially in the average of amateur plays. Now, when the effort involved in a student dramatic production passes the point at which it is commensurate with value received, it becomes nugatory. Though I am not prepared to say that our theatrical situation has reached that state, there may be those who are.

I do not like to count the years during which we have fixed hopeful eyes upon a college theatre. Indeed, some of us, I fear, have come to think of that haven, the proposed students' building, as mostly theatre. We are assured that the auditorium, as planned, will contain adequate facilities for plays of all sorts. In the prophecies about the structure that I have overheard I have discerned only one ground for fear, namely; that the stage may be too elaborately devised. A satisfactory stage is a luxury, but it need not be an expensive, or a com-

plicated, or a postponing luxury, as such luxuries go. A fair-sized playing space, smooth "boards", a "trap" or two, merely adequate "wings," a curtain that will hide the stage quickly, plenty of plugs for electrical connections, a switchboard, however primitive, a few light-banks, a space to store scenery and properties economically, would not make up a complicated equipment; and their purely elemental quality would challenge the ingenuity and enthusiasm of a management. Herein would lie their chief value as an educational tool. Above all, a prompter's box, so located that it might make possible a "running prompt," would eliminate much of the effort dissipated in learning lines. I know of one college where a similar device has almost incalculably lessened the difficulties of production. Though the dream of such a theatrical equipment costs nothing but the paper that bears it, it must certainly reveal to one who reads it aright a vista of almost infinite possibilities in achievement and experiment, and that at a minimum of distraction.

In an adequate playhouse lies the only panacea for our troubles. The elimination of class plays and the concentration of student effort upon single attempts will not solve our problem; no, nor a dramatic club, nor further temporizing with the difficulties which now beset us. "Yes," we may say resignedly, "we must wait for the students' building." Perhaps, but mere passive waiting will get us little. Inessentials must not stand in the way of essentials.

## THE FATTEST FROG

MARGARET A. KENNARD, '22

The Fattest Frog lived in the "menagerie" in our nursery, among all the other frogs and toads and snails, and we loved him very much because he was so big, and croaked so beautifully.

Some one—we always said it was the youngest—persisted in leaving the glass cover the "menagerie" off, so that, every day or so, the frogs and toads escaped all over the room. Oscar, the Salamander, never got out, and the Fattest Frog was always easy to find, but often it took us quite a while to find the little frogs, and sometimes we could not find them at all. Aided by nervous maids we searched the house, upstairs and down, yet one by one the small frogs disappeared. But the Fattest Frog was always there, calmly and soberly waiting to be fed. Once, he ate thirty-seven caterpillars as fast as we could feed him, so we spent mornings hunting spiders in

the woods, and the house was absolutely free from flies that year.

Then, one day, as we came in, with our cans full of delightful frog-feed, we saw, the Fattest Frog, stolidly sitting as usual, but, with the hind legs of a smaller frog sticking out of his mouth.

I remember that the four of us silently but methodically removed the "menagerie." Sometimes now, I find a Fattest Frog.

### "IRONY"

ELIZABETH HOWE, '24

Just at the crest with skiis in perfect line  
He stops, and almost seems to spread his wings,  
Then moves, a gliding god on satin springs—  
To meet each dip and crest in perfect time.  
The driven snow mounts to his head like wine,  
In vain the opposing wind about him clings.  
He laughs, with face aglow, as up he swings  
To take the leap. His eyes like star points shine.  
Then out and up, too swift for eye to trace,  
Leaving with earth his earthly form in trust,  
A soul, with arms outstretched in hopeless quest.  
At last, a bird indeed, with sweeping grace—  
He falls, to find in hope but sunkissed dust:  
In earth but infinite space. So comes to rest.

## OF GYPSIES

EDITH WALTON, '25

It is common knowledge that one forfeits illusions with age. And this is a pity. Especially one hates to lose faith in gypsies, who are always linked in the mind with pirates and goblins and all things romantic and radiant.

Most people, in youth, have certain imaginative conceptions of gypsies. They are a race of wanderers, darkly handsome, a people with secret purposes and mysterious adventures. One thinks with envy of beautiful gypsy maidens, tall and lithe. Their skin is brown and glowing, their clouds of black hair fall loose. They are distinguished by brilliant costumes and a profusion of bangles. The men one characterizes as "swarthy." They are "strong and silent." One pictures them engaged in a continuous career of kidnapping or impetuous wooing.

The word "caravan" leaves a vague impression, but one conjures up a vehicle with splendid scarlet roof and cushioned inside. It rumbles along country roads to the accompanying tinkle of bells, while black eyes peer sharply from behind the curtains. Then one remembers the haunting lines:

"Time, you old gypsy man,  
Will you not stay?  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day?"

And one fancies the halting place at night—the great warm fire built near the caravan, the shadowy circle with faces lit by the flames, and the ancient songs of the open road rising passionately under the stars.

All these pleasant illusions are tenacious. They linger unreasonably. I saw my first gypsy encampment at the age of ten. A few drab little tents were scattered over a particularly bleak bit of ground. These were labelled with the names of "Queen Camilla," "Queen Zenobia," and others of like quality. In a chair before one tent rocked a fat oily-skinned woman in a bright pink blouse. Presumably she was one of the queens. Some scrawny children were quarrelling in the dirt and a limp man was chewing tobacco as he watched. Yet even this sordid glimpse did not materially affect my ideas of gypsies. Even so Sir Roger de Coverly, despising the tribe, crossed their covetous hands with silver and listened in satisfaction to predictions about the widow.

This illustrates a curious side to human nature. Few but the most skeptical can resist the lure of fortune-telling. And no matter how learned one may be in palmistry or the reading of the stars, it is a gypsy fortune-teller, however ignorant, that all desire. To a real gypsy one listens devoutly, absorbing common-place twaddle, uttered in broken English, to be sure. A gayly dressed amateur, no matter how clever and pretty, is never given the same confidence.

There is another fantastic idea which one retains. One never cares to investigate the relation between Egypt and her wandering children. This relation is, of course, authentic. Do not the Auld Lights in "The Little Minister" call Babbie "the Egyptian," in tones of no uncertain abuse? But the connection is better undefined. Then one can imagine each gypsy girl of witch-like charm has for ancestor some imperious dark-browed Princess of the Nile, no less a tamer of hearts. The occasional cruelty of the Rommany Rye is surely an inheritance from the Pharaohs, and those glittering ornaments, vestiges of Egypt's barbaric splendor.

But since, in sober truth, and to establish one's reputation as a solid person, one may not be too fanciful about gypsies, let us compromise on George Borrow, he who wrote "Lavengro" and "The Rommany Rye." Just lately it has become the fashion to belittle Borrow, to say that his gypsies are distorted creatures, highly-colored, who act unnaturally and whose dialect is incorrectly used. But such criticism is for the carping mind. Borrow knew his gypsies, he lived among them, and so he makes them real. They are simple people, direct and hospitable. They drink ale and even tea like other folk. They have not the traditional trappings, these gypsies, though sometimes they steal, under wild adventurous circumstances, and though there is in them a sombre mysterious strain. They despise the white man, the "gorgio," but in the half-kindly manner of Jasper Petulengro. He, by the way, is the immortal gypsy. One never forgets his conversation about death.

"'When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose, and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end to the matter.'

"'And do you think that is the end of man?'

"'There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity.'

"'Why do you say so?'

"'Life is sweet, brother.'

"'Do you think so?'

“ ‘Think so! There’s night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there’s likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?’ ”

“ ‘I would wish to die—’ ”

“ ‘You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever!’ ”

“ ‘In sickness, Jasper?’ ”

“ ‘There’s the sun and stars, brother.’ ”

“ ‘In blindness, Jasper?’ ”

“ ‘There’s the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever.’ ”

It is quite true. As one grows older one has to relinquish the gay-colored notions. There is an end of the beautiful black-eyed gypsy girl, in her crimson scarfs and flashing trinkets, of the dark sinister man. But, after all, there is some truth in the old rhymes about the gypsy heart and the gypsy blood. Dirty and degenerate they may be, not worthy of the old tradition. And yet they are the last of the vagrants—

“Tomorrow he shall take his pack,  
And set out for the ways beyond,  
On the old trail from star to star,  
An alien and a vagabond.”

There is little enough of the wandering spirit in these times. One can but hope that “The Rommany Chi and the Rommany Chall” will remain, unchanged, forever.

## THE ART SEM.

A Study of Student Nightmare  
(With apologies to Vachel Lindsay)

PAMELA COYNE, '24

Tired young students in a seminary,  
Female leaders, with minds unstable,  
Whispered and read and pounded on the table,  
**Pounded on the table,**  
Beat on the table in the clamor of the room,  
Hard as they were able,

Boom, boom, BOOM,  
With dog-eared volumes in the clamor of the room,  
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.  
Then I had a vision, hectic, fevered vision.  
I could not turn from the room in derision.  
*Then I saw the pictures, creeping from the screen,  
Saw the mighty ancestors from the burlap lean.*  
Then along the seminary  
Danced in files  
Stately women with mystic smiles;  
Then I saw the sleek monks swinging along  
Heard the angel legion, singing their song.  
Down came the prophets and the saints and the warriors.  
Down came the sculptors, painters, doctors.  
"What care we for your silly twaddle?  
Eat up the critics,  
Copy their twaddle,  
Twaddle-twaddle, twaddle-twaddle,  
Rot.  
Boomlay! boomlay! boomlay! BOOM!"  
A scornful, haughty, ragging tune.  
Then from the Art Sem  
Echoed to the moon  
"The quiz is a dragon  
Slide-eyed and terrible,  
Blue-backed and horrible.  
Boom, flunk the big grinds,  
Boom, flunk the dear debs,  
Boom, flunk the aesthetes,  
Hoo, hoo, hoo.  
Listen to the tale of an Ancient Saint,  
Listen to the men that the masters paint,  
Hear how the cherubs laugh and sing,  
And the cries of martyrs rise and ring;  
Listen to Berenson's proclamation,  
Read the last writ with hesitation.  
Sign your name to a hundred slips."  
This I heard from painted lips.  
Be careful what you do,



Or we pictures, tacked on the Art Sem,  
And all the other  
Pictures of the Art Sem,  
Portraits of the Art Sem will hoo-doo you,  
Pictures of the Art Sem will hoo-doo you,  
Portraits of the Art Sem will hoo-doo you.

## THE BEVANCIAS OF LONE VALLEY

VINTON LIDDEL, '22

The moon was so new and slender that it was impossible to make out the face of either the driver or the girl at his side, but, as the mare lifted her black muzzle from the stream, its light was caught in the cool drops about her mouth and in the silver mountings of the harness. I was pleased when the delicate head was plunged into the water a second time, for the delay gave me a chance to look carefully at the carriage and its occupants.

It was a battered and mud-covered buggy, with the back lengthened to make a small hay-rick, a kind of equipage often seen in the mountains, the only distinctive characteristic of this one being the coat of arms on the panel. The cold winter stars were tantalizingly inadequate, and, though I am ignorant of heraldry, I cursed my inability to see the design.

My guide, for whom I had been waiting, came swinging across the narrow field which is Lone Valley. Back of him, Strange Mountain flattened itself against the sky, and the smoke from a farm house chimney caught some stars like sparks in its train.

"Hello, Berry," called the boy in the wagon, as the horse trotted into the darkness of the wood road. The guide made a careless answer, and stood looking after them with an expression that was wistful almost to the point of tenderness.

"It sho' hurts to see a Bevancia with only one hoss to drive," he whispered into his beard, "They's used to the best in the world, an' deserves to have it."

"At least it is a beautiful horse."

Berry scarcely heard me; he was recalling past glories of the Bevancias. Before the war—and the war must not be confused with our European adventure—the family had immigrated from Spain after a feud of great bitterness, and had built their home under the craggy shelter of Strange Mountain, spending lavish gold and creating

for themselves among the country folk a place almost comparable to that of mediaeval barons. But suddenly the gold stopped, no one knew why, and only the money earned by General Bevancia from the Confederate government remained. The horses were the first things to go.—“What hurt the General,” said Berry, “were not bein’ able to give ’em to the army outright.”—There were no more slaves, and Mrs. Bevancia was too delicate to take proper care of the children, who ran wild through the woods and knew every rock and trail from the Valley to the state line.

“That’s why old John Bevancia wouldn’t never make his boys—that’s Tom you just see’d—go off to school. Their mother come from the East an’ talked about a place called Harvard, but it didn’t do no good. John said she hadn’t talked about no college education when he was a-courtin’ of her, an’ he reckoned if he’d larnt enough in the woods to git the gal he wanted an’ make a livin’ for her—poor enough livin’, a-tween you an’ me—his son could do the same.”

From the wood road, just as we were about to start over the crisp stubble to the eastward trail, sounded a sweet, rather frail tenor, singing, without much expression,

“Au clair de la lune,  
Mon ami Pierrot,  
Prête-moi ta plume  
Pour écrire un mot.”

“Did he learn French in the woods?” I asked sarcastically, as the black mare stepped into the light like a detached shadow, and I recognized the singer as Tom Bevancia.

“Oh, they all speak French an’ Spanish, an’ they’s books in that house in the Lord knows how many languages. The Bevancias ride half the time and read the other half.”

“Let’s not look for it, Tom. You know we sha’n’t find it—here.” The girl laid a sad emphasis on the last word.

Tom stepped from the wagon and came toward us.

“Did you by any chance see a little pearl brooch my sister dropped on the way back from vespers?” he asked. “It is not especially valuable, but it has been in the family so long we hate to lose it.”

We all started hunting, fooled, time after time by the frost pearls on the grass, and while we searched I could not help wondering at the contrast between the girl’s cheap cotton dress and shabby coat and the brooch she described, although I was forced to admit that she had the air of one accustomed to jewels and all that goes with them.

Theresa had never been outside the state, but there was nothing provincial about her, scarcely anything that was American. Without the least trace of condescension in her manner, she still treated us as though we were her courtiers, watching us from the wagon, and every now and then begging us to stop our search.

"It is getting late," she kept saying, "You really should be starting if you expect to reach town tonight. Besides, we shall not find the brooch."

Providence saved me from asking an explanation of her fatalistic pessimism, and it was only after we had given up looking and were half way out of the Valley that a reference to some lighted windows near the pass gave me my answer.

"That's the Bevancias' house," said Berry.

"It looks more like a castle."

"Yes, an' it looks more like one on the inside"—When had Berry ever seen a castle at all?—"They serves their meals on solid silver, with all the old dead Bevancias a-lookin' on."

"But why don't they sell some of their things, buy a small house, and have a little more to live on?"

"They couldn't leave. You know what night this is?"

It was New Year's Eve, but to me the fact seemed irrelevant.

"Ten years ago," continued Berry, "Mr. John—Tom's older brother—went out on that same mare you just see'd. By an' by the mare come back alone, an' when they looked they found his gun, all broken, by the stream. They's no good never come to a Bevancia at that crossing."

A northern window shone suddenly like a new star.

"It's Mr. John's room," said Berry, "They claims they talks with him every New Year's Eve."

## THE WAY IT GOES

HARRIET M. SCRIBNER, '23

Bradford Junior was the most privileged and independent of mortals, a stag at a country club dance. He was proving his independence by cutting in on no one, although he saw several who wanted or needed it. Bill deWitt, whose duty dance with somebody's cousin from Akron had extended to three, going on four, and whose beseeching glances seemed never to connect with the eyes of the stag line; Marion Miller, who winked or raised her eyebrows each time she passed, to which his only response was an impersonal smile. "I'll be sure to see you tonight," she had said as he left her that afternoon. He understood, as she had intended he should, that this meant not only a dance, but a ride in his car and—the usual between dances formula. Marion was too obvious. The sort that assumes a proprietary air after a little petting. The fact that girls always took him very seriously sometimes proved a nuisance, he reflected. No, he would not cut in on Marion. He lit a cigarette, to suppress her hopes and to give himself time to discover some one sufficiently interesting.

The assembly typified that youth which Tarkington has tried to satirize, Scott Fitzgerald to realize. There was Seventeen, fresh from prep school, conscientiously blasé, its hair parted in the middle; the college slicker, upon whom boredom sat more casually, (most of him were engaged); young, untired business men frankly enjoying themselves; flip flappers, their bobbed, permanent heads on their partners' shoulders; girls who had been "out" several seasons, and to whom experience had given more varied and venturesome lines; girls who were "not having an awfully good time,"—by long and judicious practice Bradford Junior had learned to avoid duty dances, (chaperons found him evasive in every way). He surveyed the sun-burned backs, upon which it was clearly defined where the bathing suit had begun, and faces animated to line, or wearing the expression peculiar to dancing—half scornful, half asleep. An encore was beginning, couples wandered out on the tiled terrace, or down the gravelled drive toward the line of parked motors; the stag line began to shift, older men made their way to the card room, younger ones, after rapid exchange of confidences in undertones, sauntered to the door leading to the locker room. A loud rattle and the crash of cymbals told him that some one had persuaded Ann Watson to trap. The party was peppering up. The man next him stepped out and cut in on a small girl in jade green,

whose copper-colored curls jiggled vivaciously as she danced. Her former partner greeted Bradford Junior heartily.

"Glad to see you, Alec," he returned, "how does it feel to be back after two years?" Alec had been a friend of his elder brother's, once highly revered, but his year of college had made Bradford Junior equal to all men of the world.

"Everything's pretty much the same, you've got a good crowd here tonight."

"Pretty dead," replied Bradford Junior languidly, "these girls aren't so potent, too young or something." Naturally Alec's smile was one of sympathetic understanding. He had been fond of a good time in his day.

"Well, they're lively enough for me," he was saying easily, "but then I'm a married man now."

"Makes a difference doesn't it?" Bradford Junior was patronizingly confidential,—he was his own master.

"Yeah," murmured Alec absently, his eye on the girl whose black hair was drawn into an inverted question mark on her white forehead, "See you later Brad," he added, over his shoulder, as he cut in. It was then, as he avoided Marion's gaze, that Bradford Junior saw Her. It was not simply the fact that he had never seen her before that made her interesting, he told himself, she looked *different*; for one thing her hair was not bobbed, nor did she wear a bang—for reasons unknown he always associated these forms of coiffure with the stock line he was trying to escape tonight. She was saying something at which her partner grinned fatuously, she threw back her head, laughing, her eyes, with their strange greenish lights, met Bradford Junior's; not in a trailing, sidelong glance like Marion's, but squarely, nor did they shift, as she looked full at him her laugh changed to a smile, not for her partner, but for him. Bradford Junior's face lost its studied ennui. Flipping his cigarette through the window back of him, he stepped forward and cut in.

"Are you going to try to convince me you've met me before, or is this an admitted pick up" her voice was low and deep, the sort of voice that he felt could never become shrill, or raise to that screaming laughter that even now he heard above the jazz.

Bradford Junior's experience had been with strictly orthodox "line." He had not yet learned to respond to the unconventional in its own tone. He blundered.

"I'm sure I met you at the Fennils' ", this, was as safe a bet as the Yale Prom,—everyone had gone to Eulalie Fennil's coming out.

"You were there?" the inquiry seemed a direct slur on his social status.

"I said that was where I met *you*,—of course I was *there*!"

"Well, I wasn't!"

"That was a mean one," Bradford Junior was inwardly congratulating himself on his poise. She was, he observed, an "older" girl and would not be startled. "All right then, I *did* pick you up, because you're the most interesting girl in the room."

"How do you know,—have you proved all the others uninteresting? I'm simply an experiment, am I not?" This he took as a tribute—she must realize he was well versed in the ways of women—still she puzzled him.

"What are you going to try on me?" her eyes, looking suddenly into his, were challenging in the very directness of their gaze.

"What will you risk?" it was his most finished manner.

"Anything—once!"

And someone spoiled it all by cutting in. "See you later," he murmured, and felt her cool fingers close for an instant on his hand. He returned to the stag line as useless as before. His eyes followed her. She was not simply pretty in Marion's stereotyped way, she was unusual. If she made up it was not in the obvious red and white way of most of the girls. Her hair, unruffed and uncurled, waved of itself. This much did Bradford Junior observe before, feeling Marion's stare, he cut in again. As they danced he realized that she was wholly unlike the flappers, in that she was not trying to be "fast." Using "This Side of Paradise" as a text book, she was not trying to be anything, and still she was far from what he termed a "flat tire." Their conversation, witty though it seemed to him, is not worth recording. It was the same that goes on at any country club dance, conversed by different people. By the time he reached the third dance with her Bradford Junior thought himself genuinely in love. He expressed his emotions to Alec, when they chanced to stand side by side in the stag line again, "She's no mean dancer!" he said.

During their sixth dance Bradford Junior was visualizing her at his fraternity house party the following year. He refrained from giving her a bid then, however; he had learned never to commit himself too far in advance, and a summer of other girls was before him. By the middle of the evening he had turned down an invitation to go out and partake of a special mixture of grape juice and Scotch, popular among his associates, that he might miss no chance to cut in on her. He was working gradually toward what he knew to be the

inevitable climax. Things were going smoothly, she was not helping him too eagerly, as did Marion, or hindering him. He felt that he was controlling the situation, and that he was expert. He was aware that he was giving her a conspicuous rush, that tomorrow it would be the gossip of club veranda and boudoir, that Marion's name would be mentioned with knowing smiles, "what else could she expect?" or "how long will this one last?" He knew that Marion would make a scene with him, she would not have sense enough to withdraw, quietly. To this he was indifferent. He appraised the girl as they danced, and concluded that he could work fast with her, although she had an impersonal air that puzzled him. It was worth trying.

"Smoke?" he asked as the music stopped. She nodded.

"It's stuffy in here,—let's go outside." The music began again.

"No, don't let's finish it," she answered his look, and he piloted her across the floor, dodging camel-walking couples, to the wide terrace, where groups were standing, talking, laughing, smoking. They wandered to the side overlooking the polo field, a broad stretch of lawn in the moonlight, strangely unfamiliar. Here and there the length of the terrace a small red light in the darkness showed others had come out with their same intention; he extended his silver cigarette case, containing the more expensive brand he brought to dances. She smoked without affectation, as if she enjoyed it, as a matter-of-course. He noted with approval that she neither began to discuss cigarettes, nor tried to blow rings. They fell silent, he slumped in his chair, feet on the railing contemplating the next move,—a stroll down to the secluded bench on the second tee, or might she, being a stranger, like to see the fountain in the garden next door? He decided against both, the bench was probably already occupied, and he remembered that, the owners being in Europe, the fountain was dry, the seats removed from the garden. She flung her cigarette away, it glowed in the grass, sending a thin stream of blue smoke straight into the air. That was the cue.

"We don't want to dance any more right now, do we?" he asked.

"Let's get cooled off."

"If we're going to ride I want my coat. Just a minute and I'll get it." He watched her cross the dance floor, saw, with satisfaction, that she shook her head to several men who approached asking for "the next,"—among them Alec, with whom she exchanged some pleasantries that made him laugh uproariously. Bradford Junior felt suddenly irritated. Alec had danced with her rather often. But she was back with him again, and they were making their way across the gravel

to his car; he sent up a thanksgiving that his father's absence had enabled him to take the "motor," as distinct from the family flivver, shared by his brother and sisters. The motor was long, low slung and powerful, all that should have followed the silver case and the cigarettes therein. It whirred softly, the gears slipped noiselessly, they were out upon the highway, leaving behind them the warmth and gaiety and music, all so commonplace. They drove out over moonlit roads, soft night mists drifted up through the valley, bringing a welcome chill to the air. The country lay sleeping, save where a patch of light shone from the dark background of a house, and the secluded comfort of it heightened their sense of having the world to themselves. The road, turning sharply, brought them in full view of the Sound, still and glistening; the shores stood out, faint dark lines close to the water: almost as far away as eye could reach, flashed the alternate red and white of a lighthouse. A breeze, sweeping up across the water, struck them full.

Bradford Junior stopped the car, snapped off the engine and turned down the lights. The girl settled further into her seat, drawing her cape more closely around her.

"Cold?" Bradford Junior leaned toward her, slipping his arm along the back of the seat—he was sure of his method of attack.

"Oh no," crossing her legs and moving ever so slightly nearer him, then, "Lord, what a night!" she murmured. They fell silent, he looking down at her, she, her face turned from him, staring out over the moonlit water. She began to whistle softly the tune the orchestra had been playing when they left, "Ain't We Got Fun."

"I have!" said Bradford Junior, gathering one of her hands into his own. "I have, now. I was having a rummy time till I saw you, though; all those darn girls with no sense, same line, think they're wicked, I can't stand them; but you're different,—oh, I know this sounds like a line, but I swear it's not——" and realized that, at least momentarily, he meant it, "You're wonderful!" Almost automatically his arm slid from the back of the seat around her shoulders, it was quite obviously the moment, and the thing to do. He drew her toward him.

"I'm out here with my husband's permission, but I don't think he would sanction this," her tone was impersonal, rather amused.

"My God!" said Bradford Junior, cold horror swept over him, "you're not—I didn't know——" She held out her left hand, the moonlight sparkled on the conventional circle of platinum and diamonds on the fourth finger.



"I'm Mrs. Alec," she told him, then impulsively, "Oh, Brad Junior, I owe you an explanation. Start the car and I'll tell you on the way back." Dazed, he obeyed, a vague sense of disgust and resentment growing within him as she spoke,—

"You see, Alec wanted to see all his old friends," she was saying, "so he told me I could play with everyone just as if I wasn't qualified to be a chaperon. And I thought I'd see whether two years married life has made me a complete back number, and how well I could hold my own against all the flappers. I admit I simply wanted to gratify my personal vanity. Then when Alec and I were dancing together we saw you; you looked so bored, and the flappers didn't seem to be doing you much good, I thought I'd have a try. He bet me a pair of silk stockings to half a dozen golf balls I couldn't get you interested. I wanted you to rush me, but I didn't think of a petting party, I wouldn't be telling you all this if you hadn't tried to kiss me—you *were* fresh, you know." Fresh! Bradford Junior's *savoir faire*, his neat handling of an accepted situation, termed freshness! It stunned him.

"I'm sorry," he muttered stupidly. She had admitted she was only amusing herself with him, that she had set out deliberately to have him rush her, and he had fallen, before the eyes of the entire club, many of whom were undoubtedly in on the bet. What a fool she'd made of him,—what a joke to be repeated for the rest of the summer. In silence they drove up to the club. He was suffering the tortures that only eighteen, with his conceit irrevocably wounded, can suffer. Suddenly he thought of Marion, she, at least, was devoted. By dancing with her the rest of the evening, re-establishing himself on his former footing with her, he could make this seem but a passing fancy, he would prove he had not fallen, and so save his face. People might even think he had been diverting himself with Alec's wife. He helped her from the motor stiffly and in silence they returned to the dance hall.

"Excuse me," he murmured, and leaving her unceremoniously seized the nearest stag.

"Where's Marion?" he demanded fiercely. The stag eyed him with sleepy contempt.

"Went home with Bill deWitt about an hour ago, you big stupe. Lemme go, will you, I want to cut in."

Bradford Junior, once more a stag, went from the club into the outer darkness.

PIERRE DE RONSARD'S *A SA MAITRESSE*

(Translated by EVELYN PAGE, '23)

Lovely lady, but too fair,  
With the gifts of Venus  
When you see your glossy hair  
Vanish like the kiss between us,  
And your skin all wrinkled grow,  
Teach yourself some fairy lore  
Learn you must reap what you do sow  
As you have heard before.  
Beauty's like the crimson rose  
That even now is dying;  
In vain your prayers that, dear God knows,  
Deserve naught but denying.  
You know indeed how I adore  
You, uninclined to pity.  
You flee from me but yet the more  
And mock me and my ditty.  
O thou of Paphos and of Cypress queen,  
Goddess, dusky browed,  
Sooner than laggard time take vengeance keen  
On her, disdainful, proud,  
And with the hand that lights the heart  
Make hers to flame and burn,  
Let her endure my shameful part  
That I may laugh my turn.

## RED CURTAINS

SUZANNE K. ALDRICH, '22

"I wish you would tell me now, if you intend to spend the whole month of August playing with that man?"

There was an onimous pause. Hilda deliberately polished off the toe of the tennis shoe that she was celaning before she answered rather slowly—

"Yes, I probably shall. You might just as well make up your mind to it now as later, Hal. I don't see what business it is of yours any way!"

She brushed a wisp of light brown hair back from her too high forehead and looked up at him defiantly. She was in a very exasperating mood. Harold's patience was fast giving out. He had been looking forward through all the steaming summer to this month's vacation, to its New Hampshire coolness and to Hilda's company. Now he had arrived to find her chiefly preoccupied with someone else and triumphantly telling him that it was none of his business.

"Hilda, how can you?" he demanded weakly.

"You haven't any claim on my time—really—now have you?" she persisted.

"Well, that's just as you look at it!"

He stared down at her as she mechanically cleaned the row of white shoes. It was so like her to fly off at a tangent in this way that he found he was smiling in spite of himself, and quietly enjoying the outline of her unusually good mouth and chin, much as usual. At any rate he was moderately well off at the present moment for no visitor, however persistent, was likely to penetrate to the back porch. He looked with comparative contentment out across the old orchard and the pasture, where half the trees were nothing but gnarled stumps; to the bold outline of the hills. After all, what was the use of worrying? Hilda's exaggerated curiosity about books and queer people was always getting her into strange situations. This one would blow over as they always did.

"I suppose you are bored again with the idea of anything so utterly humdrum as a doctor," he remarked placidly.

"Yes, frankly, I am." She answered, and there was a long, rather strained silence. Suddenly an explosive "Damn" and "there comes that fool now!" The screen door of the kitchen snapped behind him with a savage twang and Harold was gone.

Far down at the end of the pasture a man was climbing over a

crumbling old wall that divided it from the orchard. He was rather clumsy and Hilda sat and watched him with a half smile on her face, as he stopped to pick up the stones he had knocked off. Having arranged them satisfactorily he proceeded across the field with a long angular stride that reminded one of Ichabod Crane. He charged up to the steps of the porch with a genial "Good morning." She smiled down at him. "Won't you come up and read, Freddy? You must be tired after your struggles with the stone wall."

He folded his long body into a comfortable position on the top step beside her. He was an amusing figure, with his big frame and big nose, his unruly reddish hair and his piercing brown eyes, but with all he was rather charming.

"Have you read the book yet that I brought you yesterday?" He always plunged into the middle of a conversation without any preliminaries.

"Yes—I liked it."

"I knew you would." He leaned back against the pillar complacently and having overlooked any such detail as a, "by your leave" was lighting his favorite pipe.

"Why so sure, Freddy?"

"Why," he echoed, "the whole book is just like you." And he laughed a deep hearty laugh. "So frightfully preoccupied with right and wrong, you know. I don't believe you even sat down to read it without wondering if you ought not to be—well cleaning your white shoes, for instance! Did you now?"

Hilda flushed. "I wish you wouldn't tease me so Freddy. Didn't you like the book, really?" She was always terribly in earnest and her sense of humor had a way of escaping when she was thinking.

"Yes, of course I liked it. I know the fellow who wrote it rather well. He used to work on the same paper with me once. He is a nice chap but it seems to me his point of view is so futile; so utterly futile. It is really just the same as yours. You both are always making a moral issue out of every little thing, as if the little things mattered any way! He had a way of suddenly dropping into a philosophical vein which was almost disconcerting. "Have you ever looked at the rows on rows of leaden, weary faces—a New York subway? Those people are chained and fettered by a list of don'ts. The laws, and the church, and a host of other institutions, have them up by the throat squeezing the power of judgment out of them. All they want is to be happy and no one can be that if he violates the principle of beauty. Sin is ugly! Teach them that—not that they will go to hell

or to prison if they are bad. But heavens! this is no way to talk to you. I will start your serious mind working on the serious state of the world; and then you won't laugh for a week. I wish I could teach you to be happy while you can, and not to worry about what will happen tomorrow or the day after!"

Hilda then would defend herself. She had read a good bit in a haphazard manner and she had her own ideas about life in general. They were different enough from his and she was as stubborn, exasperatingly stubborn. Her father, a professor in an Eastern university, had always encouraged her reading and her interest in people. Mrs. Lunn, delightful and quietly good, had always looked upon both these interests with suspicion. It was Doctor Lunn who welcomed young Maitland to the house, saying that all points of view were interesting and that he enjoyed hearing him talk immensely. Maitland had lived on a farm in Kentucky in his childhood and worked his way up through college to a position on the editorial staff of a magazine. He had an interesting mind and a certain amount of charm, but none the less Mrs. Lunn took a definite dislike to him. Day after day, however, he continued to see Hilda. She came more and more to look upon his judgment as something superhuman and to revel in the light tone of mockery he used toward her. He was very stimulating to talk to and he had read omnivorously. She felt as if she was walking on air during these days, and that she held the secrets of the universe in the hollow of her hand. Harold Freeman had dropped off the horizon so far as she was concerned, and the poor fellow determined wearily to possess his soul in patience. She would get over it, he argued, she always had.

One rainy evening late in August, Maitland was enjoying the Lunn's fire. They played bridge on a little old-fashioned table in front of the fire, until about nine, and then Mrs. Lunn, quite overcome with sleep, went to bed. Doctor Lunn retired with the *Political Science Magazine* to the morris chair by the lamp, from which he occasionally delivered some weighty comment on the state of the nation. Maitland sat in a low chair by the fire gazing at his boots, and Hilda lay back in the corner of the sofa enjoying the fire light on his carrotty colored hair.

"Do you know" she suddenly remarked, "that I never felt before I met you as if the red curtains would ever disappear for good."

"What on earth are you talking about now?" Maitland inquired without turning his head.

"Well, it's rather hard to explain, but I'll try. If you had ever

been in our house in the city I think you would know. The carpets are very deep and soft, delightful to walk on, and in the library and dining room there are heavy red velvet curtains at the windows. They seem to shut out everything in the world that is particularly good or particularly bad and to wrap themselves round your life with a stifling security. Often I feel as if they would have me to lead a very respectable life, entirely respectable, but as if they would hold me back from anything very good as well as from anything very bad. They would never let me do what was not proper, and they shut out the starved faces of the poor because they are not comfortable to look at. Sometimes I feel as if the curtains might disappear—I almost feel that way now; but they always shut down again, and I suppose they will this time."

Maitland turned toward her and all the mockery was gone out of his voice as he answered, "Not this time, Hilda."

"Have you heard, Maitland" the voice of the professor boomed across the room, "that the price of cotton is continuing to rise?"

\* \* \* \* \*

About a week later Maitland left and returned to his job in New York. In the first few days Hilda got two letters from him. Long and delightfully interesting. Then they began to lag, and after about two weeks she didn't hear at all. The days seemed longer and longer and the hours between mails interminable. She walked into the post-office full of high hopes, tore feverishly through the little pile of letters, and then walked disconsolately home, counting up the hours till the next mail. Outwardly she was much the same as usual and neither father nor mother could make out if she really cared or not. She never mentioned him except once, when her father asked her if she had heard from him lately, she laughed and answered, "Heavens no, he hasn't written for weeks." She read a good deal of the time and occasionally played tennis with Harold's younger brother, for Harold had gone back to work. One day she climbed White-Face with him but she could not shake herself free from the black cloud that hung over her mind.

Late in October the Lunns returned to New York. For a week Hilda could not make up her mind to send for Maitland. Finally she wrote him a brief note and asked him to tea. He answered by an equally brief one and accepted. On the day which he was to come Hilda found that she was uncomfortably excited. Early in the afternoon she dressed for tea and taking her knitting she sat in a huge chair by the window in the library. At about quarter to five he came.

He strode into the room with the same long steps that he used on a New Hampshire road. His mocking smile was the same as ever, but his clothes seemed to fit better and he had had a hair cut. He seemed awfully glad to see her and for a minute Hilda felt as if her two months of worry had been quite needless. Almost at once, however, Maitland sank into a cheerful impersonal strain. He chatted about the mountains, his magazine, *The Green Goddess*, and a host of other things. Hilda began to feel unutterably miserable; would he never stop talking about nothing and go away? Suddenly he leaned forward and his eyes gleamed with merriment. "Hilda, I want to tell you something funny, awfully funny in fact. You know when we were up there in New Hampshire I thought you were the only woman in the world for me! Fancy—the only woman—! As if there was such a thing or even 'men have died and worms have eaten them,' you know, 'but not for love.' He laughed his peculiar deep laugh and asked ingeniously, "Don't you think it was amusing? I met an awfully nice girl about a week after I got back and I see a good deal of her. She is not half so pretty as you, and not *half* so serious!"

There was a dreadful pause. Hilda felt breathless, as if she had fallen through space a long way, and a dull sense of misery held her tongue-tied. It was not only that he felt this way about her—she had known that for a month or more—but that he should tell her about it as the best joke of the century!

"I say, Hilda, do you mind?" he asked. "Why, why, will you always take things so seriously? I have always told you that life's like a bubble of glass that sparkles in the sun, but if you hold it too lightly it breaks and cuts your hands. I should have known this would happen but why couldn't you understand me as I really was?" In his voice there was the rebellious note of a child, whose canary has died because he forgot to feed it. Still Hilda did not answer. He looked down at her hopelessly.

"I am sorry, desperately sorry—well if you'd rather not talk to me; goodbye, Hilda."

And he was gone out through the red portieres across the soft carpeted hall and out into the street. Hilda looked wearily about the room and was half surprised that it still looked the same as it had before.

## CLOTHES AND THE MAN

ELIZABETH GORDON GRAY, '23

The Japanese wife of Lafcadio Hearn says of him: "He disliked liars, abuse of the weak, Prince Albert coats, white shirts, the city of New York, and many other things." One may or may not agree with him. Personally, I like New York—daring and revolutionary admission from one who comes from the city which declares the only good thing in New York to be the train to Philadelphia—and I don't object to a liar, provided he is handsome and does it in the moonlight. But I think every woman will agree with Hearn—and me—that "boiled shirts" and Prince Albert coats, along with the rest of modern man's wearing apparel, are objects for dislike and derision. For sheer ugliness, for impracticability, for discomfort, what can exceed the barbarous collar that in summer drives its well-nigh choked and peevish victim to the verge of collapse from the heat, and in winter leaves the back of his neck unprotected from the icy wind? Or the stiff shirt-front, the size and shape of a white marble tombstone, that creaks so disconcertingly at dinners? Or anything else in his wholly dingy, only partially utilitarian and wholly hideous wardrobe?

Nor is there any ultimate good to be gained from the enduring of all this ugliness. It is not cheap ugliness. (Although man likes to pretend that it is, reminding his wife that while her latest evening costume is not "fit to be seen" at the fourth wearing, his is still going strong at the fortieth.) It does not save him from the vexations of changing fashions, or the intricacies of What Is Worn and What Isn't. Read any page of Hints to the Well-dressed Man, and before you are hopelessly bewildered by the maze of irrational terms, you may learn that four-in-hands are "still the fashionable shape," or that while lace shoes are permissible for afternoon wear, button shoes "seem more appropriate." It is not an imposing or awe-inspiring ugliness. As Chesterton pointed out, on occasions when man wants to look most dignified, he puts on woman's clothes: the judge, the lawyer, in England, the clergyman,—even the Presbyterian minister, has come to adopt the gown. Certainly it is when he is in woman's clothes that man is most attractive to woman. Is there a single feminine heart that does not, like Barrie's policeman, "wisibly palp" at the sight of a braw Scot stalking down the street in all the pride and glory of his kilt? The man himself may be as rugged of feature and as shaggy of hair as one of his own Scotch terriers, but the kilt



transforms him into a brave, bonny, altogether romantic, and altogether adorable hero. Even Francesca, of *Penelope's Progress*, who was so unbelievably beautiful and witty that she was obliged to tell an interminable succession of suitors to "love someone worthier than herself," was, on her first day in Edinburgh, discovered "rinnin' after the regiment." (In Berlin it had been the regiment that had run after her.) "When you have seen the kilts swing, Salemina," she gasped in ecstasy, "you will never be the same woman afterwards! If there is a single spinster left in Scotland, it is because none of these ever asked her to marry him!" Unfortunately no Kiltie ever craved the hand and heart of Francesca; after refusing untold "commonplace, trousered" gentlemen, she gave up hope of a kilt, and succumbed to the charms of a minister's gown.

Yet man rails against woman's dress. Extravagant, irrational, ridiculous, vain, are some of the milder epithets he applies to it. But pin him down to something definite, and he will refer lamely to the woman who bundles up to the ears in a fur coat and puts nothing warmer on her feet than silk stockings and high-heeled pumps; or with a laugh, that has lost much of its spontaneity through repetition, he will make some sportive remark about summer furs and straw hats in January. Yet woman's clothes, if irrational,—and they are frankly so—have at any rate the merit of being pretty, of making the world in some degree brighter. Man is failing to contribute his share to the general picturesqueness. By continuing to wear snuff-colored suits and dingy overcoats, he is depriving life of one-half of the color and gaiety that it should have. Man before the nineteenth century knew his duty. Oh for the days when he wore bright satin knee-breeches, and lace ruffles, when he sported plumed hats, and doublet and hose! Consider how much more interesting the Disarmament Conference at Washington would be if Secretary Hughes's cherubic countenance were surrounded by a starched white ruff; if Mr. Balfour wore the gay trappings of a Canterbury pilgrim. Let man first cast the homely business suit out of his own eye, then shall he see more clearly to pull out the mincing French heels that are in his sister's eye.

Man, at heart, I truly believe,—though he won't admit it because of pride and fear—realizes and regrets the want of brightness in his present costume. The fashion editor of the hunting magazine, the *Spur*, remarks wistfully: "Although men's clothes are considered rather a barren subject to write on, our clothes play a very important part in our daily lives." And later, he attempts to bring a bit of brightness into man's dull fashionable outlook. "Colored handkerchiefs of

linen, silk, and silk mixtures, will be much in vogue, and the smart embroideries harmonizing are a desirable touch of color to relieve the prevailing plainness." It's rather pathetic, that resigned recognition of the desirability of color of the inevitable plainness of man's garb. Man is too slavishly conventional to change. He wears stiff collars and unbecoming hats because other men do, because other men have done so, because the clerk in the store assures him that other men will continue to do so. He laughs at woman's wearing a straw hat in January but his laughter is a little nervous. *He would not dare to do such a thing himself.* He does not even dare, on a sizzling April day, to exchange his hot derby for a cooler straw hat. Why? Because, in Philadelphia, at any rate, the Penn-Princeton baseball game has not yet been played, and until the day of that game, straw hats simply are not worn.

Bound by such iron conventionality, how can any man, however eager, make any radical change in the fashions of men? *The women must do it.* And here is the *apologia pro vita mea*. Many others have ridiculed man's clothes in rich and forcible language that puts to shame my simple assertion of ugliness, but I believe I am the first to propose a plan. Briefly, it is this: Let us legislate attractive and suitable clothes for man. Let us compel him by law to wear cheerful colors in winter—warm scarlets and purples, blues, greens, and yellows. Let him disguise his unspeakable derby with gay flowers and drooping feathers. And when, on the day of the Penn-Princeton game, he brings out his straw hat, let him also don summer suits of pretty pink and blue gingham.

I appeal to women voters!

## THE BRYN MAWR SUMMER SCHOOL

## A Worker's Viewpoint

LENA RICHMAN ZIEPH

To be honest with myself and my readers, I desire to state at the very outset the point of view, bias or prejudice, call it what you will, which forms the basis of my judgment of the Bryn Mawr Summer School For Workers In Industry. Man is not merely a receptor—he is essentially an evaluator, selecting or rejecting the various stimuli of his environment to better accord with his experience or ideals.

Now the spectacles through which I look at this experiment are the spectacles of a working girl, that is of one who has always had to toil for a living, whose friends are drawn from the working class, whose ideas and ideals are to a large measure merely an intelligent conscious formulation of the unconscious strivings of that group which we call the working class.

The Bryn Mawr Summer School was an experiment in workers' education. Now what do we mean by workers' education? By education we mean the reconstruction of experience and by workers' education we mean the interpretation of the social and economic experience of the worker.

Education for the worker is too often regarded as a philanthropic affair. It is considered to consist of a knowledge of the laws of etiquette, of Latin and Greek, of music and the beaux arts, and these things are regarded as distinctly "upper class." Now there exists in our midst a horde of barbarians totally ignorant of these "higher things" and it is the duty of the "cultured" to dispense this precious knowledge to these barbarians. Education thus has as its aim the development of the individual as an individual, not as a social being. Its aim is leisure and it is divorced from life. In brief, it is parasitic and acquisitive.

From the worker's viewpoint, education, using this term in its broadest sense, is social, and it is for work, for life's task, for a better social and communal life. The college becomes a guild for the increase and distribution of knowledge. The teacher and student become co-workers. The intelligent worker who cannot go to college for four years and whose time is limited, desires to learn those things that are most essential to her welfare. Therefore, it follows from all that I have said above, that the subject matter of a workers' college is the

formulation and study of the social problem in a spirit of absolute tolerance. All aspects are considered. All remedies are studied, no matter how fantastic they may appear, so long as they come from men and women of honest endeavor. This is, in my opinion, workers' education. Anything else may be middle-class education, cultural, necessary, perhaps, in its time and place, but it is not workers' education.

To test the success or failure of the Bryn Mawr Summer School, one must ask "What has the girl who was there for two months brought back of value to the group of which she is a member, to her union, to her fellow-workers?"

Has the Bryn Mawr Summer School from this viewpoint failed or succeeded? It is difficult to answer this question for the school is still in its experimental stage and the best I can do is to record the weak and the strong points of the school as they occur to me.

1. There was absolute freedom of discussion. The instructors were earnest and sympathetic, alive to reality and not afraid to think, with the exception of one professor. He merely threw out questions and left no time for discussion. He insisted on emphasizing capital's risk in industry, with promises that he would also give labor a fair chance. When at the last lecture he was reminded by one of the students that he forgot to mention labor's risk in the mine, mill and factory, and that the class was eager to discuss the question, he stifled the student with the advice that she might leave the class if she did not like his method of teaching.

2. The tutorial system was a failure. Many of the tutors did not have the slightest conception of education and least of all, of workers' education. Many, though *not all*, were totally ignorant of the labor movement, of its aspirations and ideals.

3. The courses were not well arranged. There were courses on labor problems, but they were not sufficiently thorough. Some very important problems, such as collective bargaining, industrial unionism, direct action, etc., would probably not have been touched upon had it not been for a group of wide-awake girls who believed that a Summer School for Workers in Industry should throw some light, if possible, upon these vexed questions. It was thanks to their energy and to their knowledge that the Summer School was rescued from apathy. Instead of a Welfare Camp, it became an intellectual live wire. The campus and class rooms bristled with discussions, because *these girls forced these really vital questions* upon the attention of the instructors. As many of the instructors confessed, the college would have been

intellectually dead had it not been for these students. The instructors and even the tutors did receive a liberal education.

This then is my impression of the Summer School. It was certainly well meaning, although it made mistakes which perhaps were inevitable.

Will it finally succeed or fail? That will depend upon the courage of the initiators of the school.

Have they the courage to study the social problem so as to aid the workers to better readjust themselves to our changing world?

Personally, I hope Bryn Mawr succeeds, for I have memories with me that can never be erased. I not only had a delightful time but I studied a great deal, too. I met the most pleasant personalities among students and faculty and formed treasured friendships.

May Bryn Mawr Summer School succeed in its great task to impart useful knowledge to working women.

## THE SUMMER SCHOOL

SILVIA SAUNDERS, '24

These articles are made straight from notes and records I took at all debates, discussions, and conferences while I was at the Summer School. The discussions were often informal; for example, three girls discussed for more than two hours one afternoon the question of their representative to the committee for drawing up plans for next year's Summer School, (provided there were one). It was vitally important to them whether there should be one girl, union or non-union; or two girls, both union, or both non-union, or one of each, or elected at random. There were also discussions from the floor after the debates, and in the class-rooms, during and after a lecture.

The School consisted of eighty-three girls, ten of whom were "leaders" in industry, such as forewomen, or business agents for unions. They were divided into four groups, according to general ability and education. They were from 18 to 35 years of age, and as all had left school at 16 and some even at 13, this problem of grouping was a difficult one. Each group elected, in such courses as made it possible, what they wanted to study. For example, in the literature course, which was taught during the first month by Prof. Henry L. Dana, of the Boston Trade Union College, the choices were selected out of the following topics: Dante's *Inferno*, Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Goethe's *Faust*, Wordsworth, Shelley,

Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*, and Tolstoi's *Master and Man*. Mr. Dana stressed, in studying these writers, not so much their style or their literary influence as their relation to the common people. For instance, he took up *Julius Caesar* as the struggle of the people against tyranny, and the rest of the books were treated in the same manner. It was the influence of these writers, on behalf of the common people, that made one of the girls say, "Masefield is a selfish poet." Besides the literature, there was a course in English composition; a course in labor economics, giving a history of organized labor in the United States, the ideals and policies of unions, and a discussion of socialism and anarchy; a course in industrial organization, taking up factories, specialization, capital, trusts, monopolies, etc.; a series of lectures on women in industry by Alice Henry, secretary of the Educational Department of the National Women's Trade Union League; courses in social and political history; music appreciation and singing and lectures on astronomy and the history of the earth. One of the problems that was left entirely to the instructors was athletics. When one girl was asked, before the school opened, what she would like to have for recreation, she answered, "We haven't had any recreation. We wouldn't know what to want." There was baseball, the Overweights vs. the Underweights, on the lower hockey fields; swimming in the afternoon, and folk dancing and exercises before breakfast in the gym. There were tableaux and little plays, and many walks and talks. Helen Hill said later, "I have always been told that the talk at Oxford is about as good as one can find, but I think the School must have run rather a close second. Imagine our winter faculty calling meetings to discuss such things as the meaning of 'tolerance in education,' 'bias in the teaching of the social sciences,' 'the dictatorship of the learner,' etc., and having the ball roll so fast that it took from 7.30 until 12 at night to stop it." We saw three or four girls gathered under a tree one day. We called to them and asked them what they were reading. They replied, "The Song of Solomon, and Upton Sinclair." More than one professor said, "These girls spoil one for college girls." Their interest was so unquenchable and their enthusiasm so overpowering that the professors had to allow a quarter of an hour regularly at the end of class for discussion, which frequently ran over into another fifteen or twenty minutes.

The evenings were devoted to work and reading, as well as meetings, many of which had to be adjourned forcibly at 10.30 in order to allow a little much needed sleep.

The first debate of the Summer School was held on July 16th.

The subject was "*Resolved*, That Trade Unionism is a better method of collective bargaining than the Shop Committee Plan." It sounds academic, but the opinions were the result of long, hard experience and a real matter of bread and butter with them all. The chairman was an Irish girl who gave a vivid account of the good done by trade unions, without keeping strictly to collective bargaining. The first speaker on the negative side pointed out that the use of force, as in the trade union, only widens the social gap between the employer and the worker, whereas in the shop committee plan, the employer comes to recognize fairly that the workers need shorter hours or more pay or better conditions, and equally great changes are effected without the long months of unemployment and hunger that come as the result of the organized strike. Of course, as was pointed out later when the floor was open for discussion, there are plenty of employers who *will not* recognize these facts with regard to their workers, and there is no way in which an employer may be held to an agreement once made. It was extraordinary how many of the girls spoke easily from the floor in the discussion. I do not think twenty is exaggerated. Here is the testimony of a garment worker:

"I am a Jewess, and I always used to think that to bring Christianity universally into America would settle the industrial problems. But when I went to work and realized that the girls on each side of me were competing against me, and I against them, for our very bread, and that if they worked faster, or longer, or cheaper, than I, I'd go hungry, do you think I felt Christian toward them? And when I travelled around in different cities (and believe me, I've worked in dozens of cities) and every place I went, the girls regarded me with hatred because I was cutting them out of work, do you think I felt any more Christian than before? So I joined the United Garment Workers' Union, and then I knew it was that that prevented all this cut-throat competition by having equal hours and equal wages for the same job. Now I go to work happy. I love all the girls I work with and they all love me." Another said: "I am a hotel worker. I live in New York and work ten hours a day every day of the week, Sundays, too, and from 5 o'clock till midnight three nights a week besides, without extra pay. I get \$12 a week. When you talk with the girls I work among, about unions, and organizing, they first say, 'Well, who'd do the work on Sundays?' or, 'What would I do with a day off? I'd have to make the beds at home, same as I do now at the hotel.' They haven't the physical force to *think the thing* out, and I don't know if we'll ever get an organization among hotel workers.

I hope so." A third girl said: "I saw a girl once in the factory where I work, who, instead of taking her half-hour off clear for lunch, would sew a seam, eat a sandwich, sew a seam, and eat a sandwich. I said to her 'Look here, you can't work like that; you'll kill yourself.' She answered 'This is a free country, I guess. You mind your business and I'll mind mine.' Well, we've had prohibition, and though some haven't liked it or obeyed it, still there's been a lot of good done by it, and preventin' people drinkin' themselves to death. And that's what the unions do—prevent you workin' yourself to death to keep up something more than a mere existence. Without a union, it isn't livin'; it's just existin'; but with one, you can get some good and joy out of life." It was voted, afterward, that there should be no award given, either for argument or for presentation of the debate.

The wind came out of the east crying like a mad avenger,  
Desolate and bitter at the flight of the sun.  
He swept the ice dust up like the stinging of his sorrow, sad avenger.  
Crying like a child from playmate parted, sad rider,  
Wailing like a man whose love's love is done  
Moaning, he rushes on to mend his broken dreaming, mad rider.

EVELYN PAGE, '23.



## CHINA'S RELATION TO THE ARMS CONFERENCE

NYOK ZOE DONG

China is vitally interested in the limitation of armaments. The national genius of China favors a rule of moral persuasion rather than a rule of force; peace rather than war. China, in building her national life, hopes to concentrate all her energies on works of peaceful construction rather than of destruction. China, the most peace-loving country in the world, welcomes not only limitation of armaments but universal disarmament.

In order to secure peace the causes of war must be removed. Some of the most important of these causes are struggles for fields of investment, markets for manufactured goods, and sources of raw materials. Since China is the greatest field for investment, the greatest market for manufactured goods, and the greatest source of raw materials, she is now the center of international conflicts. These conflicts exist because the powers cannot agree as to the basis of division and because China resists exploitation. The remedy is that China must be allowed to develop freely so that on the one hand she can contribute to the world economy and on the other hand a strong China can put a stop to these conflicts. So far China has not been given a chance to work out her progress freely. Even since she emerged from her isolation and came into contact with the outside world she has been confronted with exploitation of one kind or another. Mr. H. G. Wells' article, which appeared in the *Springfield Republican*, on November 17, 1921, described vividly the situations in China. These are his words: "Consider how it would have been with the United States in the years of discord that led up to the Civil War if these difficulties had been complicated by three such embarrassments as these: First, that most foreigners, except now the Germans and Austrians, are outside the reach of the native courts; and their disputes with the Chinese go before special foreign courts; and that they are specially favored in regard to property and shipping; secondly, that the Chinese government is restricted from raising revenue by any tariff above a flat rate of 5 per cent., so that they are in fact unable to raise enough revenue to maintain an efficient government; and, thirdly, that nearly all the Chinese railways—and as every American knows, transport is the very life of a modern state—are in the grip of this foreign country or that. These are the open and manifest incon-

veniences of the situation, but behind these more open aspects there is a vast tangle of intervention between the Chinese and in Chinese affairs, schemes for further exploitation, financial entanglements, vast concession plans; and projects for spheres of influence for this aggressive nation or that. And this foreign influence is not the influence of one foreign power pursuing a single and consistent policy, but a number of competing powers, all pursuing different ends and pulling things this way and that. How could any nation reconstruct itself while entangled in such a net of interference? No people on earth could do such a thing. The plain fact is that, if China is to reconstruct herself, that net has to be cut away . . . If there is to be a real end of war and disarmament, there has to be a release of China to free Chinese control, and that means a self-denying ordinance from all the great powers."

The aspirations of the Chinese people are many. It would take too long to discuss them here. But I cannot refrain from mentioning three of them. First, China wants Shantung back because it is the cradle of Chinese civilization. It controls the Yellow River Valley and the southern approach to Peking, and it has important resources. Secondly, she wants tariff autonomy. Without it, it is practically impossible to provide revenue for the country. America derives 35 per cent. national revenue from tariff. To India, England allows 11 per cent., while China at present gets only 5 per cent. nominally and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. actually. Thirdly, China wants the abrogation of the twenty-one demands made by Japan in 1915 because these demands are based on coercion and force. They violate Chinese sovereignty and hamper her national development. These three and her other requests are applications of principles which the powers have pledged themselves to respect. Whether these principles have been applied or not, I should like to quote Pefferson's statement in the *Nation*, December 21, 1921. He says: "Reversed in their demand for recession of leased territories, reversed in their demand for withdrawal of foreign troops on Chinese soil without treaty right, reversed in their demand that no treaties be concluded by the Powers with reference to China without China's consent, put off in matter of tariffs and post offices, the Chinese have for their advantage out of the Conference only a few unapplied generalities . . . Now they are struggling for Shantung."

When France tried to remake her national life she began in 1789 and did not end until 1871, a period of nearly 100 years. It took America from 1776 to the end of the eighteenth century to establish her new life. The Chinese Republic is beginning her eleventh year. With a population of 400,000,000 in a vast territory her task is huge, involving political, social, and economic transformation. In spite of the turmoil of civil strife and foreign aggression much progress has been made already. Firstly take, for instance, the field of education: In 1910, there were 42,000 government schools but in 1918 there were 134,000. To educate the enormous illiterate element a phonetic alphabet recently has been invented which will enable the most ignorant person to read and write in six weeks. It is obvious that this will facilitate the distribution of modern ideas among the masses throughout the country. In addition, women students are admitted to government institutions for men, such as Peking University and South-eastern University at Nanking. This step is of great importance for it shows the breaking down of the conservatism of the old regime. Women are given opportunities of free intercourse and free thought, and of admission to positions of public service where their influence will prove most beneficial both in the home and in the state. Secondly, public opinion has become predominant in China. Our delegates at the Washington Conference are backed by the people through such organizations as the People's Diplomatic Association, Students' Union, Merchants' Association, Educational Association, etc., which represent the people of both North and South and so prove the existence of unity in foreign policy. Thirdly, in industry, new factories and mills are increasing. China today is the third cotton producing country in the world, although thirty years ago there was not a single Chinese owning a modern mill in the country. The present must be regarded as a fermentative period in the development of the country along modern methods, but the indubitable traces of her marked progress lead us to have great faith in her future.

In conclusion, a strong China is essential to the removal of a large part of the international conflicts which lead to war. The powers convening at Washington have the opportunity to help China to become strong by giving her a square deal. So far, with the exception of tariff at 5 per cent., actually—not tariff autonomy to be sure—and the removal of the foreign post offices in 1923, China has received no redress. Must she be disappointed again as she was at the Paris Con-

vention? Would it seem probable to a thoughtful mind that there could be permanent peace where might is still right and the just claims of 400,000,000 people are thus calmly ignored?

January 8, 1922.

Regarding the present disturbances in China and reasons for our faith that China will eventually achieve orderly progress, we must not forget that internal disturbances are not peculiar to China alone.

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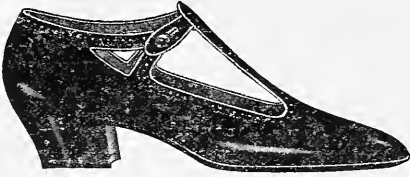
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BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

VOL. II

APRIL, 1922

No. 3

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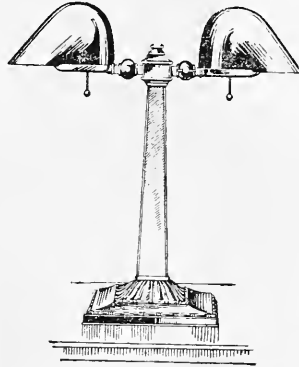
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# THE LANTERN

PUBLISHED FOUR TIMES DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

ENTERED AT THE BRYN MAWR POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MATTER

Press of The John C. Winston Company

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## A CRISIS

A college magazine ought to represent the college. It should be the trying-out ground of everyone who has the slightest intention of writing after leaving college. It should furnish practical experience to all potential authors. On any other grounds its existence is unjustified.

The board of editors of *The Lantern* feels that as it now stands, this magazine is neither representing the college nor fulfilling its function of furnishing experience.

From now on the editors will cease writing a good part of the magazine, and begging the rest. We intend to become editors in the true sense of the word. Henceforth our work will consist of sorting and criticizing the material which is presented to us, in order to maintain a fairly even literary standard. The rest of our job will be to accomplish the mechanical work which is entailed in publishing any magazine.

Contrary to the policy up to date, we will return all work not accepted. If the author wishes, we will tell her why it was considered unpublishable. As we are the ones most vitally interested in

the magazine we will do everything in our power to facilitate the publication of as many ideas by as wide a range of contributors as possible.

*The Lantern* is sent all over this country, and abroad. It should be the instrument through which the ideas and sentiments of the undergraduates are expressed. This does not mean that stories and poems are excluded—both are needed. It is inconceivable that the college is without ideas to be printed.

At present *The Lantern* offers a great opportunity for practice and practical experience. If the undergraduates feel the need of a college magazine they must come forward and support it in word and deed.

## A TYPE

Much has been said in praise of the college girl, much more has been said in criticism of her. Against the hostile attacks of critics she has defended herself to the best of her ability, vainly endeavoring to deny the charges against her. She claims for herself the standards, the perceptions, the tastes of a new generation, claims this distinction for herself and her friends. Yet does she go out, morning after morning, to meet those friends as she would to meet the modern critics? Does the modern taste in dress include wrinkles and creases, rips and tears? Is the modern, aesthetic taste satisfied with shiney noses, stringy hair? Will the new Chesterfield accept table-talk graphically if ungracefully accompanied by motions of the fork and knife, water flung nonchalantly about, noses buried in books? If, as she evidently does, she considers that this is the modern criterion, one is constrained to view the coming years as did Shaw's centurion,

"If you're going to Heaven, *I* don't want to go there."

## AULIS TO LEUCOMENE\*

EVELYN PAGE, '23

## PROLOGUE

You spoke of Philomela. Yes, a charming name;  
I knew him in the old Italian days  
When Italy was Paradise, the world a haze  
Of dreams and passions, promises of fame.

We were but boys and just so old  
That we could pride ourselves on being men,  
Could think to bring the happy age again  
And make a new earth glitter with new gold.

So we would wander on the soft grey beach  
And juggle with great names and beauty mellowed long  
With far passed loveliness and joy, Horatian wine and song  
And all the grace that lovely things could teach.

One morning we had walked along the sand  
Singing for joy, he rising higher and higher  
Until in ecstasy he stopped, and eyes aglow like fire,  
Stood silent long, seeing another land.

We frolicked through the water, shot  
Through soft cool foam with heads down buried deep  
Stretched white, thin arms as if in sleep,  
Then lay in the waves as the sun glowed hot.

When once again we scuffled in the sand  
Quiet but no whit the less content,  
Once more young Philomela sang. The air was rent  
With sweet high notes as of the starry band.

Sharply he stopped and stared, "Look there, I say!"  
And at his feet I saw the deep soft gleam  
Of marble and a marble hand, a dream  
Of beauty beckoning and turned to clay.

---

\*Everything leading to Roman atmosphere in this is derived from "Quo Vadis." The lines from "He sings" to "for a lover" are a free translation of lines in Etienne's *Immensee*, beginning, I think, "Nur diese Stunde."

How long we stood, I do not know.

First Phil stooped down to dig, then I bent down

The two of us like mad, till, hot and brown,  
We saw her full curved body stretched out, so.

\* \* \* \*

Down the long hall the soft silk couches range

The arches ring with laughing shout and jest,  
The hurrying slaves and dancers pass, quick change and interchange.

Bearing to each white togad lounging guest  
The pungent purple wine in sparkling glass,  
Rich fruit piled high, the fragrant prize,  
Of the soft mellow airs of tropic skies.

A little way apart a Grecian sings

Softly his tale of sorrow while the waves below

Break to the cadence on their ceaseless flow ;  
But ever the laughter rises, and the metal rings  
To drown his plaintive melancholy  
With the harsh noise of feasting folly.

He sings, "My beloved

Swift flies the hour

Races the moon

Past the mouldering tower.

So passes love's dower.

The wind in the tree tops

Has hummed out its song

Love lasts not forever

Though all a life long.

Since we must die, then

Beloved, love well.

Life flies like a dream

With no echo to tell

Of its chime of its knell.

Only this hour

Have we each other

Soon must we part

With death for a lover.



On the high scented dais the master sits,  
Young Aulis of the pampered lords of Rome  
He leans to speak to her who by his side  
Reclines. "We go the way of wisdom." Drinks  
And then, half rising, holding high his cup  
"Hail, Leucomene! I, a son of Spartacus,  
Who am about to die, salute the fair.  
You smile, O goddess, but I speak the truth.  
I do not struggle in the bitter sands  
Nor whirt a tireless net, nor grasp a sword  
With mighty fingers trembling in their strength.  
I do not love the smell of trickling blood,  
Nor think to hear the shouts rejoicing in  
The victory of a slave.

But in a rose strewn palace here I lie  
On cloth of silver silk and cloth of red  
All odorous with scarlet wine and flowers,  
And in another such I soon will be  
At the behest of him who rules my hands,  
Who rules my deeds, but cannot rule my mind.  
There will I bandy words with him, the dwarf  
Of purple mottled cheeks and bulging wrists  
Who can command my death or grudgingly  
Permit me to live on as much his slave  
As any of the cringing Spartacides.  
And if one word of mine displeases him  
He'll send a certain messenger to see  
I say no more to him or other men."

Then Aulis paused, and pointing down the hall,  
"See there young Marcus shouts his song  
And boasts his beauty as he lies,  
What though his arms are white and long,  
What though his lips are red and full his eyes,  
He is an arrant courtier and he stoops  
To worship all the vilest that men prize  
And I am such a fool who blindly gropes,  
And in my time I will as blindly die.

Look down upon them doddering old and young  
Who hurry through their joys to crush their fears  
Who laughing crazy count the past in years  
But dare not count the future in a day  
They see their stars grow dim and grey  
And know their song is sung

Each sees his fortune in a fellow's face,  
But will not look to see his own face wrung.  
And I am one of them. I do deny my heart  
And all my dreams to wallow with my kin.  
My life has been a ceaseless search for joy,  
Elusive pleasure never to be found,  
And beauty ever vanishing. And still  
If I should lay my luxury aside  
Would I come nearer to accomplish my desire  
For liberty and peace? Man is a slave,  
If not one then to another master.  
My days have been too easy and my nights  
Too long.  
But I am tired, weary of everything."

Forward she leaned as if to touch his hand  
But then there came a bustle at the door  
And two tall men came slowly, carrying  
A marble figure, swung between the two,  
While still another hurried on behind,  
Whose eyes seemed envious of their burden.  
Bowing he came to Aulis, "Lord," he said,  
"Here is the work I did at your command.  
I've made forever fair Leucomene."  
Then conscious of the buzzing he stood back  
The two men set their burden down,  
And the proud sculptor set himself to show  
The grace that he had carved. "My masterpiece,"  
He murmured to each eager peering guest  
And each pressed, jealous, closer in to see,  
If his own marbles were to be eclipsed.  
"Your work is good. Take what you do desire  
In payment." Pleased, the sculptor bowed him out,  
Haughty and smug that such a stamp was set  
Upon his artistry. When he had gone  
The master said, "Soon this will come to be  
The only sign to men that we have lived."

And as he spoke another embassy  
Disturbed the chattering clients at the door,  
And Caesar's captain of the guard broke in  
His armor glittering, and his cold face  
As hard as death. His voice rang high above  
The startled whispering. "Aulis, Caesar hears  
Thou speakest treason. He will hear no more."  
And mid a frightened silence strode away.  
One after one the feasters left the hall.

Aulis stretched up his arms up to the skies.  
"Now," he said, "Behold my release is come  
But never more I'll see the waking spring  
Sweet playtime of the child Proserpine,  
Or watch keen-glittering frosty winter down  
On the soft foot-steps of the falling leaves,  
For I must perish with my wasted years.  
But that I may not vanish utterly  
From off the earth, I will survive in you  
And in the beauty that I have adored  
Far down I'll cast your image to the bay  
And it shall rest beneath the seething waves  
Until the tempest cast it to the shore, and then  
Will perfect loveliness return to men.  
He beckoned and the slaves took up their load.  
And bore it to the sky filled window arch  
There with a quivering voice he said,

"More lovely than the pearls  
The jewels that deck the graves  
Of the rotting treasure galleys  
Lying sunken with their slaves,

Back to the sea that held you,  
Goddess of love to me,  
Back to the sea I give you,  
Venus, child of the sea."

He turned and nodded, and with heaving arms  
They threw. In the green plain the statue sank.

## EPILOGUE

We raised her up, and just so tall she stood  
That one must kneel to look into her eyes  
She held her arms half upward to the skies  
As if to charm the gods from Paradise,  
As if to woo Adonis from his wood.

Aulis, we read beneath her sandaled feet,  
Whose love shall never die until the day.  
His feeble star winks out across the bay,  
Gives this to beauty death cannot defeat.

Silent we stood and gazed. She was as fair  
As Venus on a cold and starry night  
Because she smiled the sun beamed down more bright,  
The very wind seemed tangled in her hair.

## "IF ALL THE WORLD——"

ELIZABETH GORDON GRAY, '24

There is something for me peculiarly satisfactory in the discovery that people whom I had believed to be immutably serious, or dignified, or self-possessed, were not, as Barrie's policeman would say, "infalli-able." I have had must greater respect for William Penn's religious toleration and his sense of his great mission since I learned that he called the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford "a poor mushroom." In the same way I was surprised and delighted to find the "hope-you-choke" spirit in Christina Rossetti. From my reading of Palgrave's Second Series, I gathered that she was a wan Niobe, perpetually proclaiming in lachrymose stanzas the presence of death. I saw her, surrounded by cypress trees, saying with superb indifference and total lack of human feeling, "And if thou wilt, remember; and if thou wilt, forget." (Personally, I incline toward the more militant "Forget me if you dare!") This conception is undoubtedly the fault of Mr. Palgrave; he presents her only with prayer book in hand on the way home from church. But actually, I find she has her moments of relaxation like the rest of us, and it must have been in one of these that she said vindictively,

"If all the world were water fit to drown,  
There are some whom you would not teach to swim,  
Rather enjoying if you saw them sink;  
Certain old ladies dressed in girlish pink,  
With roses and geraniums on their gown:  
Go to the Bason, poke them o'er the brim."

## ON A NECKLACE IN THE METROPOLITAN

DOROTHY BURR, '23

The necklace of dead Egypt's king,  
Death could not touch so bright a thing!  
Long beads of smooth and watered green,  
Translucent red, cool blue between,  
Untainted colors thin and old;  
Shining between dull bits of gold,  
To hang on the Egyptian's neck  
Like a warm ripple, to bedeck  
His dark lean body. At the end  
Of these clear sunset beads suspend  
Splendid enamel gods designed  
In burning blue and thinly lined  
With golden tendrils. There we see  
A hieroglyphic prophecy,  
(Ironic artist of the chain!)  
The king will hold a mighty reign  
One hundred thousand years. Not he!  
He has no immortality!  
The necklace of dead Egypt's king,  
Death could not touch so bright a thing!

## OUR LADY'S DAY

PRISCILLA FANSLER, '24

In the Middle Ages, you will remember, there were many religious orders and Florence had its share of monasteries. Now in the Dominican order was Brother Francis, a most devoted and pious friar, who served as wine-bearer to his brothers. Every morning kneeling on the hard stone pavement he chanted his seventy "aves" with great solemnity and in all dignity he passed the cup at supper. So Brother Francis was held in honor as a grave and earnest fellow.

He had been in the order for almost a year when Our Lady's Day was celebrated. Seventy-one "aves" were chanted and many candles lighted for the special mass. But Brother Francis, at break of day, descended the clammy steps of the vast old wine-cellar; rolled out a wooden cask of fine wine; pulled the stopper from its mouth and lay down on the damp stones with his mouth just under the gushing stream of red wine.

When he did not appear long after mass was said, every one went in search of him. And can you imagine the horror of the good friars to find him. They shook him and tried to waken him but he only murmured cheerfully,

"Diddle, diddle, dum di ay,  
Tum ti tum, Our Lady's Day."

This only confirmed their horror and they all agreed that Brother Francis should be put away that very night. So with picks they hollowed out a space in the cellar wall, thrust Brother Francis in, with a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, and then walled it up tight again.

After some hours Brother Francis woke up, miserable and sober. He called names and beat against the wall in his anger.

Now it happened that next to the Dominican monastery was a Cappucian monastery and the two buildings had a common wall. A Cappucian brother, hearing knocks on the wall of the cellar, summoned his brothers. They opened the wall to discover Brother Francis. Since the Cappucians were a silent order they could only motion their sympathy to him but they took him in among them. He was particularly pious in his devotions and for this reason was

held in high respect. In fact he was made their wine bearer and he performed his office diligently and well.

In a year's time came the celebration of our Lady's Day. Brother Francis, at break of day, descended the clammy steps of the vast old wine-cellar; rolled out a wooden cask of fine wine; pulled the stopper from its mouth; and lay down on the damp stones with his mouth just under the gushing stream of red wine. Long after mass was said they found him sitting up against the cask humming,

"Diddle, diddle, dum di ay,  
Tum ti tum, Our Lady's Day."

Singing is one of the greatest crimes a Cappucian can commit.

In anger they dug a hole in the wall and thrust in Brother Francis and after him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine. Then they replaced the stones.

Brother Francis awoke after some hours, miserable and sober. He pounded against the wall with his fists and thumped and hammered.

A Dominican friar, on *his* side of the wall, heard the thumping and with some others opened up the wall. To their great surprise they found Brother Francis just as they had left him a year ago with the same loaf of bread and the same bottle of wine.

"A miracle of God," they said. And Brother Francis was made Father Superior.



## CATHEDRAL DUSK

HELEN D. HILL, '21

Down the cold vaults above the darkening nave  
The shadows grope as though the imps that perch  
Outside were slipping singly in, to brave  
Denunciation by the outcasting church.

They swing their only legs above the crowd,  
Dicing for garments like a full-grown devil,  
Squeaking their joy forgetfully aloud  
Till swiftly on the unrepentant revel

The booming organ diapasons wake  
The shadows to vibration, shaking all  
Who, clinging claw-fist to the carving, quake  
In panting terror of a second fall.

## IF I WERE DEAD

KATHLEEN GALLWEY, '24

If I were dead I would not wish to be  
Laid in a marble tomb, beneath the tall  
Grey pillars of some Gothic nave, where all  
Is very dim, save for the glow of three  
Slim candles, burning in the rise and fall  
Of silent prayer. And standing by the wall  
Are patient saints with eyes that cannot see.  
But I would rather be in some far place  
Where there are none to mourn, and where the sky  
Is all the roof I know; and on my head  
But wind-blown grass. No lighted candles face  
Each other at my head and feet. The high,  
Clear stars are all I want when I am dead.

## SHEET LIGHTNING

VINTON LIDDELL, '22

The boy stood reading a letter, his hand on the bridle of the once spirited horse he had ridden to the mail box, his eyes seeing twice what the letter contained. Once in a while the wanderer in him rebelled at the endless fields to be ploughed, the chickens that must be fed, and the continual exhorting to work of shiftless negroes. This was one of the times, as he read of travels westward and into Asia which he could not share, and which would put still farther from his reach the one cold breath of distant adventure which had ever befallen him.

Christine had been tall and lovely, blonde, a daughter of the vikings, and she had dreamed of things whose names he scarcely knew. It seemed almost a dream that she had ever been in Ainesville, with her red cheeks and blue eyes like winter lakes, and yet he had memories of long rides and walks, of confidences it seemed almost disloyal to remember, and of one furtive kiss as she stepped gloriously into the blackness of the late train that took her sea-ward.

And now she was going around the world, and he could not even afford the short trip to her point of debarkation. As she stepped onto the boat like a captured bit of sky and spray he would be scattering corn to noisy pea-fowl covered with dust. Unless—there was the possibility she offered. He re-read the letter as he turned slowly homeward.

"You have no right to give yourself to the farm entirely," it began, and then went on abruptly, as if written in a hurry, "I know the captain of the ship we're going on, and he will take you as a sailor on this, or any other boat on the line. There's your chance to see the world! And your pay will do the family more good than your staying at home."

Rebellion was in Garrett's heart as he thought of the life he had led. Twenty-six years on the farm with only one trip out of the state! He had volunteered, of course, but had never reached so foreign a point as New York, and when, shortly after the armistice, Christine had made her unawaited visit, he had cursed his lack of experience and longed to be able to talk with her of the places she had known. How could Christine be enough interested in him even to write? She,

who seemed a part of all the art and wisdom of the world, dropped into the sand and heat just long enough to give him a glimpse of all that waited beyond the road's end! Now she was urging him to rebellion, to reality instead of dreams. The surge of the sea he had never seen drummed in his ears, and all the little he had ever read about foreign lands flung crowding pictures before his eyes, while always he could hear Christine's low, clear voice repeating the words of her letter in tones of challenge.

What would she think if he wrote that he must stay at home? He knew there were reasons, but her strange creed of freedom would scarcely hold them serious ones. She had thought the situation all out—his pay would be more useful than his work. The question would resolve itself in her mind as one exclusively concerned with his ability to make a decision.

There had been few occasions for him to make decisions; everything had been ordered for him, everything had been so inevitable. College he had never hoped for, so having to stay at home had occasioned no sudden renunciation. To one of Garrett's simple code of duty the war presented no individual problem, and his hopes of getting overseas roused in him the same exhausting thirst for adventure which now made the flat road to the house a thing to be abhorred for its mere familiarity.

The dust settled on his face and tortured his nostrils, while the horse made heavy, futile —?— with its long tail for the flies on its back. Beyond the plains were real horses—slight, fiery creatures it would be a pleasure to groom. When he returned from Asia he would bring one with him, one he would guide by the swaying of his body, and whose flanks his silver spurs need never touch. He and Christine would ride through dustless valleys——

He walked slowly toward the stable, leading his mount. It was less hot under the trees than out by the mail-box or in the barn-yard where the hens and chickens were already holding noisy conclave over his tardiness. He must feed them and the mules, and then there would be time to discuss his plans with the family.

He found his mother in the barn.

"Have you seen the new kittens, Garrett?"

They lay, blind and impotent, in a corner of the hayloft, smothered in choking pollen dust. Life was a stifling thing to them as it was to him, but they were fortunate in being without desires. Anyhow, they would be drowned——

Anger, thick and unreasoning, rose up in Garrett's mind. What right had his people to demand all of his time, the youth which he was letting go without its due of strangeness and adventure? Let them offer what opposition they might, he would sail on the *Mecca* with Christine. Going away would mean more money at home, and after all he must plan his life, not have it disposed of like that of a blind kitten and be drowned in sameness and heat. He had only to write to Christine and the captain of the *Mecca*, and, now, that his mind was definitely made up, the sense of freedom which filled his soul was in itself complete and satisfactory; the sights and travels he longed for were nothing in themselves compared to this sureness that the world was but a book which a word of his would open. He must write at once, but first the chickens must be fed.

They fluttered squawking toward him, each with a distinct individuality, yet exactly like all the other generations of chickens he had fed. The flock was as like the ones which had preceded it as one year of his life had been like another. Had been! The phrase he had used unconsciously woke him from his stupor. It was nearly time for the postman to come, and unless he sent the letter that day it would be useless to write at all.

On the veranda, with the sun beating upon the tin roof, he sat down to write, but the energy Christine's letter had inspired seemed to melt from him, and limpness descended upon his spirit. The thought of Christine herself brought with it vague misgivings. Would he measure up to her hopes for him when actually free to be what he could make himself? Or was he dust-bound? He dreamed again of the blue depths of the Pacific and the strange gray coasts beyond them, but he could no longer hold the picture, seeing instead the long parched fields which seemed to waver in the heat like the canvas expanse of a stage sea, with the warm breath of subterranean bellows seeping through in the distance, dimming the uncertain sky-line and making one uncertain of measurements. The great red pines alone relieved the monotonous level of the view, and an occasional dust-strangled shrub only intensified the general lack of greenness and life. In his first realization of freedom he had wanted to shake the dust-laden trees till they lifted their tired boughs and rejoiced with him, but now he felt them closing around him like an imprisoning wall. The sea and the low coast-line seemed things he had thought of long ago and was trying to remember.

The postman was driving his languid way down the road, and

Garrett watched him as one convicted might watch a jailor taking away the keys. Desperately he wanted to shout at him to wait, but only stared as the man lazily emptied the mail-box. The sun had dropped till it shone full in Garrett's eyes as he watched him drive away, a blurred blue figure in the hot distance.

## MOUNT EVEREST

LYSBETH K. BOYD, '25

(On the attempt to climb Mt. Everest, March, 1922)

Clad in the snows of long incurious years  
The virgin queen of Himalayas deemed  
Her sovereignty secure nor slumbering, dreamed  
Of man's invasion. Now besieged she rears  
Her barriers across his path—the spears  
Of jagged sleet and lure of snows that seemed  
Surmountable; through air attenuate streamed  
That violet ray whose every soft touch seers.

Yet man undaunted glories in his deeds,  
Throws back the challenge of the eagle's cries  
And seeks the path most perilous that leads  
To peaks unscaled. Thus, ever striving, pleads  
For harder tasks that he at last may rise  
Within the great hushed spaces of the skies.

## NATURAL SELECTION

EDITH WALTON, '25

Perhaps you, like many others, have a very vague notion as to the meaning of Natural Selection, although you know that it is somehow linked with the Survival of the Fittest and such Darwinisms. But do you appreciate its tremendous importance? Do you realize that only because some beneficent power flicked his eyelash in favor of Selection, are we here at all? Suppose that the Laws of the Universe, large leisurely giants, had played at dice and that the perfection of Power or the Maintenance of Muscle had rolled out of the cup. Then our ridiculous race would have dwindled from existence long aeons ago and life would have taken a more natural and appropriate course.

For it is so just that those splendid full-bodied animals of antiquity should rule the world. And if that capricious destiny, to which I have referred, had not intervened—we should, indeed, have such a condition. Without Natural Selection, the elephant tribe—larger, more active, more intelligent than our modern Jumbos—would hold man's pre-eminent position. Huge dusky shapes, they would roam the land, feeding frequently and well, wooing their brides with the majestic surge of mighty trumpetings, leading a calm existence, free from petty rancors. And in the oceans, great sea serpents would leisurely writhe and rear their shimmering scaly coils, undisturbed by the vulgar curiosity of yellow journalists. Life, as a whole, would be on a larger and nobler scale.

But there would be drawbacks to this golden age. The scenery, for example, would be distinctly limited. Really sizable elephants, as you know, prefer to feast on a tree at a time, tossing their food skyward with an airy gesture of the trunk. Now, in an age where elephants were prolific and obliged to have regular sustenance, it seems fairly obvious that the forestry would not long remain, and that soon the elephants would come to depend wholly on the lesser animals crawling under foot.

But a mental vision tells me that one tree would probably survive, a gaunt towering specimen growing in the centre of the known world. Stripped of all its foliage save one leaf on the topmost branch, it would symbolize to the elephants an unattainable ideal. This solitary leaf would very certainly be guarded by that fabulous bird, the Great Auk. Perched precariously, he would shake his mournful beak and

flap his uncouth wings cynically at the elephant world below. They, tramping and bellowing round the foot of the Tree, would nozzle together their great grey heads in vain council, and even seek advice of the river hippopotamus, usually their despised slave.

By the way, don't suppose that a number of other animals would not be able to exist at the same time. Most of the insects, even as now, would be able to elude their lumbering masters, crawling up the elephant's limbs—to their distraction. And flying squirrels, lacking the usual trees, could lead a splendidly adventurous life leaping to and fro on those broad backs. With effort, some of the more active monkeys might even contrive to swing themselves deftly out of reach, in a condition perpetually perilous. Just here you will say, "Why not man, then, since he is of the same descent?" But man has, unfortunately, lost that agility and cleverness peculiar to the missing link. He would perish, I feel, with hardly a struggle.

## THE WHY AND WHEREFORE OF THE "FLAPPER"

ADELAIDE EYKE, '25

"Flapper"—one who, or that which, flaps."

—*Webster, Unabridged Dictionary.*

These absurd, impertinent, utterly impossible yet utterly charming creatures, these so-called "flappers," what are they, and where have they come from? What is meant by this sudden outbreak of bobbed heads, rolled stockings, and "petting parties"? ask scandalized preachers and outraged parents.

Mr. Webster has endeavored to catalogue them in a limited space. "Flapper—one who, or that which, flaps," he concludes sadly. First of all, one who is not a "flapper" herself can really understand the species. Authors write stories describing them as either thirteen-year-old mental defectives or else as eighteen-year-old Camilles.

The war added "flappers" to the rest of its sins. From comparatively dutiful youngsters trotting contentedly in the beaten paths of custom, they were suddenly placed in the limelight. The world needed youth, and they were young. They reveled in the unaccustomed freedom and shared the victory with their brothers. In the blaze of patriotism the bars of convention had been somewhat let down. After the war, the greybeards tried to squeeze them back into their pre-war shells and found, much to their amazement, that the "flappers" were several sizes too large for them.

After all, "flappers" are practically harmless. The public points an accusing finger and whispers, "Dances!" They do dance until the wee hours, and then, to vary the routine, they attend two or three different balls miles apart, covering the distance between in a high-powered motor, with nothing around them but a chiffon scarf and a masculine arm. But, the "flappers" argue, that in "seeing Nellie home," there wasn't always a barbed wire fence twixt their critics and Nellie, either. It is the same principle, they cry, only applied in the twentieth century.

The "petting parties" which dear old ladies so cautiously whisper about, are nothing more than the scene enacted in the front parlor with the lights turned low, the "dramatis personae" being a girl, a man, and a sofa, only now the fashion is to have four or five couples and then to change partners. Again it is the same principle, and again it is always the principle of the things that count.

In the matter of dress, the "flapper" also is to be pardoned. It was once the fashion of loving parents to rave at the thin footwear of the daughter who braved the wintry storm. Now, because the "flapper" wears good sensible galoshes (albeit open and "flapping") she brings down another storm of protest about her head. In her evening clothes, perhaps, she does express a trifle too much of the feminine freedom which is so prevalent today. It almost always happens, however, that the "flapper," merely in trying to display a white shoulder or a slim ankle, makes the mistake of displaying too much—well, "flapper."

The modern man decrees that the modern girl shall swim, dance, and ride—in fact, become proficient in every one of his outdoor sports. The "flapper" agrees, but she claims some of his masculine privileges in return, and calmly confiscates her brother's cigarette case and a few of his pet "cuss words" being a firm believer in the principle that a fair exchange is no robbery.

Under all that fluff of bobbed hair is probably more brain than one realizes. The war and its consequences have given the "flapper" a tremendous bump, and she is still rolling. However, according to Newton's second law of motion, she will slowly but surely come to a stop, and so, in the meantime, dear public, let the "flapper" gain a much-needed rest.



## IMPRESSIONISM IN PROSE

## THE DANCE

BARBARA TAYLOR, '24

Steaming bath, fragrant powder, clinging silk—anticipation and hurry; the coiffure—nervous fingers, malicious hairpins, cruelty of truthful mirrors, rage, damns, repetition of manoeuvre, satisfaction, relief; thrill of slipping into new dress, impatience to be hooked up (surreptitious posing before mirror), then frantic search for earrings, gloves, handkerchief—anticipation and hurry; exquisite flutter over three perfect orchids, thumb pricked, more damns, fresh handkerchief—anticipation and hurry; then—composure, dignity, poise, calm descent of stairs, cool measured greetings to two animated tuxedos, gracious murmur over bouquet—anticipation concealed, no hurry; luxury of soft furs, deep cushioned car, warmth, the slight thrill of thirty-five miles an hour through traffic, the screech of grinding brakes, amusement at frowning cops, murmur of adulation in driver's ear; arrival—more powder on nose, greetings, observation of other females' dresses, whispered comments, sudden glimpse in mirror, satisfaction—anticipation ill concealed, hurry likewise; polite murmurs to hostess, "hellos" cool and warm, then—exulting call of saxophone, burble of xilophone, shrill whistle of frisco, above all the mad jazz of traps bringing irresistible impulse to dance, dance, dance; whirls, turns, pauses, slow, faster, the scandal walk, long and lithe, the toddle, passé but still enjoyable—jazz, jazz, jazz; joy of being cut in on, murmur of retreating partner, lower murmur to new one, then—more jazz, wail of music, intoxicating; cut in on again and then again—satisfaction; dance, dance, dance; supper, gossip, line, slams, flirtation, jokes, good and bad, discussions of the next dance and who was "tight" at the last, etc.; music again, dance; invitation to sit out—deserted room, deep, soft lounge, more line, customary programme, disgust, same thoughts as at the last time, boredom, change of mind, smiles, return to lights and music; more jazz—dance, dance, dance; music stops—murmurs to hostess, murmurs to friends; drive home—little conversation, anticipation gone, hurry gone, satisfaction, but not complete; murmurs to animated tuxedos; weary climb of stairs, clothing flung off, hairpins jerked out, slippers kicked off, sickly smell of dead orchids, long drink of cold water; lights snapped out, through the window a faint grey in a cold sky; luxury of bed—warmth, confused thoughts, a frown, a smile, faint buzzing of jazz in the ears, tired, tired, tired—sleep.

## TRIVIA

ELIZABETH B. LAWRENCE, '25

The book, *Trivia*, is well named, for it is a collection of trivial jottings. Here is a strange idea that came flying one day into the author's head, and was caught by his pen to be given to us for what it is worth. Here is a charming bit of description. There is an old legend or story, perhaps first heard in childhood, and now, by some strange mental process, recalled from the dingy recesses of memory. Once in a while, however, we find bits of philosophy, clearly thought out and set down. All these are just idle thoughts, but are written in a delightfully easy and simple style, now forceful and now delicately suggestive.

The author himself, as we catch glimpses of him from page to page, is particularly unusual. He would have us believe that he is merely "a large Carnivorous Mammal, belonging to that sub-order of the Animal Kingdom which includes also the Ourang-Outang, the tusked Gorilla, the Baboon with his bright blue and scarlet bottom, and the long-eared Chimpanzee." But by that very description we see that his sense of humor alone has removed him far from the Ourang-Outang.

He has also a remarkable amount of honesty. Thus, in a few words, he owns up to a certain degree of inconstancy. "The rose that one wears and throws away, the friend one forgets, the music that passes—out of the well-known transitoriness of mortal things I have made myself a maxim or precept to the effect that it is foolish to look for one face, or to listen long for one voice, in a world that is after all, as I know, full of enchanting voices." Then, later, he confesses with astonishing frankness to that most universal of sins, love of gold. "In spite of all my moral reading, I must confess that I like to have some of this gaudy substance in my pocket. Its presence cheers and comforts me, diffuses a genial warmth through my body. My eyes rejoice in the shine of it; its clinkant sound is music in my ears. Since I then am in his paid service and reject none of the doles of his bounty, I too dwell in the House of Mammon. I bow before the Idol and taste the unhallowed ecstasy." How many of us are as honest with ourselves as he is with the whole world?

This unusual author also takes great pleasure in showing us that he is no longer young. Again and again he speaks of "that

flutter and beat of the wild heart" which he knows no more. Now he says, "Am I the person who used to wake in the middle of the night and laugh with the joy of living? Who worried about the existence of God, and danced with young ladies till long after day-break? Who sang 'Auld Lang Syne' and howled with sentiment, and more than once gazed at the summer stars through a blur of great, romantic tears?"

In this remarkable book, besides catching glimpses of the author, we are often startled by the new light shed on old subjects, or everyday occurrences. With what insight he speaks of the ordinary mortal's part in this world. "For I am one of the unpraised, unrewarded millions without whom statistics would be a bankrupt science. It is we who are born, who marry, who die, in constant ratios; who regularly lose so many umbrellas, post just so many unaddressed letters every year. And there are enthusiasts among us who, without the least thought of their own convenience, allow omnibuses to run over them; or throw themselves, month by month, in fixed numbers, from the London bridges." Or how could this almost universal experience be better shown up? "'For the pen,' said the Vicar; and in the sententious pause that followed, I felt that I would offer any gifts of gold to avert or postpone the solemn, inevitable, hackneyed, and yet, as it seemed to me, perfectly appalling statement that 'the Pen is mightier than the Sword.'"

Then, perhaps to wake us up, we are brought with a jolt to the other side of life. "When winter twilight falls on my street with the rain, a sense of the horrible sadness of life descends upon me. I think of drunken old women who drown themselves because nobody loves them; I think of Napoleon at St. Helena, and of Byron growing morose and fat in the enervating climate of Italy." Are not these pictures all the more pathetic for their touch of humor?

From this we are jerked back to apparently lighter subjects. We are taken from a real to a fanciful world where things are not what they seem to be, where, around the map of the "known world" are "coiled the coils, and curled the curling waves of the great Sea Oceanum, with the bursting cheeks of the four Winds, blowing from the four imagined hinges of the Universe." In this strange new realm we see "the fantastic thing" called Mind to be "a spider's web, insecurely hung on leaves and twigs, quivering in every wind, and sprinkled with dewdrops and dead flies. At its centre, pondering forever the Problem of Existence, sits motionless the spider-like and

uncanny Soul." But even, nay, especially, in these flights of fancy we are made to think.

Above all other books, *Trivia* is unique in its purpose. By disclosing to us the insincerity and uselessness of many of our conventionalities of life or thought, by revealing the fruitlessness and impossibility of certain laboriously revered qualities, and by showing us a bit of a new philosophy of life, it gives us a truer vision of the world we live in, and, if we are a little disheartened by the sight, it comforts us and helps us to a better living.

The Board of Editors of THE LANTERN cordially invites everyone who is interested in writing, or who writes, to attend an open meeting on Monday, April 17. The meeting will be held in Prue Smith's room, 53 Pembroke-West, at 7.20 o'clock. There will be a general discussion of college literature, and any specific subjects brought up at the time. Zest will be added to the meeting if everyone will bring a contribution, to be read and criticized before the authorship is made known.

The Editorial Board would like to announce that Miss Lysbeth Boyd and Miss Edith Walton have been chosen editors from the class of 1925.

Exchanges from colleges all over the country have been placed on a shelf in the New Book Room.

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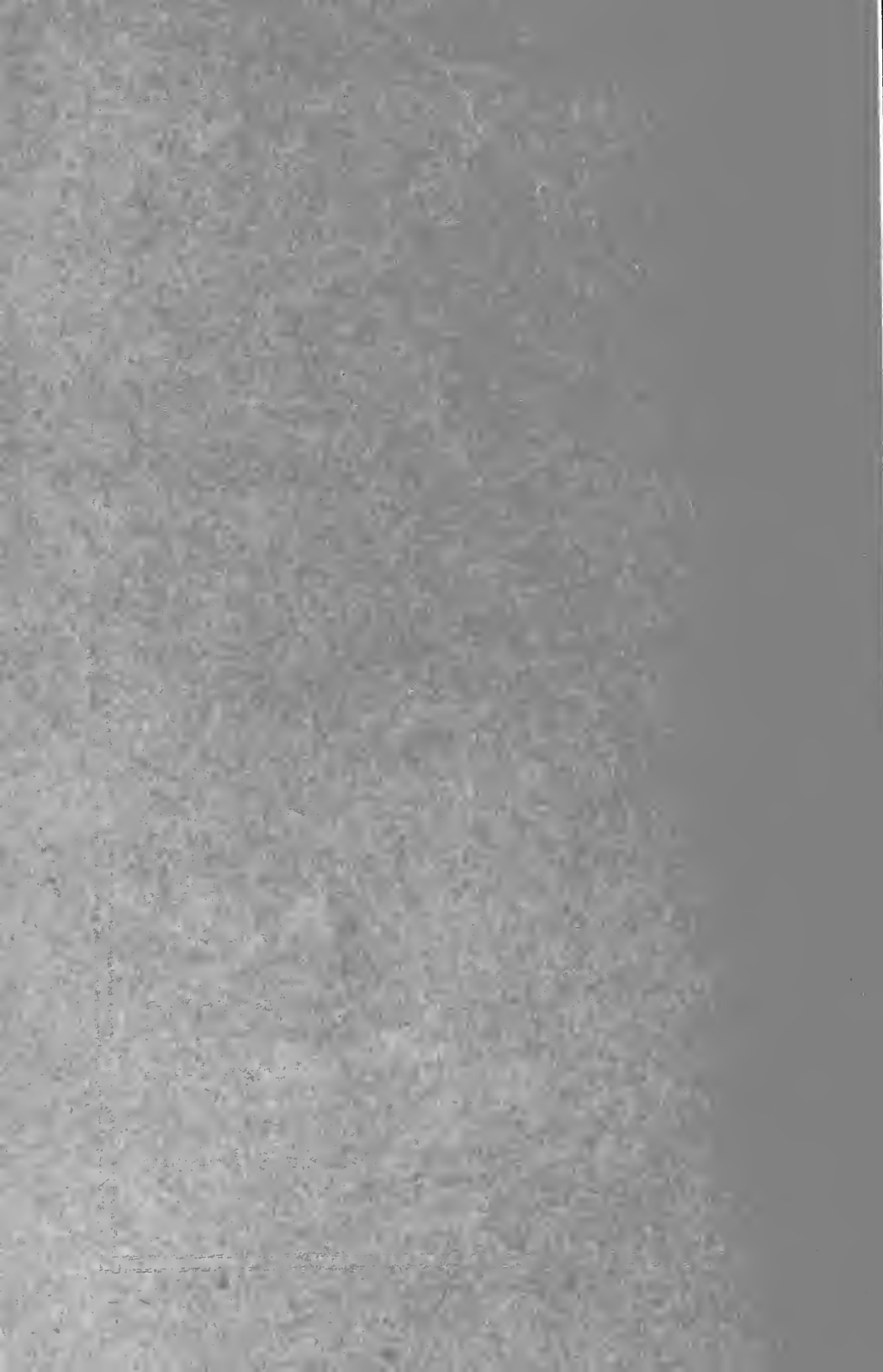
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# THE LANTERN

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

VOL. II

MAY, 1922

No. 4

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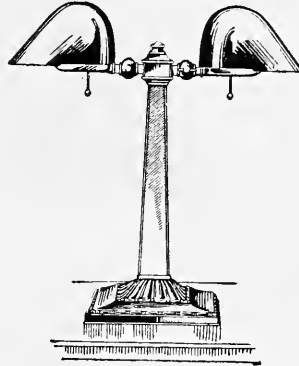
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## NOTICES

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All contributions for the Fall LANTERN must be in by November 1, 1922.

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Exchanges sent to the LANTERN by other college and school magazines are on the LANTERN shelf in the New Book Room. The Board is particularly anxious that members of the College should read them so as to form some idea of the writing elsewhere in comparison with the writing here.

## THE PALE GREEN SCARECROW

ELIZABETH GORDON GRAY, '23

A Tale of College Life as Hugh Walpole Might Have Written it.

## I.

When Myrtle Masters was eighteen years of age, her parents sent her to college to be educated. Myrtle was really a bright girl and when she knew things—there were of course many things that she did not know—she wanted to tell them. And in her classes—she was naturally shy—she was afraid to communicate her ideas. . . . She played bridge in the evenings, and at three o'clock when she went to bed, she worried about the coming quiz, about the meaning of *heu* and *heus*, about the can of muggle she had borrowed and never replaced, (she was very conscientious) about not having returned her partner's lead in the last hand, about the coming quiz again, about ever so many things.

## II.

She took a walk about the campus at sunset . . . . . alone . . . . . Grass and trees and long low buildings, like a toy village, closed in around her. Before her, a pale green pointed thing jutted up into the sky. The sun threw long fingers of light upon it, then sank, and the dark descended.

The tower seemed annoyed. "I am always here," it said, shaking its weather vane. "You never look at me, only at the clock. Yet I am beautiful sometimes."

"That is true," said Myrtle with a sigh.

## III.

She watched it silently for a while. . . . .

## IV.

She went back to her room. She was less worried than she had been before. Behind the words of her new friend she saw a possibility of more bridge in the evening, a prospect of success in the quiz . . .

But it could not be.

The next day she failed the quiz, very completely. After all, she need not, as she herself said, tell her family.

## SARAH PARR, WIFE

FRANCES KNOX, '23

The bishop rose.

"I am sorry," said he suavely, "that it has been necessary to make this call, but the warning of the Church has come three times. It seemed imperative that the matter be brought to you personally, Brother Parr, and to you, John. I am sure there will be no further hesitancy," (there was the slightest suggestion of a threat in his tone) "and that soon we will all rejoice at glad news."

In the faint pause which followed, the bishop eyed, with a shade of well-concealed speculation, the two men he addressed. Then, still suavely, he bade them good-night and left quietly by the door that led through the garden to the street.

The room which he left was the rude "sitting room" of a pioneer's cabin. On the round pine table from which he had risen, an oil lamp burned, and in its small circle of yellow light sat two men. The elder had the long gray hair and beard of some tribal patriarch; his face, weather-worn and seamed, wore an expression of great kindness and broad understanding. The younger man, though his face possessed more charm than strength, was enough like the other to establish the relationship of father and son. They were, indeed, Joseph Parr and his son John, settlers in Utah and members of the Mormon Church, one of whose dignitaries had just visited them on important business.

The elder man spoke slowly:

"It will be hard on Sarah."

"Yes."

"We cannot spare her any longer. The Church must be obeyed."

"Yes—thank God!"

The younger man's voice trembled, almost, in his intensity. Joseph Parr looked at his son for a few seconds, then he spoke gravely:

"Remember, John, when you married Sarah you loved her; you promised her, that if ever the Church made it necessary for you to take a second wife, she should choose the woman who was to come into her house, that for you there could never be but one woman."

As Joseph stopped speaking the outside door swung slowly inward and a woman came in, closed the door and stood leaning against it in silence for a few seconds. Sarah Parr was slightly older than John, and she was beautiful, not so much with beauty of face as of

soul. She was tall, slim, and dark, with great dark eyes that spoke sometimes of quiet weariness, sometimes of blazing and unsuspected fire. In her expression and her hearing appeared all the strength that was lacking in her husband.

Again it was Joseph's voice that broke the silence.

"Bishop Nibley has been here."

"I know," answered Sarah quietly, "I passed him on the garden path."

She stood a moment longer, then straightened herself slowly, took the shawl from her head, and came and sat in the chair lately vacated by the bishop, between her husband and his father.

Once more Joseph spoke.

"Did he——?"

"No," Sarah broke in, "he didn't tell me why he'd been here—Bishop Nibley doesn't like me—besides, he didn't need to. I've known this for a long time." The words came slowly; all the weariness was uppermost.

For the first time since her entrance John spoke.

"Then it's not a shock to you, Sarah."

"No, dear." She put her hand on his, where it lay on the table. "I was not at church when the warnings were given, but my friends did not spare me the news—as you have done. I have been thinking——."

"Then," his voice was almost eager, "you must have decided."

She lifted her hand, as if she would ward off something.

"No," she said, "I must have more time." Then after a pause, "I love you, John."

A little uncertainly, John lifted the hand that had fallen back on his and kissed it gently.

Joseph, who had been watching silently, his own chair drawn out of the lamp light, spoke kindly out of the half darkness.

"I am afraid, Sarah, since you have known for long, that your decision must come now. We have ignored the command of the Church, in order to spare you, my child. It is hard, but waiting will not make it any easier."

"No." Her voice was toneless.

"I know you too well, my child, to believe that you have not already made the decision you knew had to come. Who is it to be?"

John, turning toward her for her answer, knocked against the table leg and set the kerosene slopping in the lamp. The light flickered. Sarah was silent.



"Well?" demanded her husband hoarsely, nervously.

There was a second's more silence. A moth bumped against the edge of the lamp chimney. There was a slight sizzle as the flame jumped to the creature's wings, and it fell to the table. Sarah spoke at last, softly.

"I am sure you will agree, John, and you too, Father, that the only woman that we could have come into our home, under these circumstances, is Constance, she is our dearest friend."

She had refrained from looking at John during this speech, and did not see the quickly suppressed joy in his face. Nor did she see the searching look Joseph gave her as she uttered the name of her friend.

There was a silence, each one thinking, wondering how much he or she could guess at the others' thoughts. Then Sarah spoke.

"Well, John, do you agree with me?"

"Why, why yes. I—I had scarcely thought you would choose Constance."

"Why not?" Sarah's voice was sharp.

"Oh, I don't know—it seems natural now that you should have—of course she *is* our best friend. "Sarah," he turned to her impulsively, "don't think I don't realize what you're going through——"

"Of course you do," she broke in swiftly, "it's quite as hard for you, dear." He made a faint gesture but she went on steadily. "Only our great love will make it possible for us to bear this. And now suppose we have it all over with at once. Constance is home, I have just come from there. Go fetch her, John; we will discuss and settle it."

There was firm purpose in her tone. She rose, took his hat from a nail on the wall and opened the door. As he passed her she smiled at him, then watched him down the path, and finally, when she had closed the door after him, stood leaning against it again, as if she were tired.

"Sarah, my child——." In the old man's voice was the fullest comprehension, the deepest compassion.

"Don't, don't pity me!" Her tone was one of desperation, her reserve had fled. "It won't matter to us," she went on, "we have our love—nothing can touch that. Constance will be no more than a dear sister to us both. Thank God he loves me! I will not have to bear what other women do, to see another woman's children in my house, another woman's—and his!" Her voice had risen hysterically; the fire blazed in her eyes. It was plain that she was addressing herself,

not the old man. Gradually, however, she became conscious of him; the hysteria vanished; she was silent.

He gave her a few minutes to recover herself, then he spoke, his voice still kind, but a trifle stern.

"Sarah, every woman who is married must bear children; it is her salvation, our prophet has said so. You must not deprive a woman of her right to immortality—which can be gained only through her children. Besides," his tones were measured, "you cannot. They will be sealed to each other in the endowment house; you cannot prevent their being man and wife."

"The endowment house—I had forgotten!" Her voice was low. Then suddenly, fiercely, "The endowment house! What happens there is not religion; it is the imagining of an immoral set of priests. It took every illusion from me. Oh why need they make what should be beautiful, horrible! 'The Garden of Eden,' they say——."

"Sarah!" The old man had risen. "You are unstrung; you do not realize your blasphemy. Pray that you may be forgiven." He went over to her and led her to a chair into which she sank, looking straight before her. After a time she spoke; her voice was calm, no trace of emotion betrayed her recent outburst.

"They can be married in one of the meeting houses instead of the Temple."

"Yes, that is possible. But you must think what you are doing, whether or not you have the right. I hope you will reconsider."

An hour later Constance, Sarah, John and Joseph sat around the table. The affair had been arranged, apparently to everyone's satisfaction. Constance was an orphan, there was nobody to consult but herself, and her readiness was evident. Nothing had been said regarding the status of the future bride, naturally. Sarah's composure was complete. As the talk ended, she rose and rested her hand affectionately on Constance's shoulder.

"I have some of the fruit cake you are so fond of, Constance. If you'll excuse me for a few minutes I'll get some and some milk before you go. Father, it is early, why don't you go to the bishop's house and leave word that everything is settled?" He looked at her, it was plain that she could be trusted to retain control of herself now. Without a word he left, relieved by Sarah's composure.

"Can't I help you, Sarah?" Constance's blue eyes looked as guileless as a child's. She was the blonde type of beauty so common among the Mormons, the fragile, worthless prettiness that so beguiles the average man and which so soon turns into faded color and blurred

contour. She appealed to the older woman as a child; it was that appeal rather than real friendship that bound them together.

"No, dear, you would only be in the way. Besides, John would have nobody to talk to." Sarah laughed lightly and went through the door into the kitchen. In some half-understanding way she had manoeuvred to leave them alone together.

The moment the door had closed behind her they were in each other's arms. And Sarah, on the other side of the door, knew it; but would not admit it. Resolutely she closed her mind to all thoughts save those of preparing the tray of milk and cake. She was not, ordinarily, a woman to fool herself, but the bitter pain of this was more than she could bear. She had fought the knowledge of John's love for Constance for so long; the decision that she had made had cost her many sleepless nights.

"After all," she had told herself, "I love him well enough even for this, and it will be better in the end."

But after she had made her decision known, her courage had failed her; she could not, of her own free will, give him to another woman. It wasn't human; it wasn't possible. Abruptly she straightened. Was it possible then that she, Sarah Parr, should not abide by her given word? Was it possible that her serene calm and courage should fail her now—that courage which had served her from the time when, at the age of ten, she had been told that her parents, pioneers on their way to California, had met with a regrettable accident, and that she would be given a place in the home of Brother Parr and brought up in the faith? She had never embraced the religion fully, perhaps from some dim understanding of the fact that that "regrettable accident" was due to the staunch refusal of her Presbyterian father and mother to embrace the faith of the Latter Day Saints and endow the Church with the heavy silver heirlooms they had brought all the way from Massachusetts. She had accepted the faith because there was nothing else to do; she had married John Parr gladly, for they had loved each other, and no thought of plural marriage had been allowed to shadow their happiness. They had loved each other with all the intensity of youth, deepened and made infinitely tender on her side by her few extra years and unconsciously finer nature, which had added to her love, in a strong measure, that maternal quality which exists in a varying amount in every woman's love. They had sworn that for them there could be no other love, that even the power of the Church could bring no one between them. And now he had forgotten that vow; forgotten it in that polygamous

instinct that, sooner or later, asserts itself in every Mormon born male. And she had believed that he was different from them all, that for him at least a single love was possible. She had been wrong.

In the other room John was whispering words of passionate love, believing himself to be at last truly happy.

"Constance, my little Constance, I've loved you for so long, sweetheart, and to think that you knew it! How wonderful it seems that you should love me too, that you should have known my love and have come straight into my arms, with no word spoken." He was deadly serious.

"We were made for each other, my beloved, that is why words were not needed." Her shallow blue eyes essayed a deep look.

"I know, I know. How wonderful it is to hear you say that! And how wonderful it is to be able to speak at last, to be able to tell you that I love you—oh my darling, to have you for my own!"

This was real love in its ultimate fulfillment:

"Why did you wait, John? Why couldn't you tell me before?"

Sarah stood in the doorway, unheeded by the two in the far corner of the room.

An expression of uneasiness crossed the man's face as he answered.

"I couldn't tell you before, dearest, because—because I owed it to Sarah not to. She has been faithful to me and loved me, and I couldn't wrong her."

"But there would have been no wrong;" the child in Constance was puzzled, "it is right for a man to have more than one wife, and the Book says nothing about which he shall love the most."

"Yes, but—," he sought for words to explain, "you see, when I married Sarah, I told her I would not take another wife, and that if I must, she should choose her."

"You mean Sarah picked me out for you to marry?" The girl stiffened, and drew back from his hastily proffered caress. "I believe you love her still."

"No, no, Constance dear, I love only you. Sarah's a very wonderful woman,—I'm afraid you don't quite understand," then with eager haste to conciliate her, "but that doesn't matter, nothing matters except that we love each other."

The shadow of a smile crossed the face of the woman in the doorway. How foolish she had been to think she had lost him! If she could forgive him this infatuation when it was at an end—and she would—and stand the pain of seeing another woman in her place (and

twenty-five years among the Mormons had deadened much of what would have been her natural horror at this) he would come back to her.

She closed the door behind her, and they sprang up guiltily from the couch where they had been sitting. She set the tray she carried on the table.

"Come," she said evenly and pleasantly, "we won't wait for Father."

Half an hour later Joseph Parr entered. Sarah was sitting in the lamplight sewing, otherwise the room was empty.

Joseph looked about.

"Where are John and Constance?"

"John has taken her home, he'll be back soon now I think."

"You seem much calmer, Sarah."

"Yes."

"I hope you have reconsidered the matter we were speaking of earlier, my child."

"I have reconsidered it."

"God will reward you."

"God has rewarded me."

And her smile, as she sewed, was little touched by irony.

## GHOSTS

DOROTHY STEWART, '23

It is so long since I have walked with ghosts  
And seen the stars,  
So long since I have seen quiet, lovely things,  
The wind that roughs the hair behind my ears,  
The strange, uneven feathering of the trees,  
Clear cut against the dark.  
The old, crisp snow I crunch beneath my feet  
Gleams in the leaves,  
And you, oh tense-eyed, eager dogs  
Are ghosts tonight.  
I've always walked upon the quiet grass  
With stars,  
And long, indefinite shadows,  
And crisp leaves.  
I've forgotten how the gravel sounds  
Under my feet,  
And rush of voices after a long silence.

## AGE

DOROTHY BURR, '23

Old Mrs. Allegrus was sitting in a rocking-chair, a shawl across her shoulders though the room was warm and close. Her glasses leaned giddily across the end of her nose. Her bony hands moved in knitting with a monotony of concentration that made her granddaughter nervous. Against the dark curtain, her hair shone like a tiny white mist. She sat as for the portrait of someone's mother, in black and gray and white; only the industry of her hands gave her life.

Opposite her sat Jean Allegrus, a short-skirted, short-haired modern girl. She was staying on this distant Maine coast to take care of her grandmother while her cousin, Wolcott, took his wife to Boston for an operation. Jean had always felt the halftone atmosphere in which this branch of the family lived to be a pose, but she liked her grandmother's gentle alertness so much that she was glad to have this opportunity of being with her. Yet, as she sat opposite this vaguely sketched portrait, she felt strange and uncomfortable. Every moment she expected her grandmother to break through the delicate nimbus and emerge concretely human.

A sea-wind, gathering itself together from the edges of the twilight behind the windows, snarled through the guardian pines. Jean could not bear the silence.

"I'd better wash for supper, Granny."

"Yes, there's water in your room and a wash-rag specially for you, pet. Is that the wind? I do hope Wolcott'll be all right. I'm so 'fraid. I pray every day, but I can't help being nervous. Alice is right sick. Doctor said she'll have to have an operation." She sighed. "Yes, you'd better wash. Lily put water in your room, purpose. She's an excellent girl."

About the walls of Jean's low-raftered room, hung daguerrotypes. As she dressed she was eminently conscious of the sightless gaze of those small pale faces,—her great-grandparents in constraining clothes and trim hair, small relations in shoulder-bows, and bearded, vague-eyed ancestors almost redolent of bad tobacco. They were neither aggressive nor appealing; they were merely lifeless. Not even faintly familiar features could struggle through the dust to existence. Jean turned away. The sound of the wind, the feel of the knitted wash-

rag, the keen kitchen-smell were commonplace and actual. The little rank of faces did not seem to notice them.

Supper, by the paltry light of an oil lamp, did not relieve Jean's depression. Big shadows stretched across the room, blocking the doors and rearing obtrusively against the walls. As Mrs. Allegrus hacked at the roast with a dull knife, her shadow sketched itself into a menacing sibyl scowling down from the portière. Jean did not dare to chew her toast for fear of making too much noise. By and by the whining wind strayed up again from the sea—merry company!

"It's very lonely here," remarked Mrs. Allegrus. "I'm apprehensive. The neighbors are very far away, so, when Wolcott left, I was 'fraid to stay alone. I wish I weren't so foolish. I wish I was better. I want to be ready for Heaven when my time comes."

Jean replied, "I hope that wind doesn't mean a storm. Alice looked very weak to travel."

"She's very poorly. She's been poorly since the baby came. I told them not to come to this lonely place. They were only 'fraid for me. But I'm not so feeble as they think."

She laid down her spoon and stared gravely before her. There was something eerie in that concentration. She did not move. The silence and the wind interwove into a sort of pattern. Still Mrs. Allegrus stared unwinkingly before her.

"Granny," asked Jean faintly. "Could I have some more rice-pudding, please?"

Mrs. Allegrus lifted her hands slowly and began to fumble with the table-cloth.

"Granny," repeated Jean.

Mrs. Allegrus tried to fold and gather and pleat the table-cloth. Jean took it from her hands.

"I want to get it finished," she protested. "I can't seem to get it sewn. I don't know what's the matter—I can't—"

Jean's heart sickened. The shadows crowded in on her. In a daze of terror, she watched Mrs. Allegrus' plaintive movements.

"We ought to have supper now," continued the gentle voice. "Why isn't Alice down? It's dark. I can't see. I can't see how this goes. I can't seem to see."

When Lily, the maid, came in, Jean whispered,

"Oh, something's wrong with Granny. She's says such curious things. Can't we do anything?"

"No, miss, that's age. She gets like this sometimes. She'll be all right. That's age, you know."



Jean helped her grandmother to the sofa in the next room. Mrs. Allegrus was confused and troubled. Her grandson's departure, her loneliness, and her age had blurred for the moment the current of her thought. Gradually she drifted back again and asked,

"When did we finish supper, Jean? I don't remember having any dessert; Lily should have made some. She makes good dessert."

"Don't you remember having rice-pudding?" inquired Jean timidly.

"No, I forget. I didn't think we had any dessert. I was sleepy. Why didn't you rouse me? I was very stupid not to remember having my dessert."

Jean tried to change the subject. She found that she must turn the conversation back to the past, for there only could Mrs. Allegrus find peace.

"I was pretty then," she said, gleefully hiding her face in her hands, "I was mighty pretty, I guess. One of my beaux proposed to me on horseback— We used to have a little literary club and write verses, you know. Somebody wrote me a lovely verse about a 'sunset blushing on a field of snow'—I forget the rest. But Mother used to say I had right pretty neck and shoulders— My sister Agnes and I wrote hymns. We got fifty dollars once—and I used to love to sing in church."

So Jean heard the whisperings of a wan wraith, momentarily recatching its old spirit.

Overwhelmed by the illusory sense of living in a sub-world, Jean slipped out for a minute to feel the vigor of the present night. Fog and wind tore westward overhead. The spray blew sharp against her face. Stumbling over the strange ground, she felt her way up a hillock and peered against the dark. Sea and woods about her—things eternal, but without a past. Curious, in these surroundings, to strain to see figures down the long vista of the human race!

In the succeeding days, Jean found much liberty and interest in the people and the life of the island. Only when the lamps ushered in the spindly array of shadows, did she realize that her grandmother—except for occasional lapses of memory—in no act or word, but in spirit, dwelt apart. In a measure she understood Jean, but the time when she had liked fishing in a frail dory or swimming in treacherous water was now so easily forgotten! Jean watched her undetermined small steps along a path with the wonder and pity of strength, but even more did she marvel at the incessant knitting, at the uncritical, unemotional reading, at the thoughtless silences, and at the absorption

in detail in one who, she knew, had once been superactively interested in principles. Thus they lived on, continually together, each knowing nothing of the thoughts of the other, like two friends of different planets, smiling tolerantly across the most infinite space.

Jean kept, however, a conviction that in Mrs. Allegrus' heart, emotion was as poignant as in her own, only that age had withered everything down to that core. Some things in life were too beautiful to fade.

She found a brittle brown rose pressed thin between the engraved pages of a portly book. Here was Romance—Romance, in hoop-skirts in those queer dead days that seemed as natural to her grandmother as the present,—Romance, under a vague Southern moon, grandmother itself, perhaps, of the wee lady in pale shawl just retiring toward the western horizon!

"Who gave it to you, Granny? Not grandfather, I hope!"

Mrs. Allegrus turned it over and over.

"I don't know. I forget. I forget a good deal."

She carelessly dropped it.

One locust-vibrant afternoon, about a week after Jean's arrival, Wolcott telegraphed her that his wife had died. He would return at once. Although Jean did not know her cousin well, she felt intensely sorry for him. But her grandmother! Could she tell Age that death had, so illogically, taken Youth?

The old lady was rocking on the porch, her mouth pursed into attention over her Bible. She looked sideways over her glasses, a trifle nervously.

"Was that a letter, pet? The mail is so slow. I should have gotten a letter from Wolcott. I worry too much, I guess, but I'm 'fraid something's wrong."

"No, the mail doesn't come till tomorrow."

"I was thinking I'd better make some preserves soon. Alice made the greatest quan'ty last year. Do you like damsons, honey?"

"I'll tell her after lunch," Jean resolved. But during lunch for the fourth time Mrs. Allegrus related Wolcott's running away from school. With puckered forehead, bright smile, and uncertain movements of the hands, she redundantly but vividly, sketched a portrait of her favorite grandson. On further acquaintance with him, Jean could not tell his grandmother of his sorrow.

By plausible fibs, she put off the news day by day. Mrs. Allegrus seemed to have forgotten Alice. She busied herself with a pair of socks for Wolcott, and watered his orchids from her tumbler after every meal.

When Wolcott arrived, she was luckily napping indoors. Jean was shocked by her cousin's worn face and the curious clarity of his eyes. Leaning against the porch balustrade as though too weak to go further, he directed the nurse to take the baby upstairs. Jean peeped at it, excited by its red, minute nose and the freshness of its skin.

"Jean," said her cousin. "Come down on the rocks. I want to speak to you before I see Granny."

He led the way and sat on the seaward cliff, his eyes persistently on the horizon. Jean sat beside him.

"Does Granny know?"

"No, I couldn't tell her. I don't know why exactly. She's too near death, somehow. I shouldn't have left it for you, though, I'm sorry."

"I know," he replied. "Perhaps you've felt that too—that sense of untraversable, eternal distance between her and us. She is a sort of dear embodied ghost of the grandmother I used to know."

Jean fixed her eyes on Wolcott's finely cut profile. Her grandmother had told her of his being handsome, but she had not prepared her for this smooth and restful understanding.

"Granny is so very much alive, and not at all unsympathetic," said Jean. "But she is so—so faded—so not 'human'."

"I have to keep reminding myself that she has been as human as we are. We know—but seldom consider how much it means—that she has been as much excited by life, as happy, as unhappy! She knew life before we lived. Without her we should not be here. Yet," Wolcott paused in the grave monotony of his reflection, "I feel nearer to Alice now than to her. And we too," he went on, with a tinge of a smile, "will be mysterious ghosts for someone else in turn." "mysterious ghosts for someone else in turn"—

He rose. "I must tell her."

An hour later, when Jean went in, she found Mrs. Allegrus, silent and confused, trying to pleat her skirt. Now and then she ripped apart the seam in a series of sharp jerks. The sound pierced through Jean. She turned desperately to Wolcott.

"You're right," he said, "she is too near death to understand it. But—oh, what *is* she thinking?"

## GILES COREY OF SALEM FARMS

PAMELA COYNE, '24

He sat unmoved in the Salem Court-house, facing that fanatic, determined mob. Witness after witness took the stand, zealous as those who had crucified Him they now sought to defend, lying though they knew it not. As hysterical women showed the marks of his witchcraft upon them, not a muscle of his thin, whim-face twitched, but in his grey eyes there was anguish if they cared to look. It was not because his faith faltered—faith gained when, after hours of hard labor, a quiet determined mind makes the Greatest of Books its own, does not fail in trial. The anguish was that of a man who has heard the sentence of death pronounced on his wife. Death for her when she loved so much—the hound which nuzzled one loose hanging hand felt the shudder run through him and whined. A sea breeze blew through the window; it had no call for him now. He waited only for the judge to speak. Why must they drag it out? He had no wit to combat and trip them, to find his way out of their maze of insinuations. His mind went out to the things he knew, his fields and quiet herds, the sea, the orderly house, his children whom he loved so deeply, poor shunned orphans that they would be. For one moment the great muscles of his arm swelled as he watched them, crouching wide-eyed on the hard benches.

The judge stood up: "Giles Corey of Salem Farms, I pronounce thee a heretic, a practicer of witchcraft, and an instrument of Satan. I sentence thee to be crushed to death between two boards, at noon tomorrow. In the name of God, Amen."

"In the name of God, Amen," whispered the condemned. A smile twisted his lips, and there was happiness in his eyes. They led him out into the sunshine.

## THE LITTLE RED FISH

MARTHA COOK, '25

The bare whitewashed ranch office was still. Outside dry banana leaves rustled and crackled. Somewhere a rooster crowed, and in the manager's house a child was singing. Kualu, the manager, young, fat as most Hawaiians are, sat with arms crossed, soiled panama hat resting on the back of his head, gazing through half-shut eyes across his desk at the other older Hawaiian. This other did not move. Only his full lips straightened, and the knuckles of his hand that held a battered straw sombrero whitened. He stood giantlike, a typical cowboy, faded red bandana awry, *palaka* open across his chest, washed out blue trousers, tucked under leggings, bagging at the knees.

"That is not fair," he burst out at last. "You say I cannot rope, I cannot shear, because I am too old?"

"Yes, Kaikili, you are too old."

"Ha! Too old," he muttered as if to himself. "I am still strong. And *I* go to the stables—*I* go?" Hurt amazement was in his voice.

"Yes, Kaikili, I said you go. You take charge of them tomorrow."

"I have known you, Fred Kualu, a long time. I taught you to rope. I taught you to shear. I taught you everything you know. But you never liked me. I always beat you. You don't like me now and so," Kaikili pointed his big forefinger at Kualu, "you say I am too old."

"What I say goes on this ranch now, you know, Kaikili. I am manager. The younger men are better than you; so I'm changing you. That's all."

Kualu took a long, typewritten sheet from the pile of papers on the top of his desk, and ran his eyes down it.

"Yes, your father was an *alii*," (a man of royal blood) "you are an *alii*, the *keko*, your child, is an *alii*." Kaikili smiled a little. "The *keko* is a real *alii*. But you are a man and I am a man," his voice resounded in the little room, "and we will see."

His eyes were burning, and it looked as if he were not named wrongly after the thunder-god. Deliberately he put on his sombrero, hitched up his trousers, and stalked out of the room. Kualu continued, reading the typewritten sheet—.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dry, rolling plains stretched on and on to the sea, aglow in the fast fading light of the sunset. Brown forms of cattle in the near paddock crowded about the drinking trough, and a long, low "moo-oo" rose and faded into the still air. Kaikili stirred in his saddle, raised his sombrero, and ran his fingers through his shock of gray hair.

"Damn it," he muttered.

He dug his thumb under the loose belt of his trousers, and gazed off to the edge of the plain where a tiny cloud of copper dust grew larger and larger. It was the young men returning from the shearing. They had camped a week at Mahana; wagons had brought back their stuff that afternoon.

Yes, Kaikili had once been the champion shearer, and champion roper, too. His brown eyes softened, and a smile loosened the corners of his compressed lips. He rubbed his knee. Ever since he was a little fellow living with his grandparents he had been on this ranch. He had seen the *haoles*, the white men, try to turn it into a sugar plantation and fail; he had been first cowboy when old Kualu ran the ranch. But now—he stiffened.

"Too old," he muttered. "Too old. The stables—ha!"

He spat a brown stream of tobacco far from him, yanked a plug out of his shirt pocket, and bit off a piece fiercely. Some day Fred Kualu would see. He jerked up his horse's head and dug his heavy spurs into its loose flanks.

"Whoo-o." A high shrill call made him rein in and wheel about. A small, perspiring boy perched on the bare back of a little black pony, a grin spreading across his shiny round, brown face, galloped towards him.

"Goin' home, Kaikili?" He drew up alongside.

"Yes. Where you been, Billy?" Kaikili's face was tender.

"Oh, tryin' that new lass' you showed me. And gee, but it's a peach! You know," Billy panted with excitement, "you know Kaikili, I didn't miss a calf." His little chest swelled with pride. "Say, Kaikili, but you're great!" He gazed up with the admiration a small boy has for his hero.

Kaikili's chest swelled also, and his eyes shone. He leaned over and patted Billy on the shoulder.

"Bully for you, kid."

The two rode on across the flat toward a cluster of whitewashed cottages and barns, partially surrounded by a wind-shield of eucalyptus trees, black in the falling dusk. These were ranch headquarters. Kaikili watched Billy; Billy looked straight ahead, his forehead puckered.

"Kaikili, are there *kahunas*?" (sorcerers, priests).

"Sure there are."

"And can they still make people die by just praying?"

"Yes."

"And are they stronger than God?" he almost whispered as if committing blasphemy.

"Billy, before any *haoles* came *kahunas* were here, praying men to death. Then the *haoles* came and brought God. Now old *kahunas* are strong, and so is God. We don't know; we only think. What do you want to know for?"

"Well, you see, Mother says there aren't any, but Daddy says there are, and he wouldn't like to have any one of them praying him to death. 'No, ma-am,' says Daddy to Mother, 'God's all right, but don't think that there isn't anything in the power of the *kahunas*!' or something like that. I thought you'd know. Gee, Kaikili, but you're great! Why, what's the matter?"

Kaikili's eyes were narrowed and his lips compressed. A strange glow brightened his eyes and made them yellow in the twilight.

"Kaikili, what's the matter? Kaikili!" Billy screamed.

"Ha," uttered the man deep in his throat, and twisted up the corner of his mouth. "Ha!" Suddenly he seemed to realize the child's presence.

"There's no *pilikia* (no trouble)." He forced a smile to his lips, and touched the child clumsily on the shoulder.

"Billy." He looked long and hard at him then turned away. "Kahunas," he muttered to himself, "pray men to death."

That night Kaikili tossed about on his hard *hikie*. He could not sleep.

"Billy," he murmured, "he is your father, but he is mean. O he's mean! And he's a man and I'm a man, and I have charge of stables—always." He crossed his hands under his head. "In Halawa there is a *kahuna*, a strong *kahuna*." He watched a moonbeam steal across the white wall, nearer and nearer to a picture of Billy that he knew was there; but it never quite reached it.

He jumped up and stumbled to the small uncurtained window. Over the little camp lay the hush of a place asleep. Not even a rooster's crow broke the stillness. The moon threw the weird knotty shadow of a gaunt papaia tree against the white wall of the next house, and the pickets of the fence between looked strangely tall and thin. Along the narrow ledge moved the black form of a cat. Kaikili

watched it sneak along, leap to the ground without a sound, and disappear round the corner of the house.

"*Kahunas* were here before God—who knows?" he whispered huskily, clutching the thin window-sill.

The shadows blurred, stretched, and became one in blackness. The moon went behind a cloud; darkness was everywhere. Kaikili still stood at the window. . . .

When the first dog barked, and a rooster's crow answered him shrilly, when the horses in the pasture in front of the row of houses began to munch the short grass, and objects appeared one by one, Kaikili stirred, ran his hand across his forehead, and straightened his shoulders.

A few hours later the young men with laughs, calls, and curses, had saddled their horses and trotted off to a day's drive. The big empty wagons, hitched to the heavy work horses, swayed down the dusty road for their loads in the cornfields. Women sat on the steps in the shade of wide banana leaves chatting, or hung out wet, sagging clothes in the tiny back yards. Kaikili, his own work partially done, strolled past the big warehouse, past the open blacksmith shop, up the little arched lane to the office. He had not entered since that awful day, but he knocked on the door boldly, and entered unhesitatingly after the loud "Come in."

Kualu was hanging his hat on a peg on the wall. He turned.

"Well," he said, "It's you, Kaikili."

"Yes," answered Kaikili, looking straight into his eyes, "It's me."

Kualu returned the gaze.

"What do you want?"

"I want to go to Halawa for three days."

"To Halawa?"

"Yes, my uncle is sick. Perhaps he will die. It is my duty to go."

Uncles about to die or be buried are common to Hawaiians, especially when they want vacations or money. Kualu was naturally skeptical. He stroked his chin and looked at Kaikili. Oh well, Kaikili did have relatives in Halawa he knew. Perhaps it would be better not to antagonize the old man too much just now. He was worked up quite enough and one never could tell. Besides the ranch wasn't too busy at present.

"All right. You can go for three days, Kaikili. You can start today or tomorrow."

"I go tomorrow. Three days—yes, I can do a lot in three days, Fred Kualu."



Kualu met his stern gaze, a little wondering, but outwardly composed. Kaikili put on his sombrero deliberately and stalked out. One hand resting on his desk, the manager watched the closed door between narrow lids, his eyebrows drawn together, his lips set.

"Oh well. After all, he's old." He straightened his silk bandana, ran his hand down the back of his head, and sat down to go over the weekly mail.

Kaikili was hard to the men under him that day. Everything was wrong; the stables were not clean, the horses were not fed properly, the harness needed more oiling, and so on.

"What's the matter with old Kaikili anyhow?"

"Oh, the men are driving today. Maybe he thinks."

So spoke his men, lazy, good-natured fat men, that always work round the stables, warehouses, and wagons on a ranch. They smoked obnoxious cigarettes and laughed. Even the children who generally followed at Kaikili's heels kept far from him, and peered from behind woodpiles and half-shut barn doors.

The next morning before the rest of the camp was even stirring, when the moon was still up and the air damp, Kaikili swung to his saddle and rode down the long, straight road which went in to the kiae forests by the sea, and on for miles to Halawa. At the heat of the day he reached the little village, comfortably squatting at the bottom of a green valley where the sea forms a round blue bay. His uncle was surprised but glad to see him and put him up for the few days.

At evening he walked alone far up the trail, hidden among tangled vines and bushes, to the *kahuna's*. The old, old man, furrowed, hollow-eyed, with long thin wisps of gray hair on head and chin, crouched on the *lauhala* mat before his weathered grass hut, his arms crossed around the knees. Beside him stood the koa-wood bowl inlaid with teeth, before which he would soon bow on hands and knees and pray. Kaikili saluted the old man with deference, laid down a gift of taro, potatoes, and fish, and poured out his insult.

"It is well, my son," said the kahuna without change of expression or position, "that you come back to the gods of your fathers. These islands are theirs, and the people are theirs, and no god of the *haoles* can ever command them. If more of their people turned to them, do you think the race would become small, do you think the *haoles* would be ruling? Ah no, my son." He shook his head wearily. "Go back and know that Kualu will die."

"Kualu will die," Kaikili repeated. "These islands are theirs and no god of the *haoles* can ever command them. That is good."

Kaikili returned; his heart was lighter. All day he did not think, except to wonder who the next manager would be. But in the late evening when he sat alone on his narrow front steps and leaned against the railing, a strange wondering took possession of him.

"The *kahuna* says that the old gods are strongest but then—ha! Kualu cannot live, that man. Stables! And for me!" And then Billy's little smiling face would rise before him, and his big brown eyes would look into Kaikili's. "*Auwe!*" Kaikili would gasp, and sit for a long time holding his pipe in the hand resting on his knee.

Billy used always to stop to see Kaikili on his way to and from the tiny ranch school house, and sometimes in the afternoon they rode together across the plains, and Billy learned from Kaikili. Those were happy hours. But one day Billy came in very slowly, his smile gone, his eyes very serious.

"Well, what's the *pilikia*, Billy?" The man looked down at him.

"Kaikili, daddy says I can't see you any more because you aren't good. Aren't you good, Kaikili?" The little boy looked pleadingly up in the old man's face.

"Your father says I'm not good?" The old man was almost fierce. "Sure I'm good. And now he will do this to me. Your father. Who is he to say I'm not good? What is he?"

"Ooh, Kaikili." The little boy drew away. "He's my father, and he's an *alii*. I'm an *alii*, too, you know, Kaikili."

"Yes, I know you are an *alii*. Billy, you are a real *alii*."

The little boy did not come very often after that. Sometimes he ran in for a few minutes, threw his arms round the man, and whispered with a little catch in his voice,

"Kaikili, you are good, aren't you?"

Kaikili would be very fierce again, and mutter, "Damn it all!" under his breath.

After Billy had gone Kaikili would curse loud and long, and chew very hard.

"Aha, we will see, Fred Kualu; we will see."

Then came a particularly hot day. The noon sun on the iron roof of the stables, together with the mingled odors of animals, sweet alfalfa hay, and harness oil made them almost unbearable. Kaikili exhausted his supply of profanity. He mopped his forehead with a big, blue bandana, and sauntered out to sit on the warehouse steps where there might be a little breeze.

But they were already crowded with people talking excitedly, yet quietly, as if something must be hushed. The driver of the big

truck that had just come up from the little harbor village was leaning from his seat talking.

"Yes, the little red fish are swimming in to the harbor. *Auwe!*," he was saying.

The little red fish. They were the sign of the coming death of an *alii*, and Kualu was the nearest *alii*. Kaikili leaned against the side of the house. Red fish! They never failed. The gods of the natives were good. The *kahuna* was good. Had he not said, "And Fred Kualu will die"?

"Aha, Fred Kualu, you are an *alii*, but you are a man!" A smile without mirth or happiness, a smile of grim triumph spread across his face, and inwardly he laughed, laughed bitterly, triumphantly, maliciously.

A little black pony with a merry rider trotted by, but no one noticed him, not even Kaikili.

"And Fred Kualu will die," he was murmuring to himself.

That evening he was sitting, smoking as usual on his tiny front steps. Suddenly his back gate banged. He started. A hatless man dashed round the corner of the house stepping into the one tiny flower bed.

"Kaikili," he panted. "Quick—the boy—not home—get your horse—. Hunt through Puukapele paddock!"

Billy not home! Kaikili sprang to his feet. He did not notice that other men were running about, that lanterns were flashing everywhere. He did not notice that someone had already driven the horses into the pens. He caught the first horse; it was not his but he took it. Billy gone! He saddled the horse somehow. Billy must be found. He must hurry. He did hurry. He clattered down the road after others. Their dust choked him. He rode up to them and on to Puukapele.

Puukapele was big. So were the other paddocks. It would take time to search them. All night the men rode up and down calling, calling. Always the same stillness so awful in the dark. When the first glow appeared over Lanai Kaikili had found no trace. Billy must be home by now. Someone else must have found him. He would join the others at The Three Gates. But they weren't at The Three Gates. They did not come.

He started home alone. Far ahead rose a cloud of dust. He would catch up to them. He spurred his horse. It was an automobile. Only Kualu had an automobile! How slowly it was going. He urged on his horse. Cowboys were riding on either side of it. They did

not talk, it seemed. He must catch up. He spurred his horse again and it bounded forward. Fred Kualu was driving, Billy's mother beside him. She was crying, and across the back seat something lay under the robe. Kaikili seemed to stop breathing. He rode alongside one of the cowboys, touched his arm.

"What?" he whispered.

"An alii is dead."

## EXTINCT

ANNE SHIRAS, '24

I came across a book in the library this morning called "Prehistoric Mammals." For some unknown reason I began looking through it, in a vague disinterested sort of way, until I happened upon a picture that particularly caught my fancy. It showed a palm tree in the foreground, under which was a huge gawky creature, with a curious flat snout, standing on his hind legs and regarding with mild thoughtfulness a crocodile who snapped at him from a nearby pool. Underneath was the enlightening explanation: "Ornithryncus or Duck-bill, co-extensive with the Monotremata order. (Extinct.)"

Extinct! That single word, added as an after-thought in a parenthesis, summed up the whole tragedy of the duck-bill and his race. I looked at him again. Judging from his picture, he was essentially a thinker. He seemed to have no desire to clash and battle with the creatures around him, but rather to want to be friends with them or, failing in that, to retire under his palm tree and contemplate the universe. No wonder then that he was extinct, whereas all the other pictures showed great hairy creatures with sharp fangs bared to kill, and fierce little eyes alert for danger, the duck-bill had no weapons for fight. I doubt if he would have known what to do with them. Hostility was a thing he did not understand, and therefore did not expect. If he heard something coming up behind him in the dark, he probably sat down and waited for it, instead of following the two great jungle laws, either to charge an unknown, or to flee it. His was a spirit ahead of its time, instinctively peaceful and sociable, whom nature had cruelly stranded in an age of hostile individualism. What chance of survival had she left him, attacked from behind, surprised off his guard, ambushed and slaughtered by enemies whose hatred he could not understand!

I have looked him up in the dictionary, and find that he has a plebeian little descendant who now bears his name, a grubby, ant-eating

creature whom no one notices particularly. But the true duck-bill, the great awkward individualist pausing beneath his palm tree to contemplate the hostile crocodile, has disappeared forever; and the tragedy of nature's cruelty toward him is summed up by one terse word in parenthesis after his name—extinct.

Blow Wind; travel Clouds swiftly over the sky,  
That he may see the moon again.  
Whispers softly the Wind, "It were sweet to die  
Before the day break comes again."  
Blow Wind—blow the clouds swiftly, Temptress,  
That he may see the moon again.

Strange how afraid he is of fragrant darkness.

MILDRED VOORHEES, '22.

## MALICE

FREDA ROSENKOFF, '24

The sky, heavy, ominous, threatened a terrific storm. For two days now the heavens had looked down with gloom upon an equally gloomy world; at any moment the storm might begin, yet it held off, checked by an invisible and angry god. Mischa Wolffson, on his way to his school, shook his head slowly in bewilderment. Never had he known the snow to hold back for so long a time. Indeed Elisavetgrad was famed for the suddenness of its snowstorms: at one moment the sky would be clear and bright, at the next, a whirlpool of snow would fly madly about. Mischa could not understand it; he who was said to know everything.

Suddenly a premonition of misfortune came over him. Again he shook his head, this time to rid himself of the unwelcome thoughts which came to him. In his haste he arrived at the school, went to his desk, wrote a letter. In the note he begged his wife to reassure him that everything was well with her and the children.

It was now almost a year since he had seen his wife. Born in the city of Kiev, he had fallen in love with a poor country girl. Though she could bring him no dowry, yet he married her in spite of his parents' protests. For five years they struggled, he attempting to run a farm, she trying to keep comfortable her husband and three children. A scholar in taste, he could not succeed in his agriculture. Finally, an offer came to him to become master of a large school in Elisavetgrad. Loath to leave his wife, he would have refused the position with its assurance of comfort, had she not urged him to go.

Elisavetgrad had loved him immediately. His frank face, his scholarly habits, soon won for him admiration and friendship. Yet he was reticent; he accepted for his real friends only Bluma and Laban Abramsky. They alone knew his inner feelings. To them he confided all his hopes, his discouragements, his joys and his sorrows.

Now he longed to run to them and tell them of his fears, but his duties as schoolmaster restrained him. Meanwhile Bluma Abramsky was having troubles of her own. Running short of sugar, she had gone to Rifka Saimonivitch's store to buy some. As usual, Rifka had a tale of woe to tell.

"Dear Bluma, how bad you look! Did you see that schnorrer\*?"

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\* Person who gets something for nothing.

Every time she comes in here, she must eat what I'm cooking. And do you think she eats like a person? No. She eats and eats and eats—everything I got. And do you think she is the only one? No, no, everybody does it. The good-for-nothings will eat me out of my house and home. Did you say you want sugar? Just a minute. Bluma, darling, I made the best pie. Come have a cup of tea with a piece. Now, you must—you've got plenty of time, a rich lady like you! It's only a poor woman like me that's got to slave."

Bluma's protests went unheeded. She had to eat the pie to the very last crumb—though she knew that after she went, the next customer would be told that Bluma Abramsky was eating Rifka Saimonivitch "out of her house and home."

Before she had a chance to go Mina Polakoff, Rifka's niece, came into the kitchen. Mina was "the" old maid of Elisavetgrad. No one liked her but her aunt, who worshipped her blindly. Mina was not so homely as she was repulsive; her expression of meanness matched the shiftiness of her eyes. Where her aunt had a heedless tongue, Mina had a malicious one. A harmless little anecdote became, when she told it, a vile episode.

Her gaunt figure stalked into the room; a gleam of hatred and concentrated venom shone in her little eyes. "Well, how is our fine Mischa? Does he still pay you court? His wife ought to know how he runs around with a married woman."

Without deigning to answer, Bluma rose, grabbed her sugar and walked out. She despised Rifka, but she hated Mina passionately. "Thank God," she thought, "there are not many Minas in the world. If she could she would make trouble for poor Mischa. How she hates him!"

Late that afternoon, a visitor came to Bluma, breathless and excited. "Blumele, have you heard the news? Rifka says that Mischa Wolffson has ruined Mina! Did you ever hear the like? Mischa and Mina! Why he wouldn't look at her twice!"

Bluma, unable to believe her ears, exclaimed sharply, "What are you saying, fool?" Then she began to laugh, "Well, that is a good joke, isn't it? Rifka could always invent tales, but this is the wildest yet. Why that old maid would drive Mischa crazy if he had to be with her for a minute. He ought to appreciate this joke."

Though Bluma took the matter as a joke, the report spread through Elisavetgrad like wild-fire. At first there was a total disbelief, but soon an insidious voice said, "Well, stranger things than that have happened. You never can tell what these 'quiet men' are

up to." Indignantly the more intelligent persons condemned the tale, yet there were some who, with an evil smirk, added to the story, saying that Mischa had come to Elisavetgrad because he was tired of his wife and "he might have done it, you know—he's such a sly fellow."

After school was out, Mischa began to walk home slowly. The sky was still heavy; he was still worried. Though the letter to his wife had been sent off, he could not rest until he had received his reply. Of course, it would be many days before he got an answer, yet Mischa could not drive away his fear.

Too preoccupied with his thoughts to notice the queer looks people gave him, he came at last to his boarding house. Before he had time to get to his room, he was stopped by hearing someone whisper his name. The whisper was not meant for him, but he heard it and the terrible rumor with it. His mind was too dazed for the instant to grasp the meaning of it all. When, finally, he did understand its significance, he dashed to the place where the two people had been whispering—they had disappeared.

Now, he knew the meaning of his premonition—it was too horrible to be true. At supper he, usually so popular, was shunned. Everywhere he caught furtive glances. If he spoke to anyone, he was answered in curt monosyllables. Where were the people who had wanted to be friends with him? With the exception of one or two persons, he was being avoided by all like the plague.

He could stand this no longer. He felt he would go mad if he did not find someone to drive away these fancies. They must be fancies, he thought, they could not be real. For sympathy he knew he could turn to his good friends Laban and Bluma.

In the dark, murky night, made more fearful by the ever threatening storm, he went to the home of the Abramskys'. In answer to his knock the servant came to the door. To his dismay, he was told his friends had gone to the theatre. Utterly broken, he turned away—to the snow.

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At midnight the storm broke. Within an hour the entire city was covered with snow a foot deep. The gleaming smoothness made the city a thing of innocence; a thing of beauty.



## BOOK REVIEWS

“WORKING WITH THE WORKING WOMAN.” By Cornelia Stratton Parker. Harpers. 1922. \$2.00.

To all of us, who are directly or indirectly connected with the Summer School, *Working With the Working Woman* should prove most interesting. It is concerned with conditions existing today as seen by working women of a more or less unskilled type, candy packer, laundry worker, pantry girl, and so forth.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the Preface, which gives a brief summary of working conditions in factories, from the twelve-hour working day (the average in 1850), to those of the present time with which the body of the book deals. Miss Parker considers her subject quite fairly from the first. “To such as wish the lot of the worker painted as the most miserable on earth, they (her experiences) will be disappointing. . . . A certain type of labor agitator, or a ‘parlor laborite,’ prefers to see only the gloomy side of the worker’s life. They are as dishonest as the employer who would see only the contentment. The picture must be viewed in its entirety—and that means considering the workers, not as a labor problem, but as a social problem. Workers are not an isolated group, who keep their industrial adversities or industrial blessings to themselves. They and their families and dependents are the majority of our population. As a nation, we rise no higher in the long run than the welfare of the majority. Nor can the word ‘welfare,’ if one thinks socially, ever be limited to the word ‘contentment.’ It is quite conceivable—nay, every person has seen it in actuality—that an individual may be quite contented in his lot, and yet have that lot of incompatible with the welfare of the larger group.”

Her experiences and the people she met with uphold her point. “Lillian of the bright-pink boudoir cap engaged me in conversation this morning. Lillian is around the Indian summer of life—as to years, but not atmosphere. Lillian has seen better days. Makes sure you know it. Never did a lick of work in her life. At that she makes a noise with her upper lip the way a body does in Southern Oregon when he uses a tooth-pick after a large meal. ‘No, sir, never did a lick.’ Lillian says ‘did’ and not ‘done.’ Practically no encouragement is needed for Lillian to continue. ‘After my husband died I blew in

all the money he left me in two years. Since then I have been packing chocolates.' How long ago was that?

'Five years.'

'My Gawd,' I say, . . . 'What did you do with your feet for five years?'

'Oh, you get used to it,' says Lillian. "For months I cried every night. Don't any more. But I lie down while I'm warmin' up my supper, and then I go to bed soon as its et.'

Five years!"

The last chapter is devoted to generalization upon the experiences related. Her solution of the labor problem is to educate the class conscious, including most of organized labor, and what she calls the "industrially non-conscious group"—those who "get up and go to work in the morning. During the day they dub away at something or other, whatever it may be—the chances are it changes rather often—putting no more effort into the day's work than is necessary to hold down an uninteresting job. They want their pay at the end of the week"—to recruit from these groups for a third class, "the industrially conscious," who find satisfaction in the work they are doing. The great thing is "to work toward an increase in understanding between the human factors in industry."

"CAREERS FOR WOMEN." By Catherine Filene. Houghton, Mifflin Company. 1920. \$4.00.

*Careers for Women* is a comprehensive study of vocations open to women, more or less educated. It covers all occupations from dog and baby raising to that of museum director. Under each heading, Public Accountant, Landscape Gardener, Osteopath, or what not, it gives a description of the work, the preparation necessary, the qualifications desirable for success, the advantages and disadvantages, the salary obtainable, and the supply and demand in regard to workers in the field as seen by a woman expert in the branch in question. When necessary, the disadvantages are stated vigorously. In reading of the psychologist one finds "the financial . . . return is small in view of the preparation required and the demands for time and effort. The work requires an amount of time which often seems disproportionate." On the other hand, when it comes to politics, one is assured that "the opportunity for advancement is limited only with the presidency of the United States." To anyone who is doubtful about the line of work she intends to enter, the book cannot fail to be of assistance. To those whose work is already picked out, it will show new and practical

aspects of the job in question. No book can tell any one particular person whether or not she and her job are going to fit, but certainly this goes far in its effort "to help the youth of the country in its choice of a life career".

"KIMONO." By John Davis. Boni & Liveright, N. Y. 1922. \$2.00.

To most of us, as we emerge from the illusions that Japan is a land of cherry blossoms, gay kimonos, and temple bells, the astonishing mental progress of its yellow race is an outstanding and undisputed proof of its great development. We fail to realize that behind its interest and grasp of problems, material and intellectual, behind its barriers of ceremony, and its surface charms, lies an attitude unthinkable Pagan. It is to this leprous spot in the "Flowery Kingdom," that Mr. Davis has drawn attention with brutal frankness in his first novel, *Kimono*. He has come back disillusioned from three years in Japan, to give to the West a very trustworthy, if sordid, picture of his discoveries. A young English officer, after marrying an enormously wealthy Japanese orphan, who has been educated in Europe, takes her back to Japan against the advice of his friends. Despite their discoveries as to the source of the bride's wealth, and the scheming of her unprincipled relatives, the marriage is a happy one.

Mr. Davis, however, has used their adventuring in Tokyo to describe the legalized prostitution in the famous Yoshi-Wara District, which is cold-bloodedly sanctioned by the government. With no sensationalism or sentimentality, he describes the wretched degradation of the "fallen sisters," the victims of a people whose intellectual growth has long since outstripped their spiritual development. Their stubborn adherence to the system which allows them to buy and sell girls for a few seasons, and then throw them into the river, their cynicism and brutality in fitting their women for such positions, he characterizes as the Pagan depths of their national character, introducing also the Japanese excuse that were the evil kept hidden it would be more widespread, and that its very publicity is an advantage. A dark enough picture, yet the book contains brilliant characterizations, and shows admirable skill and restraint. All in all, it is a remarkably successful, if unpleasantly illuminating, novel.

"THE MIND IN THE MAKING." By James Harvey Robinson. Harpers. 1922. \$2.50.

It is with a feeling of some diffidence that one approaches a book which the world in general is reading, and over which specialists are

hotly quarreling. But Professor Robinson has so written his study of "the relation of intelligence to social reform," that the most inexperienced cannot but be interested, however little they may actually comprehend his ideas.

One realizes, at first with a mild shock of surprise, that the author of *The Mind in the Making*, holds in small estimation our ancient philosophy and habit of thought. In his early pages, he says that we must "create an unprecedented attitude of mind to cope with unprecedented conditions, and to utilize unprecedented knowledge." Changes in the existing order, spiritual exhortation, and education—these methods of reform have failed. Robinson believes that the practical solution is the liberation of our intelligence, which till now has been imperfectly and artificially developed. He points out that though scientists have acquired, by clear and patient thought, a real knowledge of the universe, the world is very ignorant in dealing with the affairs of mankind. Our social science has advanced little since the days of Aristotle, and is a badly bungled matter at best. Our blind and antiquated thinking has caused the great social problems of the day.

We have been by no means responsible for the making of our minds. Behind us is a vast unescapable heritage from the past, and it is a comfort to be assured that we are not always to blame for our primitive impulses aroused by fear, anger, or such strong emotions. The assurance is given us quite charmingly. "In all our reveries and speculations, even the most exacting, sophisticated, and disillusioned, we have three unsympathetic companions sticking closer than a brother and looking on with jealous impatience—our wild apish progenitor, a playful or peevish baby, and a savage. We may at any moment find ourselves overtaken with a warm sense of camaraderie for any or all of these ancient pals of ours, and experience infinite relief in once more disporting ourselves with them as of yore."

There is, in addition, that other underlying layer, our traditional civilized mind. As an historical student, Robinson traces the chief steps in its development, the Greek period of thought, our inheritance from the middle ages, and the scientific revolution. Each stage represented an advance, and each left behind a store of conventions, errors, and repressions, with which we still have to deal. There are definite historical reasons for the bondage of our minds.

The latter part of the book is especially subject to controversy. Professor Robinson writes with surprising detachment, with great generosity and tolerance, but he obviously has no faith in our purely commercial civilization, and our conception of business as an end in

itself. With quiet but piercing satire he exhibits the reasoning of those who worship "safety and sanity," and whose eyes are calmly and consciously shut to any change in conditions. Again, he believes that education should be characterized by complete honesty, an honesty which is now lacking through pure fear. We dare not, for example, teach our youth the strict actualities of our government and ideals. Whether or not one agrees, his questioning of the apparent fundamentals of our civilization and thought, is stimulating and valuable.

It is to be regretted that most books upon philosophy are too technical for the ordinary reader. *The Mind in the Making*, is an exception. It is written with such lucidity and with such excellence of style that one delights in it as a piece of literature, not only as a liberal, acute, and illuminating work.

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